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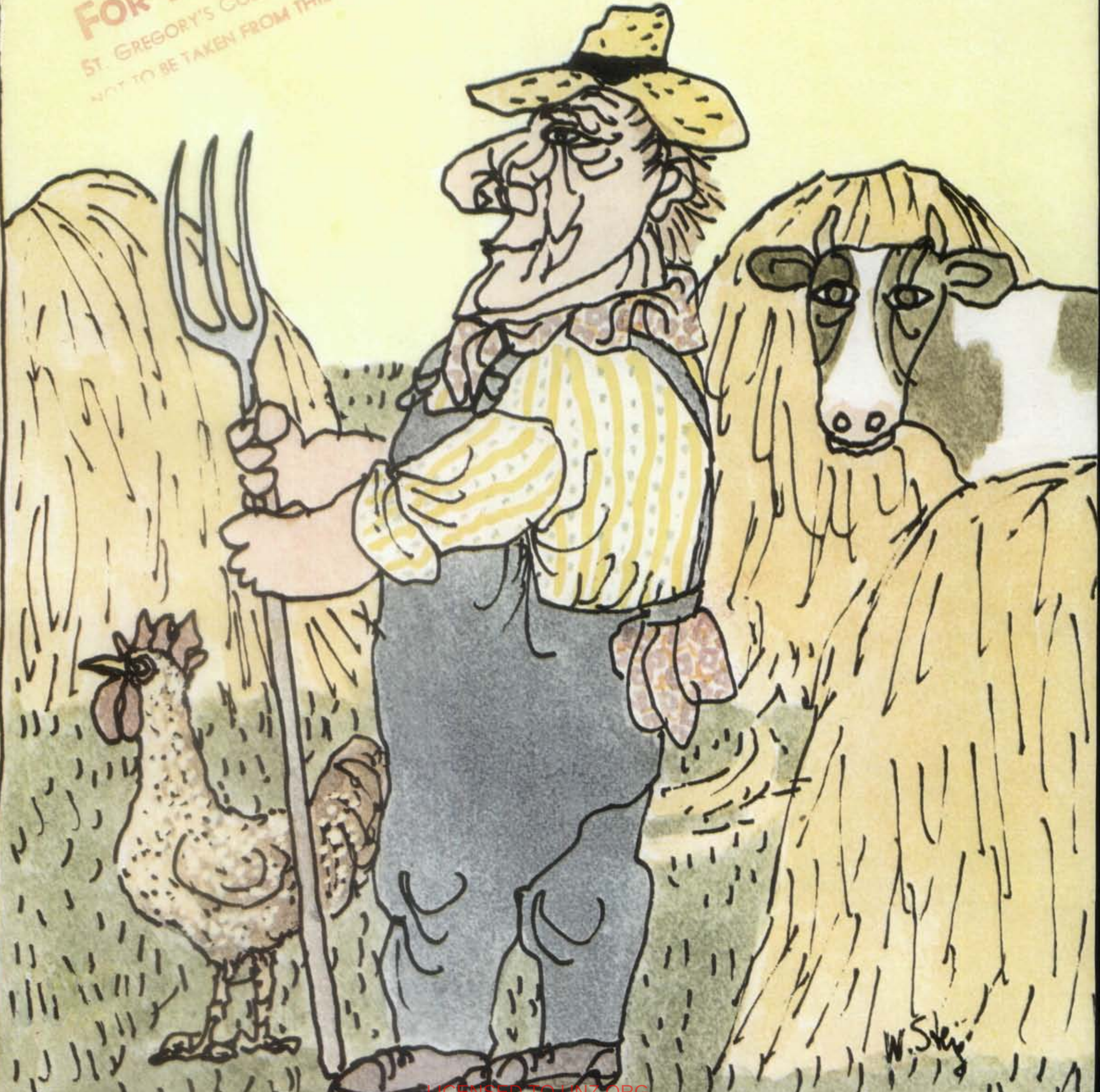

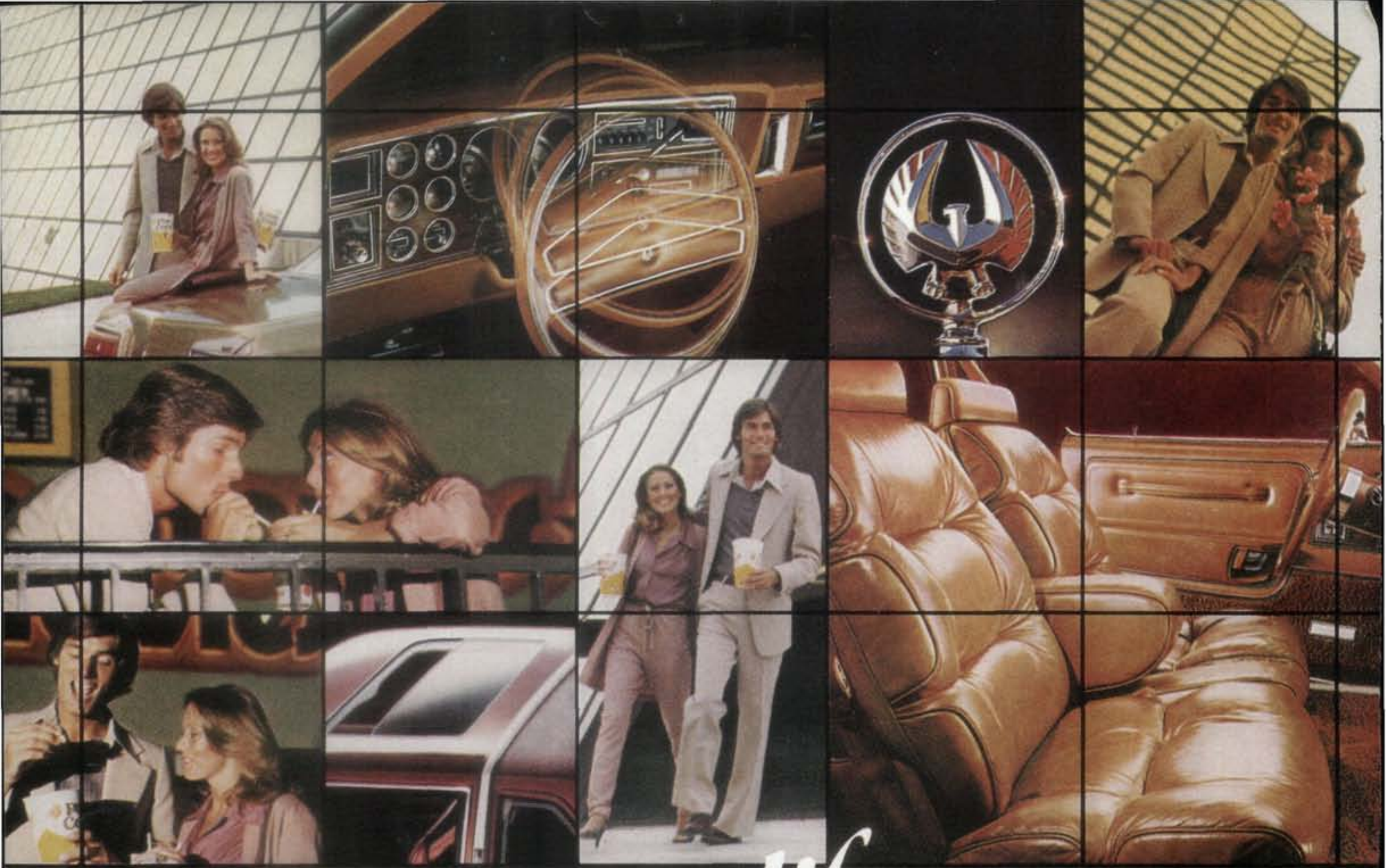

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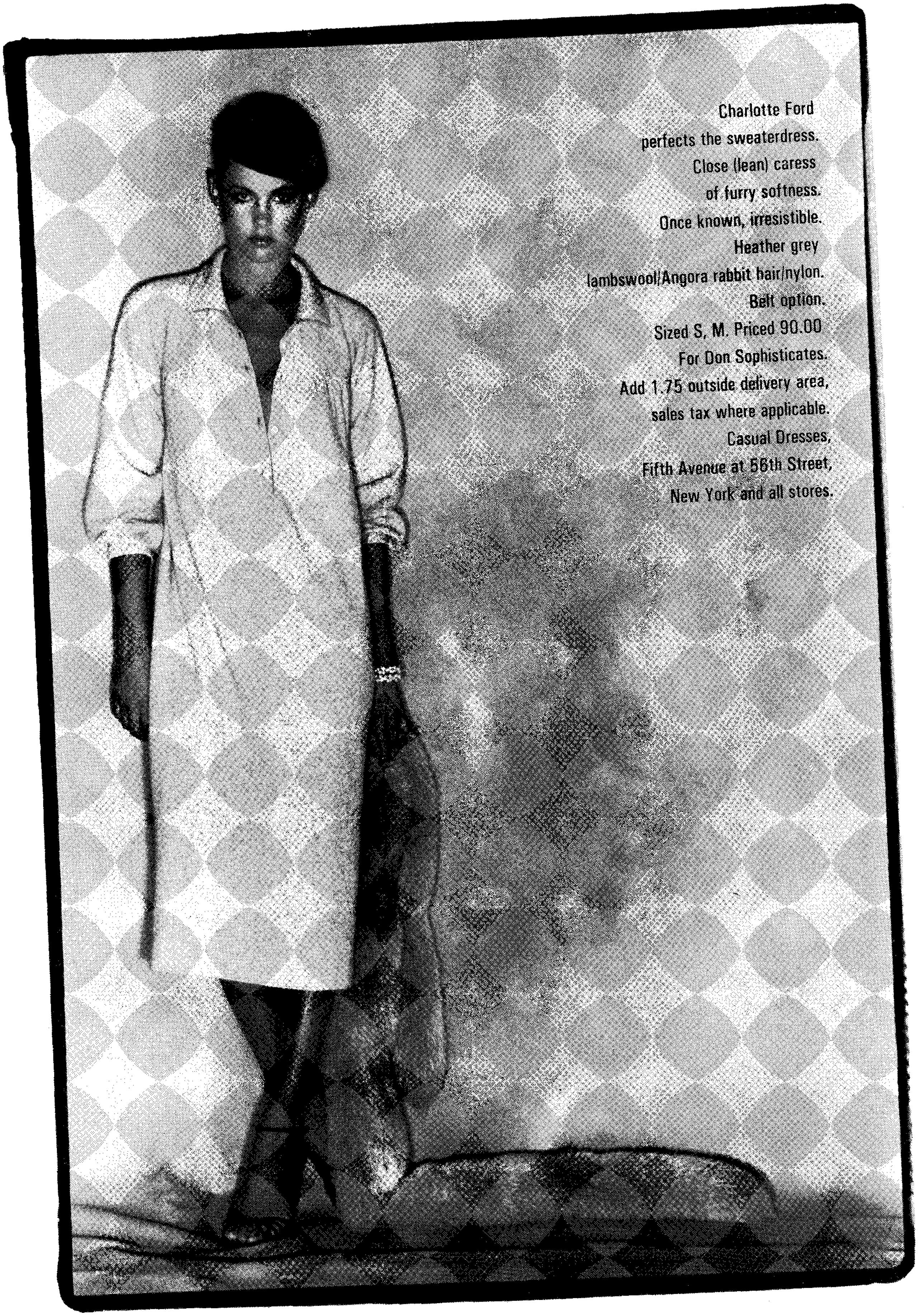

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(In the absence of our usual newspapers, you can get ticket and other last-minute information by calling 869-3010.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'—A delightful tribute, in revue form, to Fats Waller. We hear many of his songs, and many songs written by others which Waller recorded and helped to make famous. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/22/78.) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

AMERICAN DANCE MACHINE—The title of the show is the name of a refreshing young company, whose purpose is to reproduce, as accurately as possible, the best dances from the best musicals in Broadway history. Under the direction of Lee Theodore, the accomplishment matches the enterprise. (7/3/78) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS—A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer; Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (5/1/78) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

DA—In Hugh Leonard's entertaining play, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. Brian Murray is the dramatist, and Barnard Hughes his late Da, and both are in top form. (3/27/78) (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

DANCIN'—Bob Fosse's act of homage to show dancing. The young and attractive cast sings and dances with irresistible exuberance and self-confidence. (4/10/78) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DEATHTRAP—A witty and scary thriller by Ira Levin. With John Wood, Marian Seldes, Victor Garber, and Richard Woods. Directed by Robert Moore. (3/13/78) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE—A revival of Rodgers and Hammerstein's musical **OKLAHOMA!** will be the first in this season's series of eight productions. Preview Wednesday, Sept. 13. Opens officially on Thursday, Sept. 14, and will run through Sunday, Oct. 8. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

EUBIE!—A musical revue conceived by Julianne Boyd (who also directed) from the music of Eubie Blake. The cast includes Ethel Beatty, Leslie Dockery, Gregory Hines, Maurice Hines, Alaina Reed, and Lynnie Godfrey. Previews Thursday through Tuesday, Sept. 14-19. Opens officially on Wednesday, Sept. 20. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

FAMILY BUSINESS—A wealthy old Jewish manufacturer dies of a heart attack at the end of Act I, and the two remaining acts are given over to his grown sons' squabbles and quarrels over money and other matters. (4/24/78) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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THE 5TH OF JULY—A number of former activists of the nineteen-sixties and their friends gather at a farm in Missouri in 1977 for various purposes. Lanford Wilson is an experienced dramatist, but this is one of his non-vintage plays. The performance is very good, though. (5/8/78) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Square. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 1.)

GAME PLAN—A play by Dan Lauria. Preview Wednesday, Sept. 13. Opens officially on Thursday, Sept. 14, at 6:45. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD—A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics)—the remarkable team who wrote "The Last Sweet Days of Isaac" in 1970—is disappointing for a number of reasons, but it has its compensations all the same, among them the tuneful songs and the mockery and self-mockery of some of the words. Word Baker was the capable director. (6/26/78) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE INSPECTOR GENERAL—Gogol's play, in a new translation by Betsy Hulick, stars Theodore Bikel, Helen Burns, Arnold Soboloff, Max Wright, and Bob Balaban. Directed by Liviu Ciulei. Previews through Wednesday, Sept. 20. Opens officially on Thursday, Sept. 21, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 19. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

ON THE TWENTIETH CENTURY—A musical comedy (book and lyrics by Comden and Green, music by Cy Coleman) based on the old Hecht-MacArthur play "Twentieth Century" and showing its age. John Cullum, Imogene Coca, and Judy Kaye are its stars. (3/6/78) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

PIANO BAR—A small musical, lightly disguised as cabaret, about two men and two women who enter a bar as strangers and leave, after a couple of hours, as friends and lovers. Music by Rob Fremont, lyrics by Doris Willens,

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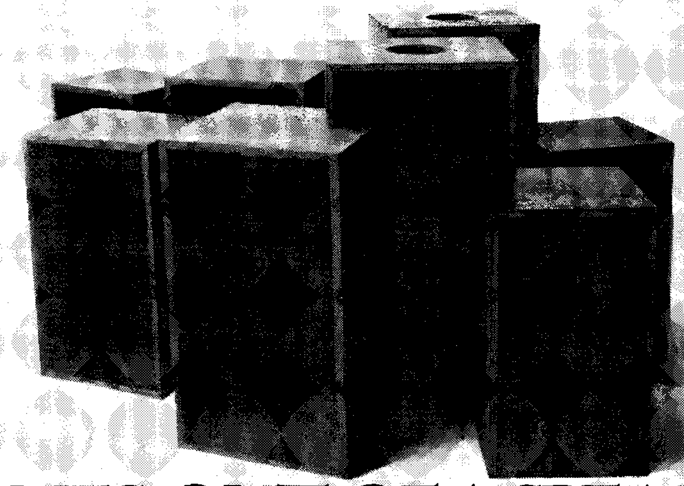

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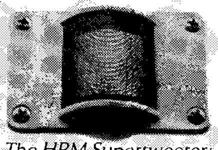

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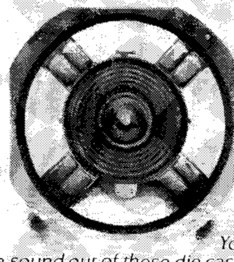

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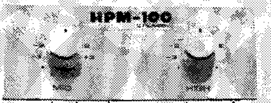

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and libretto by both. (6/19/78) (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Pins and Needles—A revival of Harold Rome's 1937 musical revue. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Players—An Australian playwright, David Williamson, has written a pleasingly old-fashioned melodrama about a contest of wills in a professional-football club. Fred Gwynne and Rex Robbins head an excellent cast. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

P. S. Your Cat Is Dead!—A (rewritten) revival of a play by James Kirkwood. (4/3/78) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Ridiculous Theatrical Company—Charles Ludlam's production of **corn** is being presented through Sunday, Oct. 1. (One Sheridan Square. 260-7137. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8.)

Runaways—Elizabeth Swados' musical about the plight of runaway children in this city is, paradoxically, quite exhilarating. The members of the cast, most of them unknown, range in age from eleven to their early twenties. (3/20/78) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

St. Mark's Gospel—As Mark, Alec McCowen gives an incomparable solo performance that never dwindles into recitation. The words are from the King James Version. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 730-0794. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Sept. 24.)

Tribute—Jack Lemmon is superb in this rueful comedy (by Bernard Slade) about a dying man who seeks belatedly to achieve a successful relationship with his son. (6/26/78) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**annie:** An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **chapter two:** A writer lacerated by memories of a beloved dead wife and by the presence of a beloved new wife, intensely alive. The author, Neil Simon, makes a lot of jokes in the course of telling this sad story. The four-person cast is admirable. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **dracula:** Frank Langella and a splendid company in a charming adaptation of the Bram Stoker novel. With marvellous sets and costumes by Edward Gorey. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **the fantasticks:** 7,640 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **gemini:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. With Danny Aiello as the father, and Barbara Coggin and Jonathan Hadary, among other good actors. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **the gin game:** Maureen Stapleton and E. G. Marshall in a comedy about the horrors of old age. Harsh, but at the same time extremely funny. The playwright is D. L. Coburn. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6742. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **grease:** A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **i love my wife:** A rather simple-minded little study of attempted wife-swapping in Trenton, New Jersey. Some lively songs by Cy Coleman, and some lively performances. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **the king and i:** The Rodgers and Hammerstein success of twenty-seven years ago. Yul Brynner is better than ever as the King—and what songs! (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **the magic show:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.). . . **mummenschanz:** A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **oh! calcutta!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **the passion of dracula:** An unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters. Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **vanities:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.). . . **the wiz:** A black musical version of that well-remembered movie "The Wizard of Oz." The stars of the occasion are Tom H. John, who did the sets, and Geoffrey Holder, who did the costumes and also directed the show. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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MISCELLANY

Beatlemania—A multimedia and live-music program about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon, Paul McCartney, and George Harrison. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

DANCE

American Ballet Theatre—Performances of "Don Quixote; or, Kitri's Wedding" will close out the engagement. (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Wednesday through Saturday, Sept. 13-16, at 8, and Sunday, Sept. 17, at 2 and 8.)

Eliot Feld Ballet—A three-week engagement—Wednesday evening, Sept. 13: "Harbinger," "La Vida," "Danzon Cubano" (première), and "The Consort.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, Sept. 14: "The Consort," "Intermezzo," and "A Footstep of Air.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 15: "The Real McCoy," "La Vida," "Danzon Cubano," and "Excursions.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 16: "Harbinger," "Impromptu," "At Midnight," and "The Consort.". . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Sept. 17: "The Real McCoy," "Harbinger," and "Excursions.". . . ¶ Sunday evening, Sept. 17: "The Real McCoy," "The Gods Amused," "La Vida," and "A Footstep of Air.". . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Sept. 19: "Harbinger," "Impromptu," "Parisien," and "Intermezzo." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Sept. 20: "The Consort," "Half Time" (première), and "A Footstep of Air.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, Sept. 21: "Excursions," "La Vida," "Danzon Cubano," and "Half Time.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 22: "The Consort," "At Midnight," and "Intermezzo.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 23: "Harbinger," "The Gods Amused," "La Vida," and "Half Time." (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Oct. 1.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

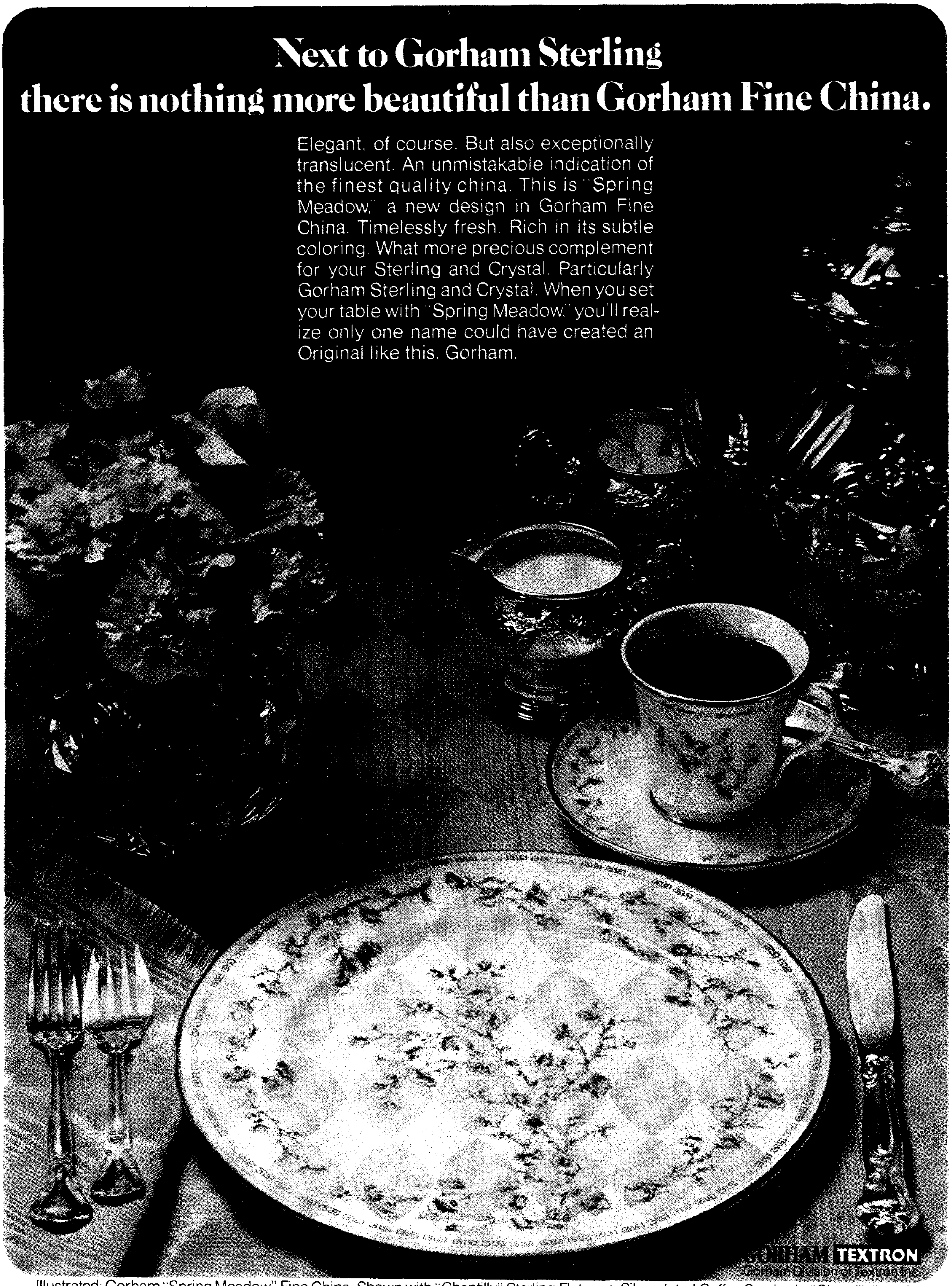
Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Your simple, basic, unpretentious ma-and-pa jazz loft. Tenor saxophonist **clifford jordan** leads a quintet through Saturday, Sept. 16; and on Tuesday, Sept. 19, trumpeter Curly Walker and an alto saxophonist named C-Sharpe will bring in their quintet. Pianist **jaki byard** is now leading a big band here on Mondays. Music from about ten. Closed Sundays.

Ballroom, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (673-9121)—**lee horwin** has an unmannered, effortless (and, therefore, enviable) deep, dark, smoky jazz voice, but she is in need of a repertoire to set it off. Most of the songs she does, however, are innocuous, bouncy pop tunes that neglect her vocal resources. Tuesdays through Saturdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty. Dining.

Beefsteak Charlie's, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—A pleasantly relaxed cocktail lounge, with good musicians performing in a picture-window music corner. Pianist **steve kuhn** leads a quintet through Saturday, Sept. 16. Music from nine-thirty until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Except for a few artfully got-up punk-rock groupies (orange-dyed hair, torn T-shirts, and Buddy Holly horn-rimmed glasses are all acceptable trappings), the patrons here resemble the clean-cut Pepsi generation that makes up the studio audiences on "Saturday Night Live." Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 13-14, belong to pianist Lonnie Liston Smith and his band; on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 15-16, flutist **yusef lateef,** who has lately taken up singing in addition to playing rhythm-and-blues, jazz-rock, disco-funk, and a sprinkling of bebop, will perform with his quartet; on Thursday, Sept. 21, the Aztec Two-Step, a folkie-pop duo, will be present; and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 22-23, have been reserved for a Detroit R. & B. group, the Dramatics. Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A lot of people like to hang out here,



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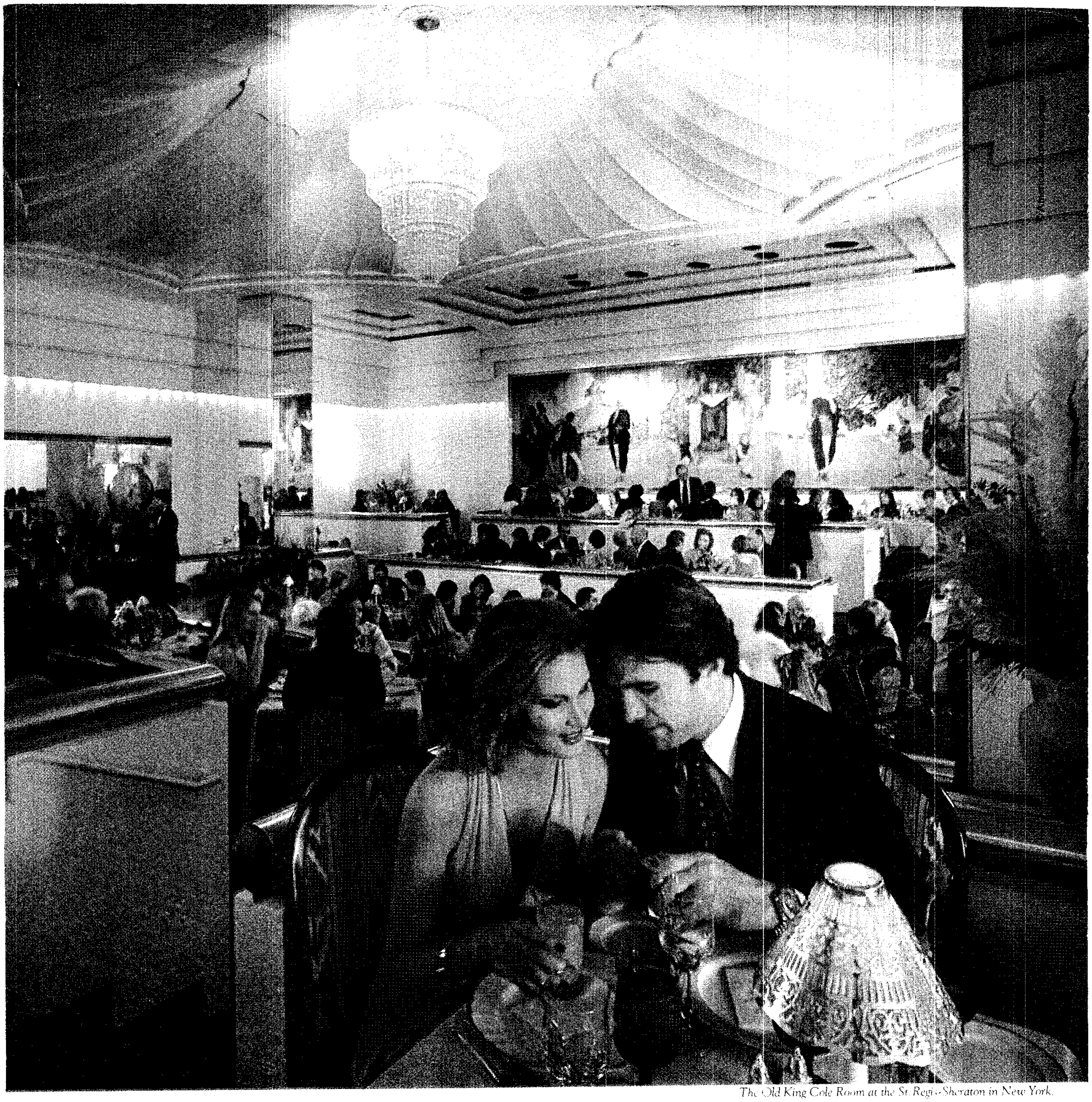

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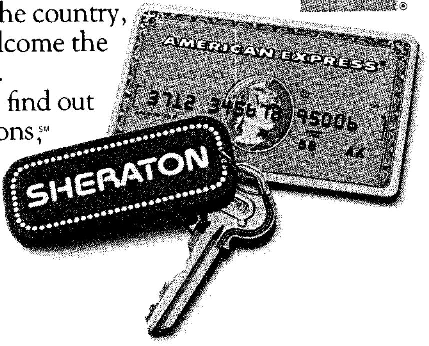

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

checking everyone at the bar in the overhead mirrors or listening in on the literary gossip. A lot of people also think of Bradley's as piano-bass heaven—or, as in the case of **DAVE MC KENNA**, solo-piano heaven. McKenna is here until Sunday, Sept. 17. Then on Monday, Sept. 18, **JIMMY ROWLES**, the house-favorite pianist, will move back in for a week. Music from ten most nights, from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dining.

CACHAÇA, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—If one cannot fly to Rio, this is the next best thing. Jazz sambas and internationally influential compositions by Jobim, Gilberto, Bonfa, Gil, and others performed by a Brazilian trio and a vocalist. In short, a lovely place to dance or, at least, practice one's Portuguese. Live music Tuesdays through Sundays from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and, best of all, music from Carnival. Dining. Closed Mondays.

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Pianist Monty Alexander, who has a penchant for crescendo-laden solos, leads his trio nightly, except Sundays. Music at nine-forty-five and eleven-thirty. Dining.

CAFÉ PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI**, who can play some of the hottest chord solos around on his full-bodied seven-string guitar, heads up a dance trio from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS** is here, playing the great August Förster piano with driving serenity. He does everything in his power to stay out of the listener's way, and he does everything in his power to swing. Weeknights from eight until midnight. Dining.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER** is not only a legendary blues singer but also a funny, rocking, and altogether charming entertainer. She's present—with pianist Gerald Cook and bassist Jimmy Lewis—singing "Downhearted Blues," which she wrote in 1922, and "I Want a Two-Fisted, Double-Jointed, Rough-and-Ready Man," which she wrote in 1976. Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen. On Sundays from eight to one, **ROSE MURPHY** is at the piano, singing her thirty-odd-year-old hits "I Can't Give You Anything But Chichi" and "Button Up Your Chichichi," with support from bassist Morris Edwards. Dining.

CRAWDADDY, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—Trombonist George Masso guides a trio in this New Orleans-flavored restaurant where no one seems to expect more than Bourbon Street tourist music. Music from six-thirty to eleven-thirty. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. Dining.

DAVID K'S, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**HUGH SHANNON**, the international café-society singer and pianist, is back on Third Avenue. He performs Wednesdays through Sundays from nine to two.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The audiences are largely characterized by coats and ties and cigars, and they come here (and to Jimmy Ryan's, just thirty paces west) to hear traditional small-band jazz. The house band, which begins weeknights after nine-thirty, is a low-keyed and controlled sextet headed by bassist-proprietor Red Balaban. On Tuesday, Sept. 19, trumpeter **PEE WEE ERWIN** will sit in with the regulars. On Sunday, Sept. 17, from eight-thirty, tenor saxophonist **BUDD JOHNSON** will lead a quintet. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Pianist **HOD O'BRIEN**, guitarist **JOE PUMA**, and bassist **FRANK LUTHER** play standards and O'Brien compositions, and they also support conscientious vocal work by Alicia Sherman. They're here Wednesdays through Sundays from ten to three; O'Brien and Sherman show up early—at seven—on Sundays. Mondays from ten belong to pianist **AL HAIG**, guitarist **AL GAFA**, and bassist **MORRIS EDWARDS**; and Tuesdays to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** and a trio. Weeknights, Loumell Morgan and Morris Edwards hold sessions from seven to ten.

HOPPER'S, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Tenor saxophonist Eddie Daniels heads up a quartet through Saturday, Sept. 16. Starting Monday, Sept. 18, **TERRY GIBBS**, piano, and **LISLE ATKINSON**, bass. Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and on Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. No music Sundays.

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JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is buoyed by drummer Eddie Locke, pianist Johnny Morris, clarinettist Joe Muranyi, bassist Ted Sturgis, and trombonist Bobby Pratt. (Eldridge will be absent until Wednesday, Sept. 20, and cornettist **RUBY BRAFF** will fill in for him while he's away.) On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—A taste of Austin, Texas: slick young lawyer types, cosmic cowboys, and pecan pie (but where are the chicken-fried steaks?). The entertainment usually consists of progressive country bands. (Progressive country bands tend to be bands that write their own material and get high.) On Wednesday, Sept. 13, Chicago blueswoman **KOKO TAYLOR** and her blues machine, a quartet, perform "I'm a Woman," "All Night Long," and other blues classics; Kinky Friedman, the Jewish Texas cowpoke, will return on Sunday, Sept. 17; and on Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 20-21, **DOUG SAHM**, a Texas-juke-joint, T-Bone Walker-school singer, songwriter, guitarist, and rock-and-roll recluse, will bop in with his band. Weeknights from nine-fifteen to three, and Sundays from eight-thirty to two.

LES MAREYEURS, 998 Madison Ave., at 77th St. (628-3333)—**RONNY WHYTE**, a debonair, straight-arrow baritone and his own capable accompanist—dig his left hand—is back at the piano in this front-room bar. In a town chock-full of singer-pianists, Whyte is wonderfully good. He does Rodgers and Hart's "Manhattan," Billy Joel's "New York State of Mind," and nearly everything in between. Bassist **JACK SIX** helps out, too. Music from eight-thirty to one.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Clarinettist and saxophonist **EDDIE BAREFIELD**, singer **CAROL SLOANE**, and a sextet are in the midst of reviving the Chick Webb sound. Drummer **PANAMA FRANCIS** plays the part of Chick Webb. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A crowded and animated upper West Side music bar that draws rhythm-and-blues, jazz-rock, disco-funk, and, sometimes, jazz bands. Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 14-16, pianist **DAVE MATTHEWS** grins, plays piano, and guides eleven other musicians through some of his arrangements. Music from ten to two. Dining.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Part of Bleecker Street may be under renovation, but the brick walls here still look the same. Saxophonist **GERRY NIEWOOD** will bring in a quintet on Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 19-20. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays, at nine and midnight.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—**SY OLIVER** and his bouncy septet have the run of this Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—The entertainment may not be consistently first rate anymore, and some of the "refurbishing"—especially the button-tufted royal-blue plastic walls in the foyer—not as tasteful and cozy as in the past, but the club is still one of the very few cabarets where the show can be seen from the bar area for the price of a ginger ale. André De Shields, who spends the early part of his evenings doing Fats Waller tunes in "Ain't Misbehavin'," concentrates on John Bubbles routines from about eleven-thirty on this stage Tuesdays through Sundays. On Monday, Sept. 18, Dorothy Loudon and Eartha Kitt will pay tribute to Mae Barnes at nine and eleven-thirty. Shows begin usually at nine and eleven-thirty. Dining.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A comfortable new upstairs jazz room—one can hear the music in the ground-floor bar, too. So far, the management has lured in fine players. Guitarist John Scofield leads a quartet through Sunday, Sept. 17; and on Wednesday, Sept. 20, trumpeter **CHARLES SULLIVAN** will arrive with a quintet. Music from ten to two. Closed Mondays.

SIBI, 151 E. 50th St. (753-3429)—**BOBBY COLE**, a pianist with a sure, subtle touch and a vocalist with a hoarse, raspy voice, has settled in with what seems at first like a fifties lounge repertoire—"Cry Me a River," "When Your Lover Has Gone," and "From This Moment On"—until he drops in "Wild Horses," by the Rolling Stones. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten, twelve, and one-thirty.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—**CHICO FREEMAN**, a young, exciting tenor saxophonist, is performing with a quartet through Saturday, Sept. 16; saxophonist Jerry Tillitz's quartet will be onstage on Sunday and Monday, Sept. 17-18; and on Tuesday, Sept. 19, **JOE LEE WILSON**, a scorching, bluesy vocalist will come in with a backing crew. Music from about nine-thirty. Dining.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A record-industry hangout and rock-and-roll showcase for up-and-coming rock bands, although sometimes established performers will drop by, too. Shows nightly, except Sundays, at midnight and two, usually. Dining.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Drummer **MAX ROACH** and his quintet are here in the Jazz Hall of Fame through Sunday, Sept. 17; on Monday, Sept. 18, bassist **SAM JONES**, trumpeter **TOM HARRELL**, and their twelve-piece outfit will take over for a night; and on Tuesday, Sept. 19, tenor saxophonist **JOE HENDERSON** will descend the stairs with a quartet. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Mondays through Wednesdays are assigned to pianist Sonelius Smith, who plays "Nature Boy," "Over the Rainbow," Red Garland's version of "Billy Boy," and other selections in a tongue-in-cheek variety of overlapping styles—he can coast like a cocktail pianist or noodle like Keith Jarrett or attack like Cecil Taylor. Armen Donelian has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift at the keyboard. Music begins at eight.

WEST END CAFÉ, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A hamburger retreat for students and aging swing musicians who can still swing. **RUSSELL PROCOPE**, who sat in the Ellington reed section for years, is leading a quintet through Saturday, Sept. 16; Sunday through Tuesday, Sept. 17-19, pianist Ram Ramirez will be on hand with a combo; and on Wednesday, Sept. 20, the **COUNTSMEN**, a quintet piloted by two former Basie hands, trombonist **DICKY WELLS** and saxophonist **EARLE WARREN**, will return. Student food at student prices.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA and **KINGFISH**—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday and Friday, Sept. 14-15, at 8.

Oliver Lake Band—Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7459. Thursday, Sept. 14, at 8.

Bruce Springsteen—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday through Sunday, Sept. 15-17, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

Roscoe Mitchell (with Bakida Carroll, George Lewis, and Leo Smith) and **Anthony Davis**—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 15-16, at 9:30 and midnight.

Buddy Rich—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Sunday, Sept. 17, at 7.

Richard Pryor and **Patti LaBelle**—City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesday through Sunday, Sept. 20-24, at 8.

Cheap Trick and **the Cars**—Palladium. Friday, Sept. 22, at 8.

Jackie McLean—Public Theatre. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 22-23, at 9:30 and midnight.

B. B. King, Bobby Bland, and **Betty Wright**—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Sept. 23, at 7:30 and 11:30.

Dexter Gordon's Quartet and **Johnny Griffin**—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Sept. 23, at 8.

Savoy Brown and **the Greg Kihn Band**—Palladium. Saturday, Sept. 23, at 8.

A Salute to Great American Songwriters—The final free concerts in the series in the Atrium of the Citicorp Center, Lexington Ave. at 53rd St., will be salutes sung by Dardanelle—to Jerome Kern on Wednesday, Sept. 13, at 6, and to Richard Rodgers on Thursday, Sept. 14, at 6.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Nicola Benois—More than a hundred set designs for operas by a former scenic designer for La Scala. Through Sept. 30. (Battaglia, 11 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

James Brooks—Abstract Expressionist paintings executed in the seventies. Through Sept. 28. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Jean Dufy (1888-1964)—Street, racing, circus scenes in gouache and oil. Through Oct. 7. (Wally Findlay, 17 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Charles Fahlen—In addition to his customary large wall constructions of materials such as wood, felt, and resin, the artist is showing smaller, freestanding works made from toy animals. Through Oct. 7. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Mary Grigoriadis—Abstract paintings in which tightly worked areas of geometric shapes in thick, bold-colored oils are contrasted with areas of raw linen. Also drawings. Through Oct. 4. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

Paul Gunn—Small-scale oils of scenes in Venice, in Scotland, and along the Thames by a contemporary English artist who resolutely paints in the traditional style of a hundred years ago. Through Wednesday, Sept. 20. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Hiroshige (1797-1858)—Thirty-six color woodcuts showing Mount Fuji, usually seen in the distance beyond a lively genre foreground. Through Saturday, Sept. 23. (Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St. Open Mondays.)... ¶ Landscapes. Through Oct. 7. (Ronin, 605 Madison Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

Ron Isaacs—Representations of clothing from the thirties in painted plywood. Through Sept. 30. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Philip Johnson—Preliminary studies, working drawings, and models for two of the architect's designs: his home in New Canaan, and the planned A.T. & T. corporate headquarters. Through Oct. 31. (Institute for Architecture and Urban Studies, 8 W. 40th St. Open Mondays; opens Saturdays at noon.)

Irving Kriesberg—Recent portraits by this Expressionist painter. Through Oct. 4. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Fredric F. Myers—Shaped canvases that look more like empty picture frames than completed works since each piece is built around a circular opening in the middle. The outer edges of the canvases are trimmed with pin stripes of varied colors. Through Sept. 28. (Automation House, 49 E. 68th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Joan Miró and Henri Matisse (1869-1954)—Prints and drawings. Through Oct. 14. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Manfred Schwartz (1909-70)—Pastels of the pebbled shore of Etretat, and night-sky paintings. Through Sept. 30. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Christopher Wilmarth / Philippe Hosiasson (1898-1978)—Sculptures in which painted and etched glass is applied to stainless-steel plates. Through Oct. 4. / Abstract paintings. Starts Thursday, Sept. 14. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

James Wolfe—Welded-steel sculptures, most of them horizontal floor pieces. Through Thursday, Sept. 21. (Long, 7 W. 57th St.)

Edward Youkilis—Abstract acrylics on paper and canvas; first one-man show in New York. Through Sept. 30. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

Mexican Costumes—A loan show of fifty-five costumes including some whose designs and weaving techniques predate the Spanish conquest. Through Oct. 22. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Group Shows—At **hirschl & adler**, 21 E. 70th St.: American paintings from the Colonial and Federal periods, including twelve Copley portraits. Through Sept. 29. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)... **washburn**, 42 E. 57th St.: Drawings by T. Addison Richards, Alice Trumbull Mason, and others. Through Sept. 30.

Note—Some galleries begin the fall season with group shows of works by artists regularly associated with them. A few of these are the **alonzo**, 30 W. 57th St.... **bromm**, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St. (Opens at 1.)... **cooper**, 155 Wooster St.... **forum**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.... **midtown**, 11 E. 57th St.... **pearl**, 29 W. 57th St.... **soho 20**, 99 Spring St. (Opens at noon.)... **zabriskie**, 29 W. 57th St. (Open Mondays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Eve Arnold—Documentary photographs from the fifties which were made on assignment for *Look*, *Life*, and other publications. Through Sept. 30. (Castelli Uptown, 4 E. 77th St.)

Richard Avedon—The Metropolitan Museum will show his high-fashion photographs from the last three decades. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Christopher James—Photographic prints that have been hand-dyed and coated with soft-colored enamels. Through Oct. 7. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Russell Lee—More than a hundred and fifty prints by a photographer best known for his works done for the Farm Security Administration. Through Oct. 14. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Nicholas Nixon / André Kertész—Social gatherings of all sorts figure in forty 8 x 10 contact prints. / Photographs, most of them of Washington Square Park. Through Sept. 30. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

C. E. Watkins (1829-1916)—Twenty-five large plate photographs of the Yosemite Valley and Oregon. Through Oct. 28. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

American Photography Since 1960—The shift in photography from the documentary to the expressionistic, from the public event to the private is the basis for an exhibition of about two hundred works mounted by the Museum of Modern Art. Close to a hundred photographers are represented. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Group Show—Contemporary still-lifes that include, for example, this unlikely pairing: a rubber asparagus and a plaster Venus de Milo placed on a pink satin cloth. The participants here include Gowin, Krims, Groover. Through Oct. 7. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Images of Women: Master Drawings of Five Centuries" has ninety works (from the Lehman Collection) by artists who include Dürer, Ingres, Menzel, Valadon, and Matisse. Through Oct. 1.... ¶ A show of engravings by Abraham Bosse which record the social customs of seventeenth-century Paris. Through Oct. 29.... **photography**: Richard Avedon's fashion prints. Starts Thursday, Sept. 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Caution: some galleries are open only on a rotating basis. Hours in general: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A small show of paintings and sculptures recently acquired by the museum. Through Oct. 29.... ¶ Ninety portrait drawings, impromptu for the most part, of twentieth-century artists and writers. Through Oct. 3.... **photography**: Group show of contemporary American photographers. Through Oct. 2. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the paintings of the French artist and writer Henri Michaux. Through Oct. 15.... ¶ A selection of nearly two hundred works by the Dutch printmaker Hendrick Nicolaas Werkman. Through Sunday, Sept. 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"Art About Art" is a lighthearted exhibition that demonstrates how American artists (from Warhol to Grooms and back again) appropriate the works of others for their own purposes—sometimes in homage and sometimes as a starting point but more often in fun. Through Sept. 24.... ¶ An exhibit of more than a hundred twentieth-century drawings acquired by the museum during the past five years, by artists such as Chuck Close, Claes Oldenburg, Georgia O'Keeffe, and Ad Reinhardt. Through Oct. 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 9, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Fifty-four Haitian artists (most of them self-taught) are represented in an exhibition of paintings and sculptures whose themes are taken from indigenous culture and history. Through Nov. 5.... ¶ The Archer Collection of Pahari miniatures consists of eighty paintings from the seventeenth century to the nineteenth, many of them portraits of maharajas and illustrations of religious epics. Through Sunday, Sept. 17. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibit called "Ice Age Art," installed in a gallery on the third floor, contains prehistoric implements and a rock engraving as well as replicas of carvings done as early as 35,000 B.C. and photomurals of cave paintings at Altamira and Lascaux. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—An exhibit of bronze statuettes attributed to the Renaissance sculptor Severo da Ravenna. All but five of the seventeen pieces are on loan. Through Oct. 8. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—More than ninety drawings (in pen, chalk, pencil, and wash) by Giovanni Battista Piranesi. Through Nov. 26.... ¶ French medieval and Renaissance illuminated manuscripts. Through Dec. 3.... ¶ About forty autograph letters, generally romantic in content, composed by Voltaire, Haydn, Elizabeth I, and others. Through Dec. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830, for Avery Fisher

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Hall 874-2424, for Carnegie Hall 247-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Saturday, April 14—Monday evening, Sept. 18: "Tannhäuser," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Tatiana Troyanos, Richard Cassilly, Bernd Weikl, and Kurt Moll; conducted by James Levine. (A benefit performance.). . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Sept. 19: The première of Benjamin Britten's "Billy Budd," with Peter Pears, Richard Stilwell, James Morris, David Ward, and Peter Glossop; Raymond Leppard. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Sept. 20: "La Traviata," with Eugenia Moldoveanu, Luis Lima, and Yuri Mazurok; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Sept. 21: "Otello," with Renata Scotto, Jon Vickers, and Cornell MacNeil; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 22: "Tannhäuser," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Tatiana Troyanos, Richard Cassilly, Bernd Weikl, and Kurt Moll; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 23: "La Traviata," with Eugenia Moldoveanu, Luis Lima, and Yuri Mazurok; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 23: "Billy Budd," with Peter Pears, Richard Stilwell, James Morris, David Ward, and Peter Glossop; Raymond Leppard. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Wednesday, Sept. 13, at 8: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Esther Hinds, Catherine Malfitano, Faith Esham, Jane Shaulis, David Holloway, Michael Devlin, and Richard McKee; conducted by Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 14, at 8: A new production of Giordano's "Andrea Chénier," with Marilyn Zschau, Ermanno Mauro, and Richard Fredricks; Emerson Buckley. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 15, at 8: "La Traviata," with Ashley Putnam, Henry Price, and Dominic Cossa; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 16, at 2: "Rigoletto," with Faye Robinson, Kathleen Hegierski, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Pablo Elvira, and Richard T. Gill; Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 16, at 8: "Carmen," with Ann Howard, Glenys Fowles, Jacque Trussel, and David Holloway; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 17, at 1: "The Merry Widow," with Johanna Meier, Bruce Reed, and Howard Hensel; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 17, at 7: "Andrea Chénier," with Marilyn Zschau, Ermanno Mauro, and Richard Fredricks; Emerson Buckley. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 19, at 8: "La Traviata," with Ashley Putnam, Kathleen Hegierski, Henry Price, and Dominic Cossa; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 20, at 8: "Andrea Chénier," with Marilyn Zschau, Ermanno Mauro, and Richard Fredricks; Emerson Buckley. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 21, at 8: "Tosca," with Johanna Meier, Jacque Trussel, and William Justus; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 22, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Faye Robinson, Kathleen Hegierski, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Pablo Elvira, and Richard T. Gill; Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 23, at 2: "Andrea Chénier," with Marilyn Zschau, Ermanno Mauro, and Richard Fredricks; Emerson Buckley. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 23, at 8: "The Merry Widow," with Johanna Meier, Diana Soviero, Bruce Reed, and Howard Hensel; Imre Pallo. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 12.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting the opening performances of the season, which will run through Saturday, May 5—Thursday, Sept. 14, at 8:30; Friday, Sept. 15, at 2; Saturday, Sept. 16, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Sept. 19, at 7:30 (no soloists); Wednesday, Sept. 20, at 8:30, a non-subscription concert, for the benefit of the Philharmonic's Pension Fund (with Rudolf Serkin, piano); and Thursday, Sept. 21, at 8:30; Friday, Sept. 22, at 2; Saturday, Sept. 23, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Sept. 26, at 7:30 (all with Yefim Bronfman, piano).

ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA—Leonard Bernstein directing a benefit concert, with Susan Davenny Wyner, soprano; Rosalind Elias, mezzo-soprano; Neil Schicoff, tenor; Michael Devlin, bass; and the Choral Arts Society of Washington. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Sept. 17, at 7:30.)

YALE RUSSIAN CHORUS—Denis Mickiewicz directing. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Sept. 18, at 8.)

RECITALS

EDWARD PIERSON—Bass-baritone. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Sept. 17, at 2.)

JAN GORBATY—Piano, in a benefit recital. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Sept. 17, at 2:30.)

MICHAEL OELBAUM—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Sept. 18, at 8.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—**METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Montreal, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 13-14, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Philadelphia, Friday, Sept. 22, at 8:05, and Saturday, Sept. 23, at 2:05. . . . **YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Boston, Friday, Sept. 15, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 16-17, at 2. . . . ¶ Milwaukee, Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 18-19, at 8.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—**SATURDAY, SEPT. 16:** Army vs. Lafayette, at West Point, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Colgate vs. Holy Cross, at Hamilton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Widener, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, at 3:30. . . . **SATURDAY, SEPT. 23:** Army vs. Virginia, at West Point, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Yale, at Providence, at 12:50. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Princeton, at Ithaca, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Pennsylvania, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Grambling vs. Morgan State, in a benefit game, at Yankee Stadium, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Columbia, at Cambridge, at 1:30.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Sunday, Sept. 17: Giants vs. Kansas City Chiefs, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, at 1. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Seattle Seahawks, at Shea Stadium, at 1.

HOCKEY—Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, in an exhibition game. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100. Saturday, Sept. 23, at 8:05.)

RACING—At **BELMONT:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1:30; through Monday, Oct. 23. The Marlboro Cup Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 16; the Lawrence Realization, Sunday, Sept. 17; the Matron, Wednesday, Sept. 20; and the Ruffian Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 23. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 11 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays, except Tuesdays, at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 30. The Matchmaker, Saturday, Sept. 16, and the World's Playground, Saturday, Sept. 23. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 30. . . . **BOWIE,** Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Friday, Oct. 20.

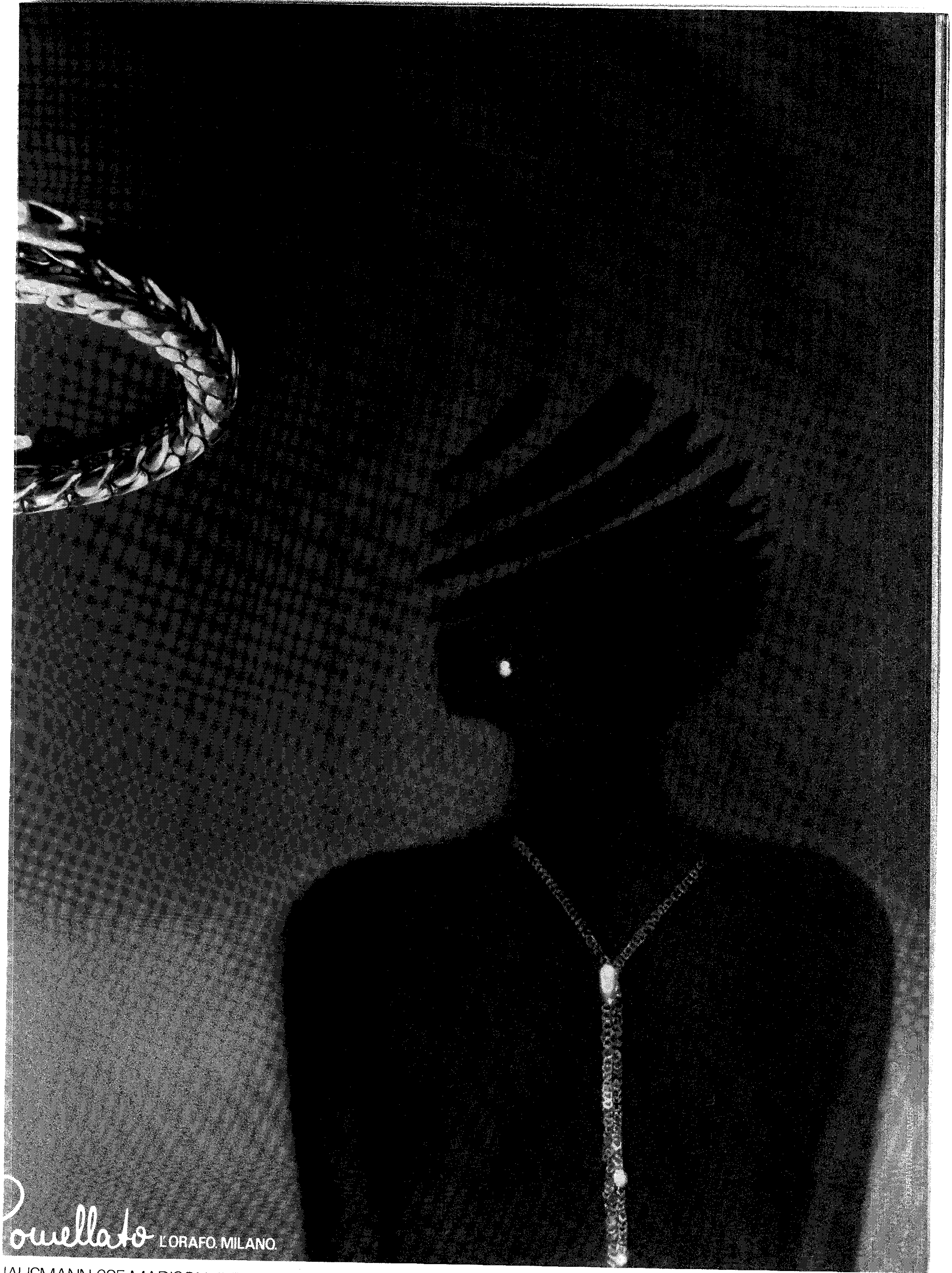
TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Oct. 7.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 755-4100, for news. The same number may be called for information about all free entertainment in the city.)

NEW YORK DANCE FESTIVAL—The last seven in a series of free performances—Thursday and Friday, Sept. 14-15, at 8: The Marcus Schulkind Dance Company; Peggy Lyman; Naomi Sorkin and Paul Russell; Dinizulu and His African Dancers, Drummers, and Singers; James Cunningham's Acme Dance Company; and the Fred Benjamin Dance Company. . . . ¶ Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 16-17, at 8: The Cliff Keuter Dance Company, Lucinda Childs and Company, Ann Marie De Angelo and Kevin McKenzie, Rosalind Newman and Dancers, Serena, and Sounds in Motion. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 17, at 3 (a one-hour program): James Cunningham's Acme Dance Company. . . . ¶ Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 18-19, at 8: The Sophie Maslow Dance Company, the Elizabeth Keen Dance Company, Yoko Ichino, and Danceworks/Barbara Roan. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Rain dates, Wednesday, Sept. 13, and Wednesday, Sept. 20. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

WASHINGTON SQUARE OUTDOOR ART EXHIBIT—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit will be on view Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 16-17, from noon until sundown.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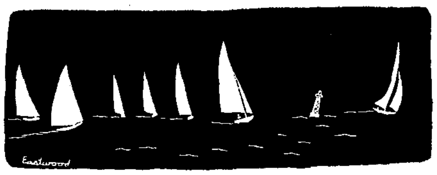
AUSMANN 635 MADISON AVENUE NEW YORK - ROMAN MAYER LAUSANNE - COLLET GENEVE - KLEEMANN MÜNCHEN
ONES LONDON SW3 - FRANS EYCK EINDHOVEN - MEISTER JUWELIER AG ZÜRICH - SLAETS ANTWERPEN.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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17	18	19	20	21		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6350; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Sept. 17: "Deal."
Sept. 18: Theatre closed.
From Sept. 19: "Eadweard Muybridge, Zoopraxographer."

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Sept. 19: "3 Women" and "Looking for Mr. Goodbar."
From Sept. 20: "Madame Rosa."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Sept. 14: "Bound for Glory."
From Sept. 15: "Eyes of Laura Mars" and "Taxi Driver."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Sept. 14: "Madame Rosa."
From Sept. 15: "An Unmarried Woman."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Who'll Stop the Rain."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"National Lampoon's Animal House."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Heaven Can Wait."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Sept. 14: "Avalanche."
From Sept. 15: "House Calls" and "The Goodbye Girl."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"National Lampoon's Animal House."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Néa."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"A Slave of Love."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Interiors."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Eyes of Laura Mars."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Sept. 14: "Jaws 2."
From Sept. 15: "Pretty Baby."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Days of Heaven."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Girl Friends."

Gemini 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Revenge of the Pink Panther."

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"2001: A Space Odyssey."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"National Lampoon's Animal House." (No evening performances on Thursday, Sept. 21.)

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Sept. 14: "Who'll Stop the Rain."
From Sept. 15: "No Time for Breakfast."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Heaven Can Wait."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Sept. 14: "The Last Waltz."
From Sept. 15: "An Unmarried Woman."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Revenge of the Pink Panther."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Who'll Stop the Rain."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Eyes of Laura Mars."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Foul Play."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"National Lampoon's Animal House."

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 14: "Young Frankenstein." From Sept. 15: "Pretty Baby."
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 14: "Jaws 2." From Sept. 15: "Almost Summer" and "American Graffiti."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Cat and Mouse."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Revenge of the Pink Panther."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 14: "Young Frankenstein." From Sept. 15: "Pretty Baby."
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 14: "An Unmarried Woman." From Sept. 15: "House Calls" and "The Goodbye Girl."
Theatre 3: "The Buddy Holly Story."
Theatre 4: "Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Lin Tse-hsu" ("The Opium War").

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Grease."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Who'll Stop the Rain."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Sept. 19: "House Calls" and "The Goodbye Girl."
From Sept. 20: To be announced.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Bread and Chocolate."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Viva Italia!"

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Foul Play."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Foul Play." (No evening performances on Tuesday, Sept. 19.)

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Women."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Sept. 14: "Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands."
From Sept. 15: "Pretty Baby."

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
To be announced.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Cat and Mouse."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Sept. 14: "Jaws 2" and "Rollercoaster."
From Sept. 15: "Warlords of Atlantis" and "Casey's Shadow."

TIMES SQUARE

(Only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

R.K.O. Cinerama I, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
Through Sept. 14: "Jaws 2." (†)
From Sept. 15: "Warlords of Atlantis." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Through Sept. 14: "Hooper."
From Sept. 15: "Almost Summer" (†) and "American Graffiti." (†)

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
"Who'll Stop the Rain." (†)

Embassy I, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through Sept. 14: "Young Frankenstein." (†)
From Sept. 15: "Convention Girls" and "Naked Rider."

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Saturday Night Fever."
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 14: "Stingray." From Sept. 15: "Young Frankenstein." (†)
Theatre 4: "An Unmarried Woman." (†)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Foul Play." (†)

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"National Lampoon's Animal House." (†)

Loews State 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
"Eyes of Laura Mars." (†)

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
"Heaven Can Wait." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"Revenge of the Pink Panther." (†)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"2001: A Space Odyssey." (†)

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"Avalanche." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

(Only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Sept. 13: "Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors" (1964; "Wild Horses of Fire"), in Ukrainian, directed by Sergei Paradjanov; and "Andrei Roublev" (1969), in Russian, directed by Andrei Tarkovsky.
Sept. 14: "Sometimes a Great Notion" (1972), directed by Paul Newman, with Newman, Henry Fonda, and Lee Remick; and "Alice's Restaurant" (1969), directed by Arthur Penn, with Arlo Guthrie.
Sept. 15-16: "To Have and Have Not" (†) and "The Big Sleep." (†)
Sept. 17-18: "Citizen Kane" (1941), directed by Orson Welles, with Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane; and "The Third Man" (1950), directed by Carol Reed, with Orson Welles, Trevor Howard, and Joseph Cotten.
Sept. 19: "Woman in the Dunes" (1964), in Japanese, directed by Hiroshi Teshigahara, with Eiji Okada; and "The Sound of Waves" (1954), in Japanese, directed by Senkichi Taniguchi.
Sept. 20: "Summer Paradise" (†) and "One Sings, the Other Doesn't." (†)
Sept. 21: "Frenzy" (†); and "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1935), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Pierre Fresnay, and Peter Lorre.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Sept. 13: "What Price Hollywood" (1932), directed by George Cukor, with Constance Bennett, Lowell Sherman, Neil Hamilton, and Gregory Ratoff; and "Morning Glory" (1933), directed by Lowell Sherman, with Katharine Hepburn, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Adolphe Menjou.
Sept. 14: "That Man from Rio" (1964), in French, directed by Philippe de Broca, with Jean-Paul Belmondo, Françoise Dorléac, and Jean Servais; and "Le Magnifique" (1976), in French, directed by Philippe de Broca, with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jacqueline Bisset.
Sept. 15: "Secret Agent" (1936), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with John Gielgud, Peter Lorre, Madeleine Carroll, and Robert Young; and "Saboteur" (1942), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Priscilla Lane, Robert Cummings, and Otto Kruger.
Sept. 16: "Carefree" (†); and "Swing Time" (1936), directed by George Stevens, with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Helen Broderick, Victor Moore, and Betty Furness.
Sept. 17: "The Prince and the Pauper" (1937), directed by William Keighley, with the Mauch Twins, Errol Flynn, and Claude Rains; and "Captain Blood." (†)
Sept. 18: "Lola Montès" (†) and "Anatahan." (†)
Sept. 19: "Le Fantôme de la Liberté" (1974), in French, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Jean-Claude Brialy, Monica Vitti, and Adriana Asti; and "The Milky Way" (1968), in French, directed by Luis Buñuel.
Sept. 20: "The Golem" (†) and "Waxworks." (†)
Sept. 21: "Death by Hanging" (1968), in Japanese, directed by Nagisa Oshima; and "Face of Another" (1966), in Japanese, directed by Hiroshi Teshigahara.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Sept. 14: "The Fury" (1978), directed by Brian De Palma, with Kirk Douglas, John Cassavetes, Carrie Snodgress, Amy Irving, and Andrew Stevens; and "Sisters" (1973), directed by Brian De Palma, with Margot Kidder, Jennifer Salt, Charles Durning, Bill Finley, and Barnard Hughes.
Sept. 15-16: "From Here to Eternity" (1953), directed by Fred Zinnemann, with Burt Lancaster, Montgomery Clift, Frank

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Saks Fifth Avenue

Sinatra, and Deborah Kerr; and "On the Waterfront" (1954), directed by Elia Kazan, with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger.

Sept. 17-18: "A Woman of Paris" (†); and "La Chienne" (1931), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Michel Simon, Janie Marèze, and Georges Flamant.

Sept. 19: "The Bride Wore Black" (1968), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jeanne Moreau; and "The Birds" (1963), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Rod Taylor, Jessica Tandy, Suzanne Pleshette, and Tippi Hedren.

Sept. 20-21: "Straight Time" (†); and "Fortune and Men's Eyes" (1971), directed by Harvey Hart, with Wendell Burton and Michael Greer.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Sept. 13: "Cousin Angelica" (1974), in Spanish, directed by Carlos Saura, with José *Luis López Vázquez and María Clara* Fernández; and "Before the Revolution" (1965), in Italian, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Adriana Asti.

Sept. 14-16: "The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant" (1972), in German, directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder; and "A Geisha" (1953), in Japanese, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi.

Sept. 17-18: "The Life of O-Haru" (†) and "French Provincial." (†)

Sept. 19-20: "Tout Va Bien" (†) and "Mother Küsters Goes to Heaven." (†)

From Sept. 21: "Stroszek" (†); and "Heart of Glass" (1977), in German, directed by Werner Herzog.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Sept. 13: "Fury" (1936), directed by Fritz Lang, with Spencer Tracy, Sylvia Sidney, Edward Ellis, and Walter Brennan; and "Intruder in the Dust" (1949), directed by Clarence Brown, with Claude Jarman, Jr., and Juano Hernández.

Sept. 14-16: "Neptune's Daughter" (1949), directed by Edward Buzzell, with Esther Williams, Red Skelton, Ricardo Montalban, Betty Garrett, and Keenan Wynn; and "On the Town" (1949), directed by Stanley Donen and Gene Kelly, with Kelly, Frank Sinatra, Betty Garrett, and Ann Miller.

Sept. 17-19: "Waterloo Bridge" (1940), directed by Mervyn LeRoy, with Vivien Leigh and Robert Taylor; and "The Clock." (†)

From Sept. 20: "Anna Karenina" (†) and "Pride and Prejudice." (†)

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Through Sept. 14: "La Marseillaise" (1938) and "Toni" (1935), both films in French, directed by Jean Renoir.

Sept. 15-16: "Closely Watched Trains" (†) and "The Firemen's Ball." (†)

Sept. 17-18: "Apple Wars" (1978); and "Rowdy Man" (1978), directed by Gordon Pinzer.

Sept. 19: "Party Girl" (1958), directed by Nicholas Ray, with Robert Taylor, Cyd Charisse, and Lee J. Cobb; and "Underworld, U.S.A." (1961), directed by Sam Fuller, with Cliff Robertson, Dolores Dorn, and Beatrice Kay.

Sept. 20-21: "Muriel" (†) and "Le Joli Mai." (†)

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Sept. 13: "Kind Lady" (1935), directed by George Seitz, with Aline MacMahon, Basil Rathbone, Mary Carlisle, and Frank Albertson; and "Downstairs" (1932), directed by Monta Bell, with John Gilbert, Paul Lukas, Virginia Bruce, and Hedda Hopper.

Sept. 14: "Human Desire" (1954), directed by Fritz Lang, with Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame, Broderick Crawford, Edgar Buchanan, and Dan Seymour; and "Pushover" (1954), directed by Richard Quine, with Fred MacMurray, Phil Carey, Kim Novak, Dorothy Malone, and E. G. Marshall.

Sept. 15: "Stage Door" (1937), directed by Gregory La Cava, with Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, Adolphe Menjou, and Franklin Pangborn; and "Holiday" (1938), directed by George Cukor, with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, Lew Ayres, Edward Everett Horton, and Doris Nolan.

Sept. 16-17: "Lovely to Look At" (1952), directed by Mervyn LeRoy, with Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel, and Marge and Gower Champion; and "Show Boat." (†)

Sept. 18: "White Savage" (†) and "Gypsy Wildcat." (†)

Sept. 19: "Madame Satan" (†) and "The Squaw Man." (†)

Sept. 20: "This Time for Keeps" (1947), directed by Richard Thorpe, with Esther Williams, Lauritz Melchior, Jimmy Durante, Johnnie Johnston, and Dame May Whitty; and "Duchess of Idaho." (†)

Sept. 21: "The Prisoner of Shark Island" (1936), directed by John Ford, with Warner Baxter, Gloria Stuart, and Claude Gillingwater; and another feature, to be announced.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Sept. 14 at 2:30: "Pleasantville" (1976), directed by Vicki Polon and Kenneth Locker, with Gale Sondergaard. . . . ¶ Sept. 14 at 6: "The Phantom of the Open Hearth" (1976), directed by Fred Barzyk and David Loxton, with Jean Shepherd. . . . ¶ Sept. 14 at 8:30: "The Gardener's Son" (1976), directed by Richard Pearce, with Brad Dourif, Kevin Conway, and Ned Beatty. . . . ¶ Sept. 15 at 2:30: "Massacre at Central High" (1976), directed by Renee Daalder, with Derrel Maury, Andrew Stevens, Kimberly Beck, and Bob Carradine; not recommended for children. . . . ¶ Sept. 15 at 6: "Romance of the Rio Grande" (1929), directed by Alfred Santell, with Warner Baxter and Mary Duncan. . . . ¶ Sept. 16 at noon: "Greased Lightning" (1977), directed by Michael Schultz, with Richard Pryor, Beau Bridges, Pam Grier, and Cleavon Little. . . . ¶ Sept. 16 at 2:30: "Framed" (1975), directed by Phil Karlson, with Joe Don Baker, Conny Van Dyke, Gabriel Dell, and John Marley; not recommended for children. . . . ¶ Sept. 16 at 5: "Massacre at Central High." . . . ¶ Sept. 17 at noon: "Greased Lightning." . . . ¶ Sept. 17 at 2:30: "Family Enforcer" (1977), directed by Ralph DeVito, with Joseph Cortese, Low Criscuola, Joseph Pesci, and Anne Johns; not recommended for children. . . . ¶ Sept. 17 at 5: A program of eight American avant-garde films, 1939-59, by Harry Smith, Maya Deren, Frank Stauffacher, Sidney Peterson, Ian Hugo, Kenneth Anger, Shirley Clarke, and Stan Brakhage. . . . ¶ Sept. 18 at noon: "Briefly Brian" (1978), directed by Alan Shapiro; "The Great Cover Up" (1978), directed by Henriette Montgomery and Sonya Friedman; and "Pencil Booklings" (1978), directed by Kathy Rose, an animated film. . . . ¶ Sept. 18 at 2:30: "The Mikado" (1939), directed by Victor Schertzinger, with Martyn Green and Kenny Baker. . . . ¶ Sept. 18 at 8: *"The Story of Gilbert and Sullivan" (1953),* directed by Sidney Gilliat, with Robert Morley, Maurice Evans, and Peter Finch. . . . ¶ Sept. 19 at noon: "Briefly Brian," "The Great Cover Up," and "Pencil Booklings." . . . ¶ Sept. 19 at 2:30: "Fiend Without a Face" (1958), directed by Arthur Crabtree, with Marshall Thompson and Kim Parker. . . . ¶ Sept. 19 at 6: "Framed." . . . ¶ Sept. 21 at 2:30: "Family Enforcer." . . . ¶ Sept. 21 at 6: "Brothers" (1929), a German silent film, directed by Werner Hochbaum; music and sound effects, but no English inter-titles. . . . ¶ Sept. 21 at 8:30: "The Eternal Mask" (1935), in German, directed by Werner Hochbaum, with Mathias Wieman and Olga Tschechowa; English subtitles. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Starting Sept. 15: "The Erotic Signal" (1978), directed by Walter Gutman. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Almost Summer—With Bruno Kirby, Lee Purcell, Didi Conn, and Tim Matheson; directed by Martin Davidson. (R.K.O. 86th St., and R.K.O. Cinerama 2; starting Sept. 15.)

American Graffiti (1973)—The second feature film by the young George Lucas, about the teen-age world of 1962 in small-town northern California. We again inhabit the post-McCarthy, pre-Vietnam-protest land of drive-ins, old cars dangerously raced, Elvis haircuts, ritual necking. We live through a long night and dawn with the kids, but the next day comes up, and decisions have to be made about taking planes East to college and hiding homesickness. Flashy photography, perhaps more film knowledge than the film can use, but worth seeing. (R.K.O. 86th St., and R.K.O. Cinerama 2; starting Sept. 15.)

Anatahan (1952)—Josef von Sternberg's last film; he did not, regrettably, go out in glory. He wrote the screenplay, directed, photographed, and narrated this story, which was shot in a Japanese studio and is based on an actual incident involving a group of Japanese soldiers who were castaways for seven years on a tiny Pacific island during the Second World War. However, as he tells it, the men's battles over a sulky, lusting femme fatale called Keiko (Akemi Negishi, who is photographed as if she were Marlene Dietrich in a thirties Paramount swampy jungle) are so pointless and unbelievable that you barely react as they kill one another off. The island has so many dead trees, shining leaves, and writhing shadows that you just want to get out of there. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 18.)

Anna Karenina (1935)—Greta Garbo is Anna in this version, directed by Clarence Brown from a screenplay that S. N. Behrman, Clemence Dane, and Salka Viertel all worked on. The picture is more M-G-M than Tolstoy; the cast includes Fredric March as Vronsky and Basil Rathbone as Karenin, and also Maureen O'Sullivan, Constance Collier, May Robson, Mischa Auer, and Freddie Bartholomew. God knows it isn't all it might be, and *Garbo isn't even at her best, but she's there* to be gazed upon. (Regency; starting Sept. 20.)

Avalanche—With Rock Hudson and Mia Farrow, directed by Corey Allen. (Victoria. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; through Sept. 14.)

The Big Sleep (1946)—Humphrey Bogart is Raymond Chandler's private eye in a fast, tense, amusingly lurid thriller peopled with sophisticated monsters who talk in innuendos. Lauren Bacall and Martha Vickers are a baffling pair of rich, spoiled sisters; the latter sucks her thumb. It hardly matters that the plot gets so complicated that William Faulkner and the other writers of the screenplay had to appeal to Chandler for guidance, and that he couldn't exactly figure it out either. Howard Hawks directed, smashingly. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 15-16.)

Bound for Glory (1976)—As Woody Guthrie, David Carradine has an ornery intransigence that gives the film a core, and the re-creation of the late thirties is superbly lighted and shot (by Haskell Wexler). There's real love in director Hal Ashby's staging of the incidents, and the entire film shows taste and good will. Though it doesn't build dramatically—it straggles just when you want it to soar—it's by no means a negligible piece of work. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/13/76.) (St. Marks Cinema; through Sept. 14.)

Bread and Chocolate—With Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina, directed by Franco Brusati. In Italian. (Little Carnegie.)

The Buddy Holly Story—With Gary Busey in the title role, directed by Steve Rash. (Quad Cinema.)

Captain Blood (1935)—Flynn swashing his buckle for the first time. He plays a doctor pressed into becoming a pirate, spliced up for a time with Basil Rathbone but enamored of the very genteel Olivia de Havilland. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 17.)

Carefree (1938)—One of the least scintillating of the Ginger Rogers-Fred Astaire series;

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there's too much filler between the dances and what's meant to be comedy is paced much too slowly. The film doesn't have the spirit of their best films, or the Art Deco décor, either—the production numbers are performed in an ugly, cluttered country-club set. Astaire is a psychiatrist this time, which allows for the lovely, hypnotic "Change Partners" dance when Ginger is in a trance; Ginger gets to wear big halo hats, and she's wackily funny in some of the dance scenes. The plot is on the tedious side, and the supporting cast is less than luminous (Jack Carson, Luella Gear, Ralph Bellamy, Franklin Pangborn, Hattie McDaniel, and Clarence Kolb). The director, Mark Sandrich, should have been able to do a little more with the Allan Scott-Ernest Pagano script; the Irving Berlin score includes "The Yam." (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 16.)

Casey's Shadow—Walter Matthau, full of his usual wit and humor, and with his appealing crumpled face, in a horse movie that is one of the nicest things in a long time to take a child to. And he isn't overshadowed even by the horses. (Olympia; starting Sept. 15.)

Cat and Mouse—Lelouch at his most tricksy and fake lyric, making a thriller with the inappropriately intelligent and beautiful Michèle Morgan as the wife of a film producer and high-rise builder. The plot involves rude and rich servants, an insurance man who turns up at a race track, and a charming, rotten detective, played by Serge Reggiani. In French. (5/22/78) (Waverly, and New Yorker.)

The Clock (1945)—A sweetly charming, if maybe too irresistible, Second World War romance, featuring Judy Garland and Robert Walker. There's a very wet script—Robert Nathan spread his trembling sensitivities upon the already shaky story by Paul and Pauline Gallico—but fortunately the director, Vincente Minnelli, fills the edges with comic characters. (Keenan Wynn and Moyna Macgill are the most memorable.) (Regency; Sept. 17-19.)

Closely Watched Trains (1966)—A wryly tender Czech film about how a shy, scared young man, who comes from a long line of patsies and fools, succeeds in bed but loses his life. This first film directed by Jiří Menzel is based on the well-known ironic novel by Bohumil Hrabal, who collaborated with Menzel on the scenario. It's set during the Second World War, and most of it takes place at a village railway station; it's fairly simple—the modest sort of film that shows human concern and decency but isn't very stimulating, and that sometimes takes the Academy Award for Best Foreign Film (as this one did). But it also has quirky moments of small-town passion, and a funny sequence in which an assistant stationmaster rubber-stamps a girl telegrapher's buttocks. It's a sophisticated, elliptical folk tale. (Thalia; Sept. 15-16.)

Days of Heaven—With Richard Gere and Brooke Adams, directed by Terrence Malick. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema I.)

Deal—A documentary about the television show "Let's Make a Deal," directed by John Schott and E. J. Vaughn. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Little Theatre; through Sept. 17.)

Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands—Directed by Bruno Barreto. In Portuguese. (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; through Sept. 14.)

Duchess of Idaho (1950)—Big M-G-M musical of no distinction, built around Esther Williams' Junoesque figure. With Van Johnson, John Lund, and Mel Tormé. Robert Z. Leonard directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 20.)

Eadweard Muybridge, Zoopraxographer (1975)—A documentary film, directed by Thom Andersen. (Little Theatre; starting Sept. 19.)

Eyes of Laura Mars—A thriller about a killer, set in New York, eyeballs being the theme. One gets the point—and guesses the murderer—very early on. Faye Dunaway, who has a genuine sweetness and a genuine acting talent, plays a fashion photographer. But the film, directed by Irvin Kershner, is nothing if not trite. (8/14/78) (Coronet, Loews Orpheum, and Loews State 1. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; starting Sept. 15.)

The Firemen's Ball (1967)—A Czech comedy considered by some to be a minor masterpiece. A small-town firemen's ball is held, ostensibly

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to award a hatchet to a retiring fire chief but also as an occasion for a beauty contest, a raffle, and an all-purpose celebration. Directed by Miloš Forman, with a feeling for parody and gentle slapstick, from a script that Ivan Passer had a hand in. Sample gag: an old man sits in a chair in the snow facing his house, which is burning; his neighbors, considerate of his feelings, turn the chair around, and then, fearing he'll catch cold, move the chair closer to the fire. (Thalia; Sept. 15-16.)

Foul Play—With Goldie Hawn and Chevy Chase, directed by Colin Higgins. (Loews Ciné, Cinema 3, and Forum. . . . ¶ Paramount; no evening performances on Tuesday, Sept. 19.)

French Provincial (1975)—A gifted young romantic wit, André Téchiné, has turned parody into something so emotionally charged that the meanings radiate every which way. The story spans several decades, contrasting the lives of two brides—Jeanne Moreau, as Berthe the no-nonsense seamstress, and Marie-France Pisier, as Régina the rapacious bourgeois dreamer—who are both too much for their husbands. Scenes take you back through so many layers of film history that you can't sort out all the influences, but this rich impasto is essentially new. It's a marvellous film, even though in ordinary terms *(such as telling a coherent story) it isn't* very good. In French. (8th St. Playhouse; Sept. 17-18.)

Frenzy (1972)—Hitchcock working in England for the first time since the remake of "The Man Who Knew Too Much." A story about a fruit merchant from Covent Garden and a sacked barman, both suspected of a series of rapes and necktie murders, which are made less gruesome by Hitchcock's belief that there is all the difference in the world between surprise and suspense. This is Hitch in his old form, working with a first-rate cast of British actors virtually unknown outside their own country (including Barry Foster, Jon Finch, Anna Massey, and Barbara Leigh-Hunt). Vivien Merchant is detective Alec McCowen's wife, full of feminine intuition. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 21.)

Girl Friends—Directed by Claudia Weill, from a screenplay by Vicki Polon. About a friendship between a Jewish photographer (Melanie Mayron) and a blond Gentile (Anita Skinner) who gets married, precipitating jealousy. The subject is the interesting one of the counterpull between the wish for sociability and the wish to be alone, but the way the picture is made is rather importunate. (8/21/78) (Cinema II.)

The Golem (1937)—Julien Duvivier directed three of the best French films of 1937: "Pépé le Moko," "Un Carnet de Bal," and "The Golem," a remake of the silent German classic. *The Golem is a stone man, eight feet tall,* brought to life by a magically endowed rabbi, who commands his creation to overcome the Austrian oppressors of the Jewish people. The monster runs amok to order; Harry Baur plays a king who tries to trammel him. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 20.)

The Goodbye Girl—The prolific Neil Simon's tearful comedy with Marsha Mason and Richard Dreyfuss. She says gratuitously abrasive things to him, and he prisses his lips and tells her off. The forced snappiness of the exchanges suggests two woodpeckers clicking at each other's heads. Herbert Ross directed. (1/16/78) (Playboy; through Sept. 19. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema, and Quad Cinema; starting Sept. 15.)

Grease—John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John in an evocation of the fifties at high school. The movie runs on pure ozone, good times, and an easy homesickness for a past decade that the people who lived through it will not find particularly missable. (6/26/78) (Ziegfeld.)

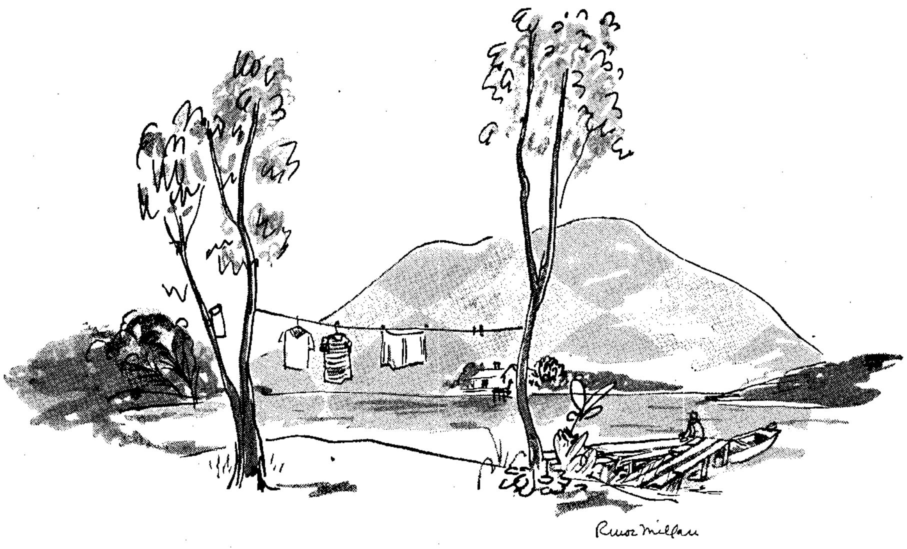
Gypsy Wildcat (1944)—One more celebration of the wriggling topography of Maria Montez and the manly opacity of Jon Hall. In earlier pairings, Montez and Hall made contact at the bottom of a swimming pool and on a desert; this time they snuggle in a Transylvanian forest. She is the gypsy dancer, Carla, taken captive by the lewd villain, Douglass Dumbrille, before being restored to her rightful title (Countess) and her castle. The picture tries hard but it never rises to the wild camp of her "Cobra Woman" earlier that year; it's just *opéra bouffe* without music. With Gale Sondergaard, Leo Carrillo, and Nigel Bruce; directed by R. W. Neill. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 18.)

Heaven Can Wait—We all can wait for something better, in spite of the acting contributions of Warren Beatty, as a dead football player intent on being reincarnated; of Julie Christie, as a gutsy English girl in love with him; of James Mason, as a heavenly guardian angel; and—most startling of all—in spite of a script by the tremendously intelligent Elaine May, in collaboration with Warren Beatty. (7/10/78) (34th St. East, Loews Tower East, and Loews State 2.)

House Calls—Walter Matthau and Glenda Jackson in a carefree pairing of splendid comic talents and of equally matched intelligences. Miss Jackson's first view of her future lover, a doctor, looking lugubrious in mustache and beard, is from a hospital bed; she's been clamped into a football-helmet sort of brace by a testily inept old doctor (Art Carney) to mend a broken jaw. (4/3/78) (Playboy; through Sept. 19. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema, and Quad Cinema; starting Sept. 15.)

Interiors—A giant stride made by Woody Allen, who has written and directed a magnificent study of a family in the midst of change. Nearly all the members of the family are afflicted by the pressures of a society that puts a premium on "self-expression." We are inside the skulls of people who look at the world as if it were partitioned off from them—as if they were separated from it by glass, which they are scared of breaking, because their control over themselves is so shaky. With performances by Geraldine Page, E. G. Marshall, Maureen Stapleton, Diane Keaton, Marybeth Hurt. The film is a noble endeavor that shows us knotted spirits in a world constricted by aesthetic and psychoanalytic jargon. (8/7/78) (Baronet.)

Jaws 2—The plastic old thing snaps again. With



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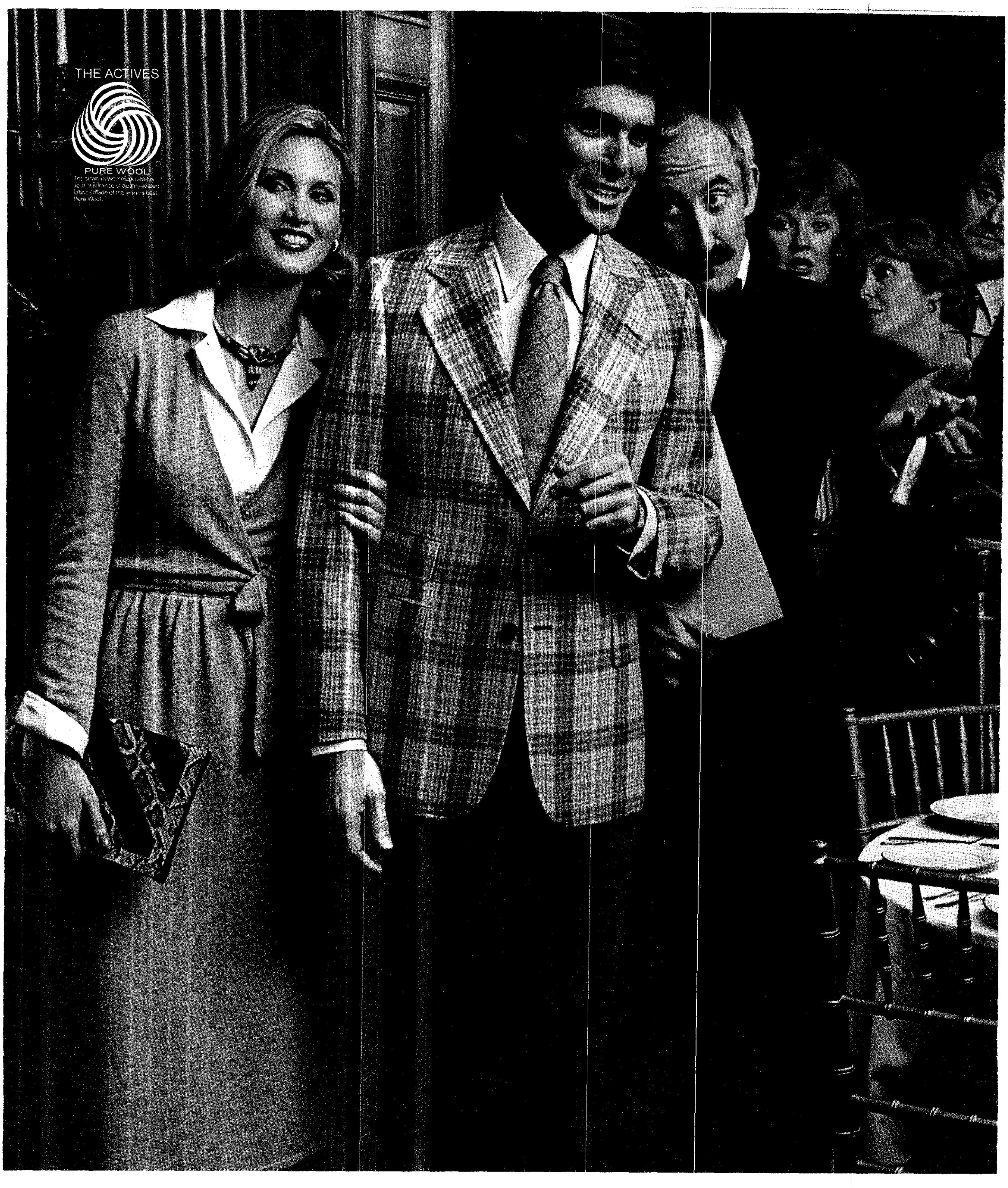
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Roy Scheider, Lorraine Gary, and Murray Hamilton; directed by Jeannot Szwarc. (6/26/78) (D. W. Griffith, R.K.O. 86th St., Olympia, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1; through Sept. 14.)

LE JOLI MAI (1963)—In May, 1962, the month the war ended in Algeria, the French documentarian Chris Marker recorded a series of casual, impromptu interviews with Parisians and discovered that they would rather think of anything but politics. This Anglo-American version of his film is marred by a commentary spoken in almost mockingly accented English by Simone Signoret, but Marker's distinctively lyric and generous approach to his subject keeps the picture afloat—though just barely. (Thalia; Sept. 20-21.)

THE LAST WALTZ—Martin Scorsese's film commemorating a performance by the rock-and-roll group named The Band. Scorsese has proved himself a most interesting director, but this movie is a failed exercise in melancholy over times past. The sound system itself is an overloud nightmare. (5/1/78) (72nd Street East; through Sept. 14.)

THE LIFE OF O-HARU (1952)—This Mizoguchi film—his own favorite—took a grand prize at Venice. Kinuyo Tanaka (the wife in "Ugetsu") stars in the story of a woman's life in feudal society; the beautiful daughter of a rich merchant falls from palace wife to prostitute. In Japanese. (8th St. Playhouse; Sept. 17-18.)

LIN TSE-HSU ("The Opium War")—An alert and beautiful film from China, about the Opium War of 1839-42 between the British and the Chinese. The picture was suppressed for fifteen years or so by Mme. Mao—part of the Gang of Four—because it is about the past; the Gang of Four liked to insist on films that were about the present and had abundant revolutionary themes. "The Opium War," directed by Chen Chun-li, dwells on China's long history, which is made to seem instantly available to the characters through their connection to poetry written a couple of thousand years ago. In the same reviving way, the film has its own conduit to China's past. Pictorially, with its long perspectives down vistas of heads bowing to the Emperor in Peking, it reminds one of the aesthetic innovations of the Italian Renaissance; intellectually, it is of great gaiety, poise, and interest, with piercing attention paid to the old. In Mandarin. (9/11/78) (Guild.)

LOLA MONTÈS (1955)—Max Ophuls' command of baroque style and of comic detail transforms the real-life story of a courtesan's decline into a circus trapeze artist—a story fairly trite in itself—into a work of amazing and moving density. With Martine Carol, Anton Walbrook, Peter Ustinov. In French, and in its full form. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 18.)

LOOKING FOR MR. GOODBAR—Diane Keaton as Theresa Dunn, the teacher who cruises singles bars and is murdered by a man she picks up. Richard Brooks, who adapted the novel by Judith Rossner and directed, has laid a windy jeremiad about our permissive society on top of fractured film syntax. With Tuesday Weld, Alan Feinstein, Richard Gere, and Richard Kiley. (10/24/77) (Art; through Sept. 19.)

MADAME ROSA—Simone Signoret giving a magnificent performance as a Jewish ex-whore of the Belleville *quartier* of Paris. Now too old and puffy to practice her job, she makes a meagre living by taking in the abandoned children of younger prostitutes. Her favorite foster child is the offspring of an Arab father, and she has faithfully brought the boy up as an Arab. The film was directed by Moshe Mizrahi, himself a Jew who was brought up in Alexandria. A firm, astute picture. In French. (3/27/78) (Gramercy; through Sept. 14. . . . ¶ Art; starting Sept. 20.)

MADAME SATAN (1930)—A hodgepodge by Cecil B. De Mille, featuring an extravagant costume party aboard an enormous dirigible. When the dirigible is struck by lightning, the guests parachute down, except the parachuteless hero, Reginald Denny, who jumps to safety in the Central Park Reservoir—a stunt that the movies have never repeated. There are lots of songs and dances, and even a ballet in the dirigible. Lillian Roth, buxom and dimpled before she boozed and repented

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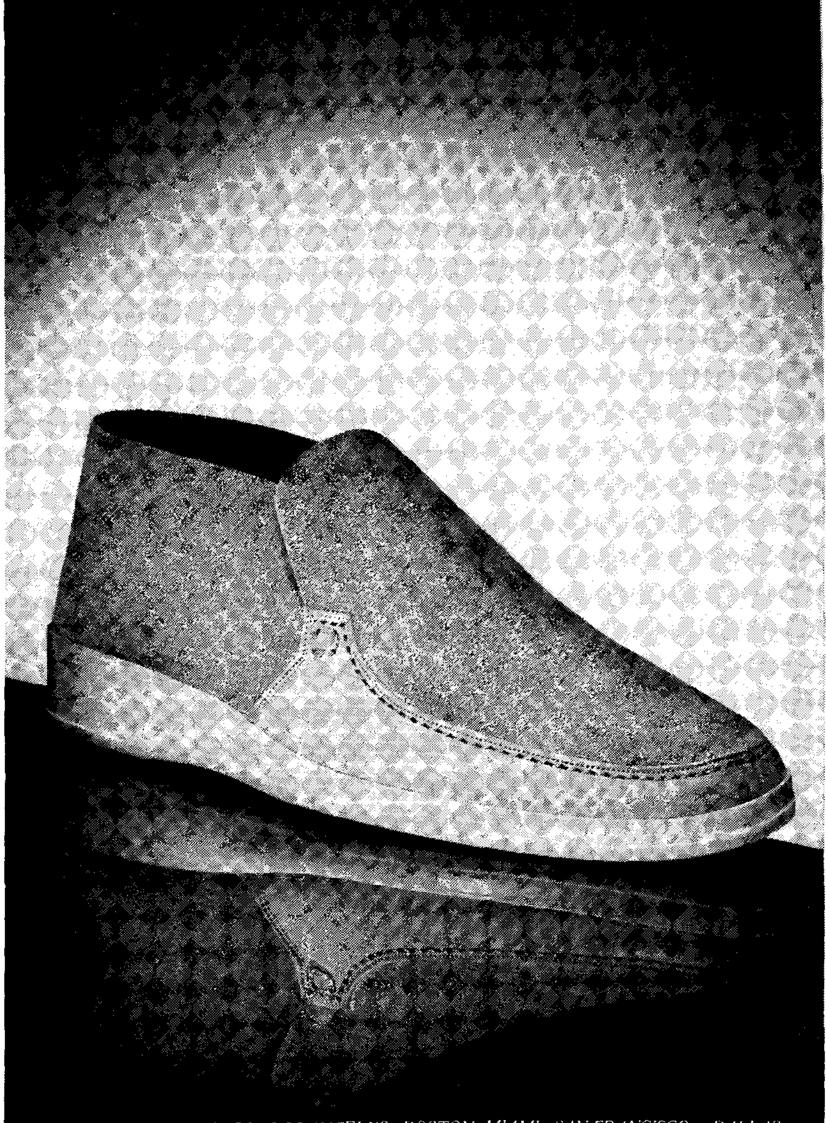

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and told all ("I'll Cry Tomorrow"), is energetic as the wild showgirl Trixie. Kay Johnson plays the noble heroine. With Roland Young and Martha Sleeper. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 19.)

Mother Küsters Goes to Heaven (1975)—The work of the prodigiously productive Rainer Werner Fassbinder, born in 1945, who has already made and written close to thirty films. In this one, Mother Küsters (Brigitte Mira, one of Fassbinder's regular acting troupe) is a plump woman who would normally be dedicated to *Kinder, Küche, und Kirche*, but the West German economic miracle has happened, and she is instead putting screws into electrical equipment at the kitchen table. This far from ordinary housewife, characterized by a suppressed merriment, has to deal with the practically unassimilable information that her factory-worker husband has run amok, killed the boss's son, and then killed himself. There is a lot of Brecht in Fassbinder, but Brecht was confirmed in his sardonic nonbelief, and one has the feeling that Fassbinder is hectically looking for what not to believe in. An immensely gifted and worried film. In German. (3/28/77) (8th St. Playhouse; Sept. 19-20.)

Muriel (1963)—Alain Resnais's experiment in fragmented flashback and flash-forward editing. The fragmentation, probably intended as a comment on modern life, is more irritating than illuminating. Delphine Seyrig is the forty-year-old antique dealer in whose symbolic shop (where she also lives) time and memory are scrambled and chopped up. Script by Jean Cayrol; music by Hans Werner Henze, sung by Rita Streich. In French. (Thalia; Sept. 20-21.)

National Lampoon's Animal House—A beery piece that has its amiably funny flashes about the American college system, but more often consists of what is called undergraduate humor. Directed by John Landis. (8/14/78) (Murray Hill, Sutton, 86th St. East, and Loews Astor Plaza. . . . ¶ Beekman. No evening performances on Thursday, Sept. 21.)

Néa—With Samy Frey and Ann Zacharias, directed by Nelly Kaplan. In French. (Trans-Lux East.)

No Time for Breakfast—With Annie Girardot, Jean-Pierre Cassel, François Périer, and Isabelle Huppert; directed by Jean-Louis Bertucelli. In French. (68th St. Playhouse; starting Sept. 15.)

One Sings, the Other Doesn't—Agnès Varda brings a Disney touch to this account of the evolution of modern women's consciousness between 1962 and 1976. It's a cheery, educational feminism-can-be-fun movie, centering on two young women's abortions, careers, babies. The sunshiny, mass-cult-hip simplicity of the feminist movement celebrated here is so laughable that you can't hate the picture. You just feel that some of your brain cells have been knocked out. In French. (11/14/77) (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 20.)

Pretty Baby—Louis Malle's beautifully intelligent picture is set in a brothel in Storyville, New Orleans, in 1917. The notorious red-light district is about to be shut down. A jazz musician—based mainly on Jelly Roll Morton (Antonio Fargas)—is playing the piano. An exquisite little girl of twelve (Brooke Shields), first shown upstairs in the room where she was born to her prostitute mother (Susan Sarandon), has her virginity auctioned off to the rich clientele. The photographer-hero is based on the legendary E. J. Bellocq (Keith Carradine). The film is astute in its understanding of the familiarity between blacks and whites that existed in the South. Malle's cinematographer is the incomparable Sven Nykvist. (4/10/78) (D. W. Griffith, R.K.O. 86th St., Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.; starting Sept. 15.)

Pride and Prejudice (1940)—This literate movie is a faithful transcription of Jane Austen's sparkling comedy of manners, adapted by Aldous Huxley and Jane Murfin. But when Jane Austen's characters are brought to life, everything is changed. Animated and bouncing, the movie is more Dickens than Austen; once one adjusts to this, it's a happy and carefree viewing experience. The movie belongs to Laurence Olivier, who plays Darcy, and to that great old dragon Edna May Oliver, as Lady Catherine. Greer Garson is Elizabeth Bennet, and she is not as phony as she became later. She's effective and has nice diction, though she's arch and incapable of subtlety, and a viewer can get weary watching that eyebrow that goes up like the gold curtain at the old Met. The cast includes Mary Boland, Edmund Gwenn, Melville Cooper, and a batch of girls in overstarched dresses (Marsha Hunt, Maureen O'Sullivan, Karen Morley, Ann Rutherford, Heather Angel), and villainous Frieda Inescort, of the slurpy voice. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. (Regency; starting Sept. 20.)

Revenge of the Pink Panther—Peter Sellers once again as the expert in *gaffes*, Inspector Clouseau, whose armored ineptitude periodically drives Herbert Lom, as his boss, into mental institutions. Story by Blake Edwards, and directed by him. A beloved film, recommended for its funniness about Clouseau's quite impervious inefficiency, and for his splendid decisiveness in mangling the pronunciation of English. (7/31/78) (Gemini 1, Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, and National.)

Rollercoaster (1977)—Directed by James Goldstone, a film that rides suavely on the innate terror that people have about rides in amusement parks. George Segal is an amusement-park safety inspector thankful to be yanked away from the—to him—infinite horrors of anti-smoking electric-shock therapy in order to investigate catastrophes caused by bombs laid on roller-coaster tracks. This isn't a disaster film: no dwelling on squelched bodies, and a certain amount of Hitchcockian suspense in broad-daylight chases among holiday-making crowds. (6/20/77) (Olympia; through Sept. 14.)

Show Boat (1951)—Patently manufactured (by M-G-M) and embarrassingly lacking in innocence. The most lavish and least convincing of the three movie versions of Edna Ferber's novel, with the singing valentine Kathryn Grayson mangling the Jerome Kern songs (in the role Laura La Plante had played in 1929 and Irene Dunne in 1936). Marge and Gower Champion come through with some lively dancing, but almost everyone else sinks. Howard Keel is too good for what he's given to do, Ava Gardner (at her most beautiful as Julie) looks as if she's dying to parody her lines, and Joe E. Brown is allowed only one brief dance. With William Warfield, and a shameful performance by the miscast Agnes Moorehead. George Sidney directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 16-17.)

A Slave of Love—A new Russian classic, made by Nikita Mikhalkov. Set in the Crimea just after the October Revolution, with White Russians still holding out in the south, it tells a story worthy of Chekhov in its simplicity and idiosyncrasy of detail. A preposterously melodramatic film-within-the-film is being made. The woman star is Olga (Yelena Solovei), whose alertness glimmers. She longs for a cause almost as if she were yearning for a trip to Moscow; the cause is all around her, but she cannot see it. The film is a most beautiful and fragile story about people out of step with their era. In Russian. (8/28/78) (Plaza.)

The Squaw Man (1931)—Cecil B. De Mille made his first version of this Western (based on a 1905 stage play by Edwin Milton Royle) in 1914; it was his first movie and a big hit. He made a second version in 1918, and finally this talkie version, with Warner Baxter, Lupe Velez, Charles Bickford, Eleanor Boardman, and Roland Young. The story is a wheezer about an Indian girl who sacrifices her life for the white man she loves. This third version lost money, so there's some justice. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 19.)

Straight Time—Dustin Hoffman as a newly released convict with six years of San Quentin behind him, a long history of juvenile delinquency, and a strong wish to get back into jail. Under Ulu Grosbard's direction, Hoffman's performance is as sharp as a diamond cutter. His eyes generally wander from meeting anyone else's; when they do meet, it is generally in hatred, during one of the wild thieveries he embarks on in his unconscious wish to be re-imprisoned. The wish is abetted by the unbearable complacency of a parole officer, admirably played by M. Emmet Walsh. There is a bow to sentimentality in the casting of an improbably credulous and improbably posh girl who goes along with the Hoffman character and asks no questions; she is played by Theresa Russell, a good actress who seems to belong to a different picture. (4/3/78) (Cinema Village; Sept. 20-21.)

Stroszek (1977)—Werner Herzog, the West

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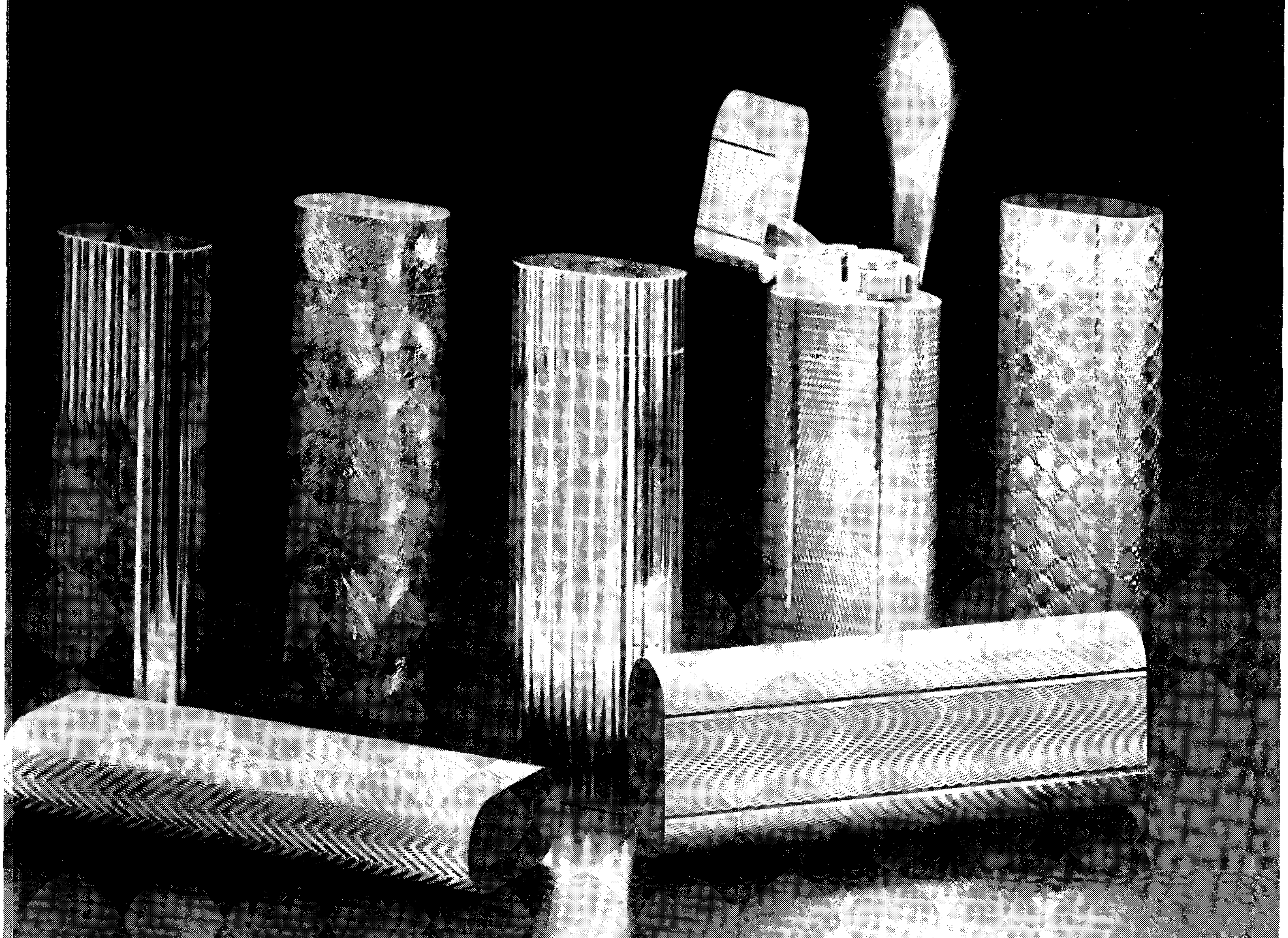

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

German who wrote and directed this wonderful film, describes it as a ballad. Stroszek, played by Bruno S., feels himself like a castaway going round and round forever—merry-go-round or mill wheel, he doesn't know which. In a key scene, early in the film, a befriending doctor tells Stroszek that he doesn't know how to look after himself, and then shows him a premature baby who, like Stroszek, will be all right, given a little help. There is a marvellous performance by a paper-faced old man called Scheitz (Clemens Scheitz). In German and English. (7/25/77) (8th St. Playhouse; starting Sept. 21.)

Summer Paradise—A Swedish first film, made by a woman director, Gunnel Lindblom, about the lassitudes and flares born of boredom among a four-generation family on holiday in the long Swedish summer. The picture at its best is about the failure of the middle class to comprehend its role in a changing world, and it is especially good on what the subtitles translate as "latch-key children"—children who go home to empty houses because their parents are both working—but a lot of women's-lib motifs of too much sensibility and not enough sense dribble into the film. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 20.)

Taxi Driver (1976)—Robert De Niro stars in Martin Scorsese's feverish, horrifyingly funny movie about a lonely New York cabdriver, which is like a raw, tabloid version of "Notes from Underground." Be prepared: it's extraordinarily powerful. Paul Schrader wrote the script; with Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, Jodie Foster, Peter Boyle, and Albert Brooks. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Sept. 15.)

3 Women (1977)—Robert Altman's dream film about three women whose identities merge, one into another, and flow together. Shelley Duvall plays a beautiful know-it-all girl who is an attendant in a health spa for the aged. Sissy Spacek plays the novice she breaks in, and Janice Rule plays a silent artist who paints lunging profile figures on the sides of swimming pools. The film is full of Altman's overheards and murmurs, with a hallucinating quality typified by his recurring use of self-absorbed twins who never speak except to each other. A fine, musing film. (4/18/77) (Art; through Sept. 19.)

To Have and Have Not (1944)—Directed by Howard Hawks, with a general jokey love of honky-tonk. Courtship sparring between Humphrey Bogart at his most proficient and a then newcomer called Lauren Bacall, dusky-voiced and nervy, all mock toughness. Loosely based on Hemingway, about Bogart tangled up in Vichy violence in the West Indies. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 15-16.)

Tout Va Bien *(1972)*—Not as deadly in its pedagogical tone as other Godard-Gorin films of the period. There's some relaxation and humor in this story of a workers' takeover of a sausage factory, but the way Jane Fonda, as an American journalist, and Yves Montand, as her French filmmaker-husband, are radicalized by the situation seems mechanical and naïve. In French. (8th St. Playhouse; Sept. 19-20.)

2001: A Space Odyssey (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-three years later. He introduces the idea of an extraterrestrial intelligence that much diminishes mankind's small achievement in stumbling upward from apedom in the direction of computers. "2001" is some sort of great film, and often appallingly funny. (Gemini 2, and Rivoli.)

An Unmarried Woman—Paul Mazursky wrote and directed this buoyant, enormously friendly comedy about Erica (Jill Clayburgh) and her attempt to get back into "the stream of life" after her marriage of sixteen years breaks up. It's a tenderhearted feminist picture. With Michael Murphy, Lisa Lucas, Pat Quinn, Kelly Bishop, Linda Miller, Cliff Gorman, Mazursky himself, as Hal, and Alan Bates, whose fine comic, expansive performance as Saul Kaplan, a famous painter, overpowers the movie. (3/6/78) (Embassy. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Sept. 14. . . . ¶ Gramercy, and 72nd Street East; starting Sept. 15.)

Viva Italia!—An Italian anthology film in which at least four of the nine sketches are really fine, including a recklessly funny kitchen story of regional cooking gone berserk and a poignant piece about a hypocritical son luring his mother into an old-age home. The film stars Vittorio Gassman and Alberto Sordi and was directed by Mario Monicelli, Ettore Scola, and Dino Risi. Full of a particularly Italian sort of comic conviviality and, sometimes, a particularly Italian note of resolve in the face of distress. In Italian. (7/17/78) (Paris.)

Warlords of Atlantis—With Doug McClure and Peter Gilmore, directed by Kevin Connor. (Olympia, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1; starting Sept. 15.)

Waxworks (1924)—The three episodes of this engaging, too-little-known German horror fantasy feature extravagantly villainous performances—Conrad Veidt as Ivan the Terrible, Emil Jannings (in one of his rare comic portraits) as Haroun-al-Raschid, and Werner (Caligari) Krauss as Jack the Ripper. In the Veidt-Ivan sequence, which was obviously a major influence on Eisenstein's "Ivan the Terrible," Ivan is a jokester-poisoner who enjoys presenting his victims with hourglasses timed for the precise moment of their deaths; one day he discovers an hourglass labelled "Ivan." The director, Paul Leni, a former Max Reinhardt collaborator, was an extraordinarily gifted scenic artist; the macabre expressionistic décor for the Jack-the-Ripper sequence is made entirely from sheets of painted paper. William Dieterle is also in the cast. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 20.)

White Savage (1943)—Jon Hall, Maria Montez, and Sabu, with their marvellous mix of accents, having implausible adventures in the South Sea islands; they all sound just as they did in "Arabian Nights." The writers carelessly put a character named Tamara in the story; the way it works out, they have other, serious-minded characters saying things like "Well, how are you feeling today, Tamara?" Arthur Lubin directed this innocent low camp. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 18.)

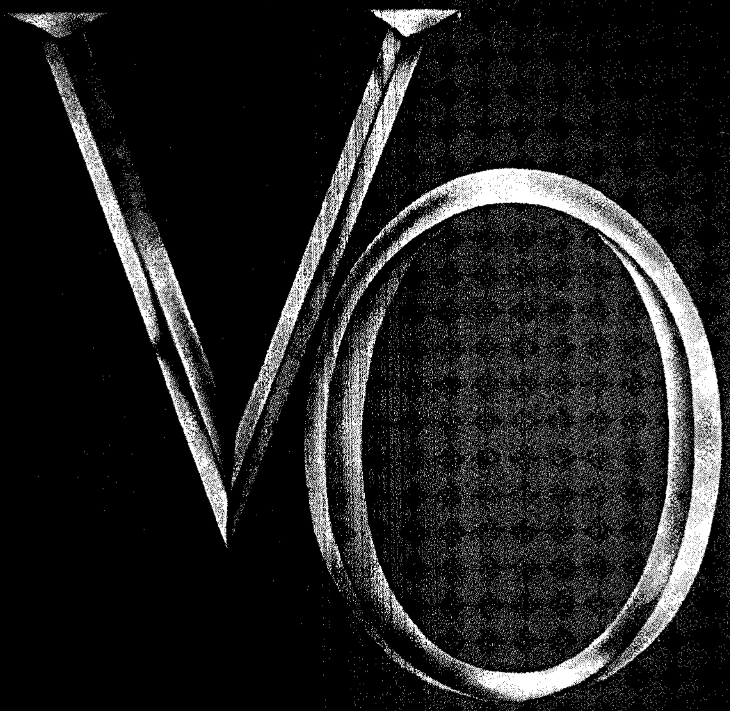
Who'll Stop the Rain—An interesting film by Karel Reisz—the Czech-born director of "Saturday Night and Sunday Morning," "Morgan!," "The Loves of Isadora"—made from an uninteresting piece of pulpdom called "Dog Soldiers," by Robert Stone. The original book is full of clichés about the social ills that followed Vietnam; the film is thoughtful about the impact on a culture of stimulants and soporifics and random noise. With Nick Nolte, Tuesday Weld, and Michael Moriarty. (9/4/78) (Bay Cinema, U.A. East, Festival, and Criterion. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse; through Sept. 14.)

A Woman of Paris (1923)—Chaplin's legendary "serious" film, written and directed by him, with a spot appearance by him as a porter. It has all his wit and none of his whimsy. Edna Purviance, benefitting from Chaplin's promise after their long career together that he would one day write a dramatic part for her, plays a French countrywoman parted by disapproving parents from her love (a glazed-eyed, very silent-film figure played by Carl Miller). She goes to Paris and gets involved with a handsome dandy (Adolphe Menjou). The characterization makes it seem as though Chaplin toyed with—perhaps feared—the idea that he himself was this dandy. The film was greatly to influence Lubitsch, among others. It has a sense of comedy that is debonair, elegant, bitterly close to truth. Chaplin withdrew it from circulation in the late twenties, and restored it to us—with a new musical score, composed by himself—only in 1976. A treasure dredged up from the ocean bed of sunken movies. (4/17/78) (Cinema Village; Sept. 17-18.)

Women—With Marina Vlady and Lili Monori, directed by Márta Mészáros. In Hungarian. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema Studio.)

Young Frankenstein (1974)—A farce-parody of Hollywood's mad-scientist movies. You have to let this Mel Brooks comedy do everything for you, because that's the only way it works. If you accept the silly, zizzy obviousness, it can make you laugh helplessly. Gene Wilder is the old Baron's scientist-grandson, Peter Boyle is the new Monster, and Madeline Kahn is the scientist's fiancée, who becomes the Monster's bride. The picture is in black-and-white, which holds it visually close to the films it takes off from. It's Brooks's most sustained piece of moviemaking—the laughs never let up. (R.K.O. 86th St., Quad Cinema, and Embassy 1; through Sept. 14. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting Sept. 15.)

While you've been working your way up for all these years, we've been quietly waiting for you to arrive.



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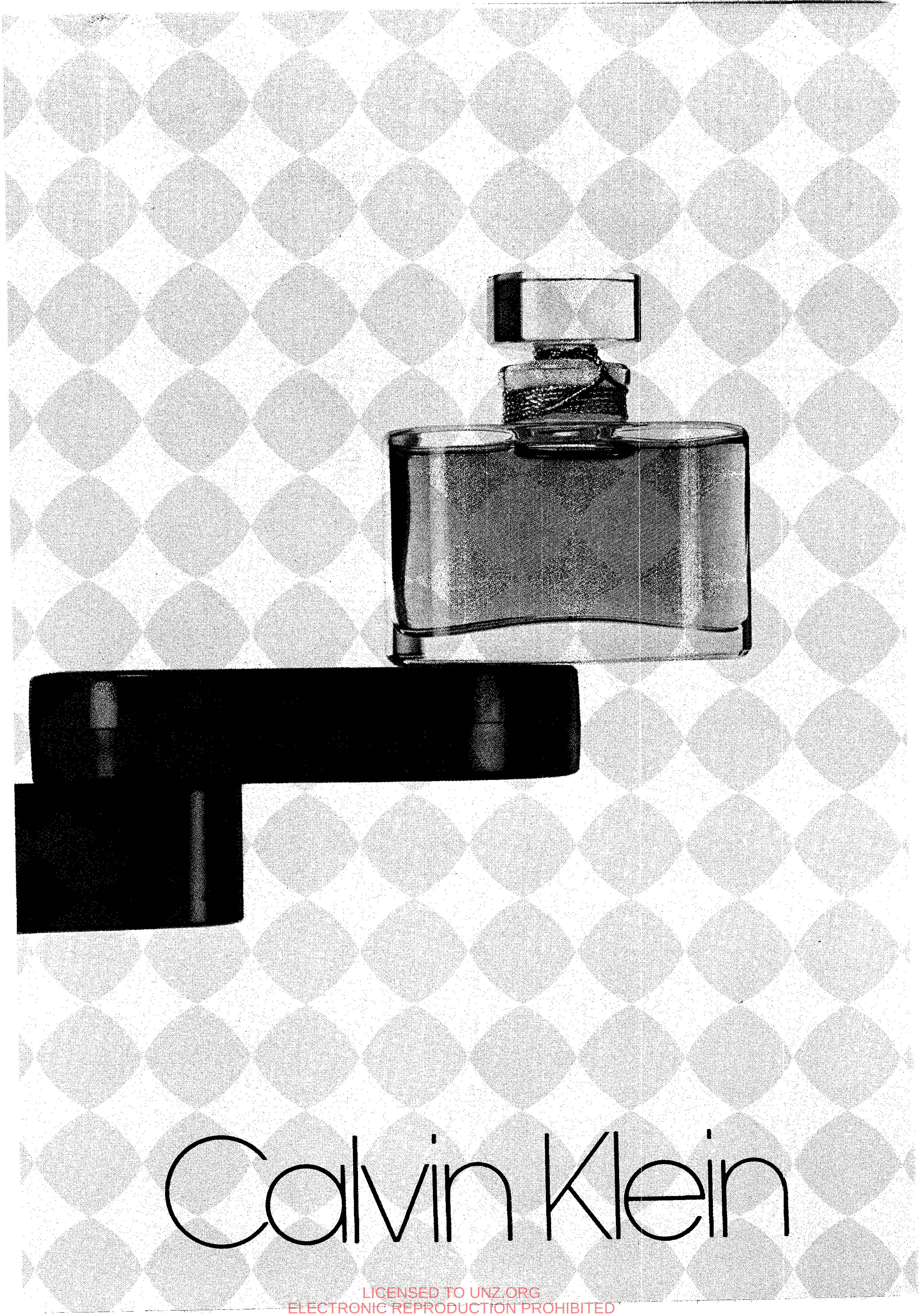

Calvin Klein

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ONE recent morning in the country, we woke up to a rainstorm. We stood in a doorway and watched the high branches of the trees lurching under the assaults of wind; the sky had become a gray, heaving sea. Water poured off the edge of the roof and pounded tall stalks of goldenrod that grew below; many by now were lying flat, crisscrossed in bubbling puddles. Except where the water fell from the eaves, and where it dripped slowly from a glistening power line, it was mostly invisible. What we saw was its impact: muddy pools responding to the drops, tossing small splashes upward from the bull's-eye; and, in the surrounding undergrowth of vines and weeds and wild flowers, a sporadic flashing of light—first here, now there—as one leaf and then another was struck, bent, and snapped back, shivering. A tremulousness swept across the landscape as the raindrops hit grape leaves, bull briar, swamp maple, bayberry, honeysuckle.

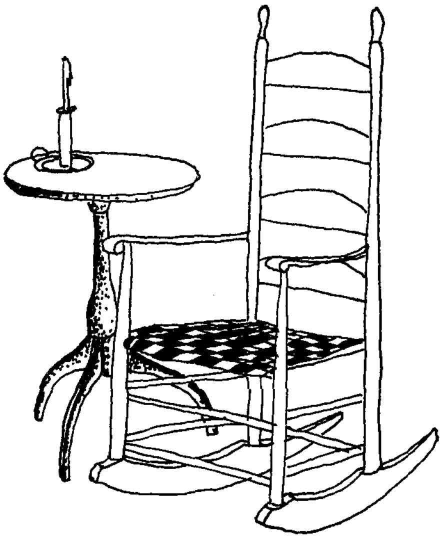
The next morning was clear—puddles on the steaming road, and, from the woods, what looked like smoke idling upward through shafts of sunlight—and the morning after that we were back in the city, having early breakfast at a corner window in the all-night restaurant. No leaves, no trees, no puddles, no wind; instead, sunlight streaming down the side street, and people. A family—father, mother, and small daughter—jumped out of a battered station wagon and carried bundles of newspapers to a newsstand. A young man on the street shouted abusively at someone out of sight, then walked away. When he reached the corner, he turned around and grinned: a joke between friends. A cop swaggered into the shop for a coffee to go. A one-eyed old man harangued him with grandiose gestures and followed him outside. A blond girl dressed in carefully selected yellows and tans and browns stood on the corner and looked at her watch. When the cop drove away, ignoring the old man's speech, the old man turned to her and continued. She smiled and nodded, watching the street. Presently, two men came by in a car; she greeted them, got in, drove off. A hunched elderly woman wearing an overcoat passed by, bright-eyed and mumbling. A very tall black man with cornrowed hair sat down in a booth behind us, ordered breakfast ("No fries," he said), and began to whistle a hymn. Looking out the window, we saw a tremulousness across the landscape.

* * *

Manning

THE recent restrained observance of Labor Day in New York—few parades, no major speeches—set us to contemplating the current state of "Industry/Labor," which was the index heading that the *Times* favored for the subject until last month, when, along with our two other daily newspapers of general circulation, it suspended publication in an Industry/Labor dispute. The city being what it is—among other things, a stronghold of union organization and an expensive place to live and raise a family—New Yorkers are rarely free of the inconvenience, frustration, and occasional downright peril that can result from work stoppages of one sort or another. In the past, most of these shutdowns have occurred at fairly regular intervals, following the expiration of contracts and the breakdown of negotiations over basic pay scales. And even this summer's longest-running major dispute—a strike of fifteen hundred metallic lathers, on July 1st, joined by a strike of twenty-five hundred drivers of concrete, excavation, and asphalt trucks, on August 1st, which began tying up approximately one and a half billion dollars' worth of local construction projects—has been of exactly that nature: members of the Teamsters, who averaged twelve dollars and nine cents an hour in wages and fringe benefits, were seeking raises of up to eighty per cent over a four-year period; the lathers, averaging fifteen dollars and twenty-four cents an hour, were seeking twenty-six-per-cent increases over three years. In most of the disputes that have come to our attention in the past month, however (and some of these extend far beyond New York City), the once predominant pay-scale issue has been subordinated to—or, at least, is being negotiated in close conjunction with—the issue of manning. In these automated times, it seems, the question of how many men and women (and with what qualifications) must be employed to do the requisite work is becoming a more important labor issue than wages.

In the New York newspaper dispute, to cite the most conspicuous example, a basic wage-increase pattern—sixty-eight dollars per week over three years—had been tentatively agreed to in June by publishers and negotiators for one of the ten newspaper unions involved in the bargaining. The



strike and shutdown followed the publishers' insistence on reducing press manning—specifically, on modifying work rules that required them to employ twelve men on press units of a kind that are operated elsewhere by ten men or fewer. Officials of the union involved, Printing Pressmen's Local No. 2, had made a proposal for some reductions in manpower, but then, on August 9th, when the publishers posted rules that the union interpreted as a threat to the jobs of five hundred and twenty-two of its fifteen hundred and fifty members, the pressmen struck.

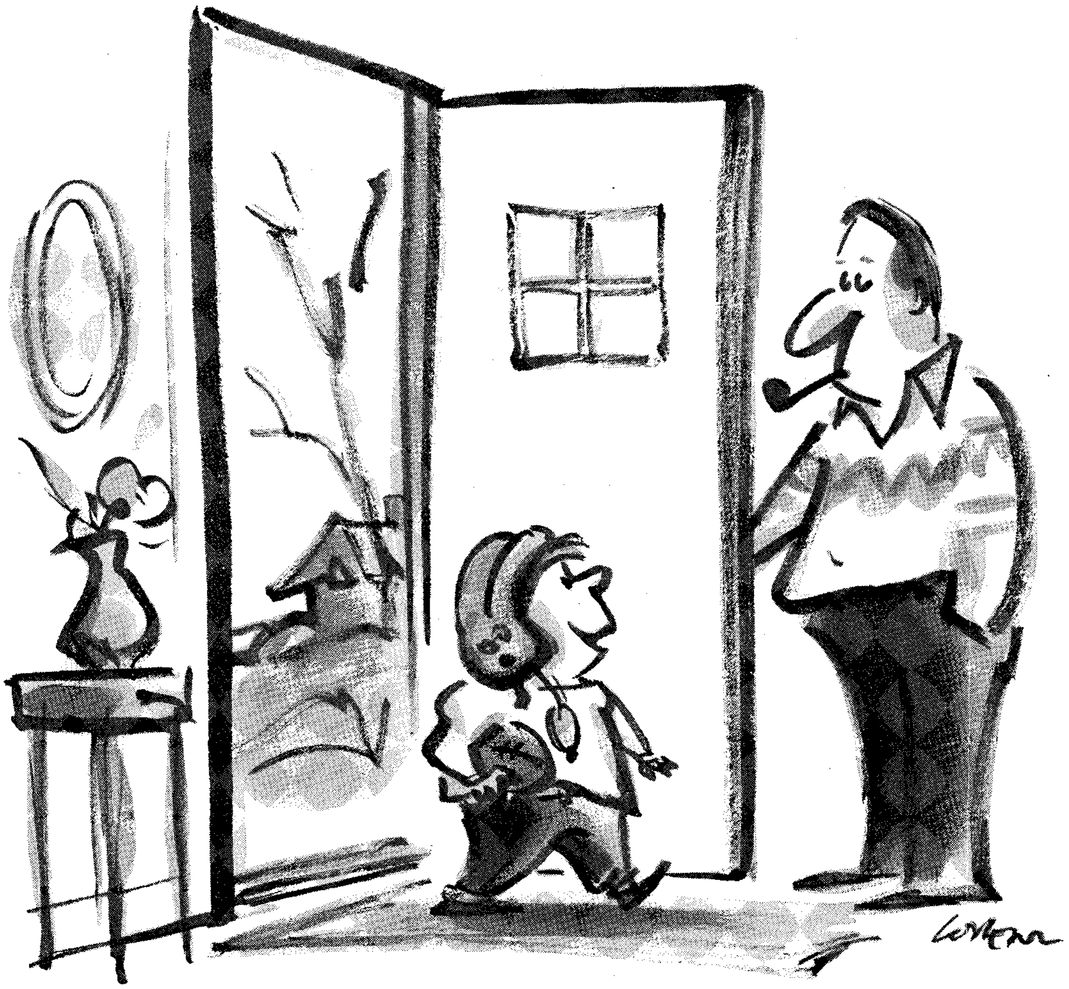
A manning issue that has been less publicized is part of the current nation-wide Postal Service dispute, whose participants are at the moment embroiled in resumed negotiations after more than two hundred thousand postal workers rejected contracts that would have retained present manning levels but held pay increases to less than twenty per cent over three years. "The unions' leaders traded a lower wage-raise pattern for a promise of job security and thought they could sell it to their members," a New York labor leader observed to us a few days ago. "They couldn't sell it, though, and now they're caught between management and their own members." During the present renegotiations, the union members are still working, but the threat of a paralyzing nation-wide mail strike remains strong.

Manning is unquestionably the crucial issue behind the continuing frustrations of New York City's firemen, who have been without a contract since June 30th, and are demanding that two thousand more firemen be hired, in order to increase by one the number of men assigned to each shift at each fire company.

The manning issue has also begun cropping up in cases in which contracts have been signed and ratified. On August 24th, on Long Island, three hundred and fifty correction officers and deputy sheriffs left their posts at the Suffolk County jail for a day after the suspension of twenty-seven officers who had refused to work overtime; officials there have conceded that the overtime work was necessitated by a serious shortage of jail staff. Discussions began during the afternoon of the strike, and the officers returned to work that night. On August 26th, fifty-two baseball umpires returned to the major-league ballparks after a one-day walkout (amateurs had worked the games) that publicized their demand (among others) for additional time off, which would require either the hiring of more umpires or reduced manning of the basepaths. On August 28th, a one-day strike of dockworkers succeeded in getting officials of the Waterfront Commission of New York Harbor to go along temporarily with a package deal that promoted two hundred longshoremen to pier checkers, thereby reducing the size of the longshore work force, and at the same time hired seven hundred and fifty more longshoremen on an "emergency" basis.

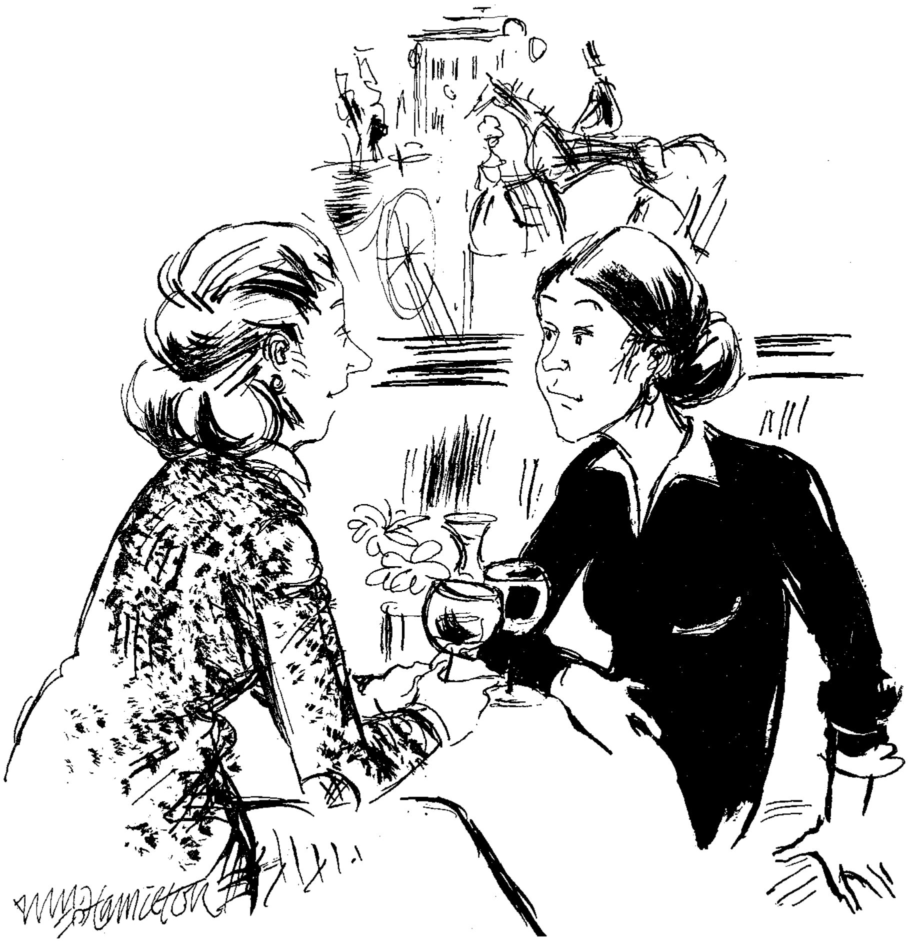
Of all these disputes, only the one involving the newspapers has so far resulted in anything more than a temporary shutdown. The city has not offered to meet the fire fighters' demand for two thousand new men, and though longshore promotions have been made, they are not yet effective; in both cases, negotiations of sorts are continuing. The twenty-seven Suffolk correction officers' suspensions were rescinded, and disciplinary charges are in abeyance during discussions. The major leagues have refused to reopen negotiations with their umpires over the manning requirements set forth in the current contract, which runs through 1981; up to now, however, the umpires have been obeying a federal court's back-to-work order.

At present, there are few promising signs in the newspaper negotiations. Five other unions have joined the pressmen in picketing one or more of the papers, and the report from labor insiders is that both sides are prepared for the shutdown to last through Thanksgiving, and perhaps longer. Eventually, though, the newspaper shutdown will end. Eventually, all labor disputes find some sort of resolution, in the need of both employers and employees for work to resume. Late in August, for example, word came that the construction truck drivers had agreed to accept a thirty-eight-per-cent increase in wages, fringe benefits, and changes in working conditions, spread over four years, and there were indications that the lathers



"Well, we lost. On the other hand, we did beat the point spread."

would before long ratify a similar contract. Soon we'll be building again.



"Isn't it amazing—everybody has everybody's number and yet everything keeps going along."

• •

Soap

AT the First International Soap Opera Exposition, held in the Statler Hilton some days ago, we saw many stout middle-aged women with cameras and many stout middle-aged women with children. We saw five men who were there because they liked and watched soap operas; all the other men we saw were connected with the exposition. We sat in a room filled with some of the stout middle-aged women with cameras and the stout middle-aged women with children. On a dais in the room were three actresses and an actor who play leading roles in a soap opera. In the middle of the room was a microphone. The women lined up in an orderly way to ask the actresses and the actor questions. The women called the actresses and the actor by their soap-opera names.

Among the questions that the women asked the actresses and the actor were these:

"Is there ever a time when you get into a part so much that when you get home you can't get out of it?"

"Did you get married on Valentine's Day?"

"How do you get along off camera?"

"If you had to pick a part other than your own on your show, which part would it be?"

"Why can't you be honest with Pete and tell him you don't love him?"

"What do you like to do with your free time?"

"You are all so lovely and thin. How do you maintain your weight?"

"Are you married when you are not on the show?"

"How do you prepare yourself when you have to cry?"

One of the actresses said that Louis Malle was considering a screenplay she had written about Henri Christophe, one of the eighteenth-century liberators of Haiti. Another said she liked to have fun. The third said she liked life to be a blast. All three actresses said they had to watch the amount and kind of food they ate. All three actresses said that when they had a particularly difficult and emotional scene to do they tried to think of particularly difficult and emotional scenes in their own lives. All three actresses said they were not married. The actor announced that he was appearing in an Off Broadway show. The actor said that the Off Broadway show was a very *good* Off Broadway show, and that he hoped the people in the audience would come and see it. The three actresses laughed with the audience and with each other. The actor seemed serious and standoffish.

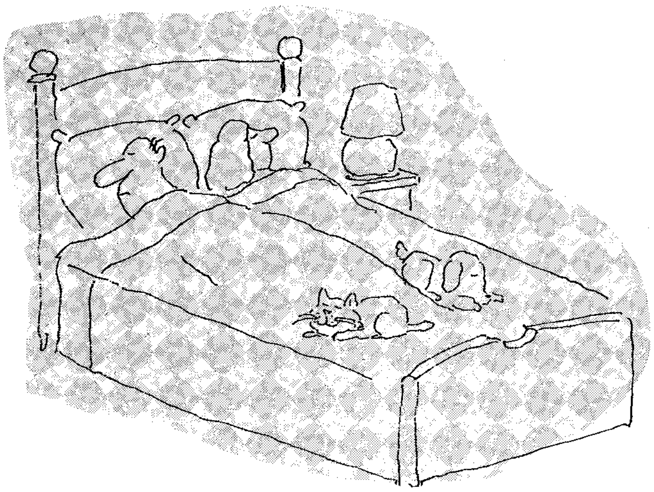
Just before the interview session was over, a woman stood up and said, "I watch your show every day. It's like a religious thing with me."

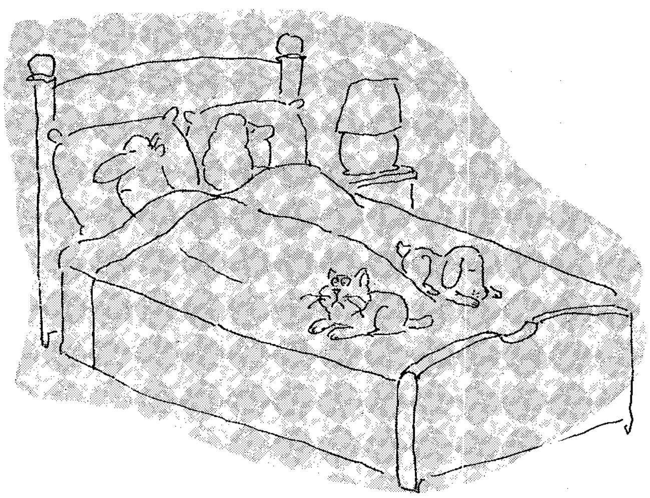
The whole room stood up and cheered.

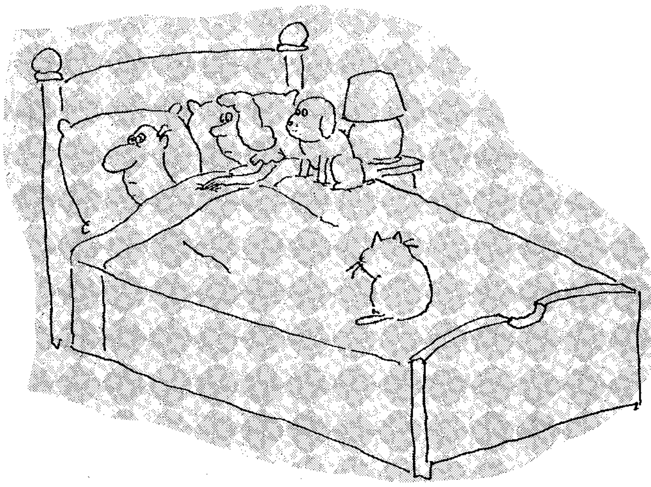
Alec McCowen

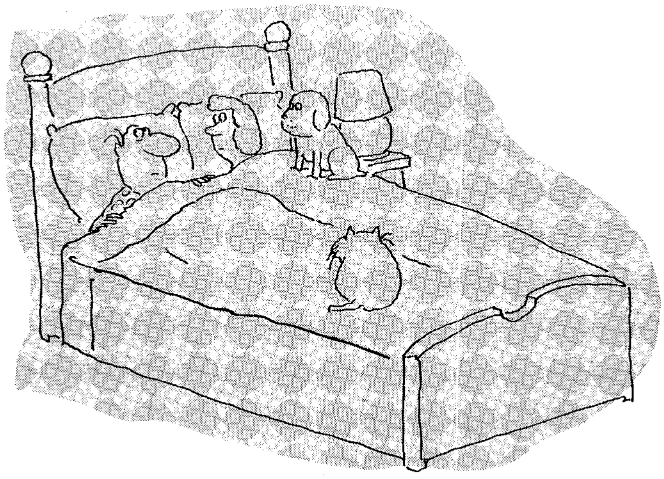
ALEC McCOWEN's performance of St. Mark's Gospel at the Marymount Manhattan Theatre is reviewed elsewhere in this issue. St. Mark's is the oldest, shortest, and simplest of the four Gospels, and scholars suggest that the author (who may or may not be the Mark described in Acts as a friend of the Apostles) was a Semite, possibly living in Rome, who around 70 A.D. set down in Aramaic-flavored Greek the eyewitness testimony of St. Peter. In Mr. McCowen's version of Mark, which is about as far removed from the pulpit as possible, the narrator cultivates an understated reportorial style, recounting with an air of dogged amazement the conversations and miracles attributed to Jesus. Last week, before the show opened, we dropped by the Marymount to chat with Mr. McCowen, and found him pacing back and forth across a polished wood stage, testing a few simple props (a rectangular brown table, three chairs, a carafe, and a water glass) and checking light patterns and noise levels. "We've got to find out where the floor creaks," he was saying to Larry Bussard, the stage manager, as he walked to the front of the stage to gaze out at the small, steeply raked, fan-shaped auditorium. "I like to look up at the audience when I talk." He asked imaginary occupants of rear seats, "Can you hear me back there?"

Mr. McCowen is a slight, pleasant man who has brown hair, brown eyes, regular features, a ruddy complexion, and a soft, husky speaking voice, which he can transform at will into the resonant baritone of a trained Shakespearean actor. He was dressed in a beige wool jacket with a faint brown stripe, an open-necked white shirt, dark-brown slacks, and rust-colored suède shoes. As we took a seat in the dark-









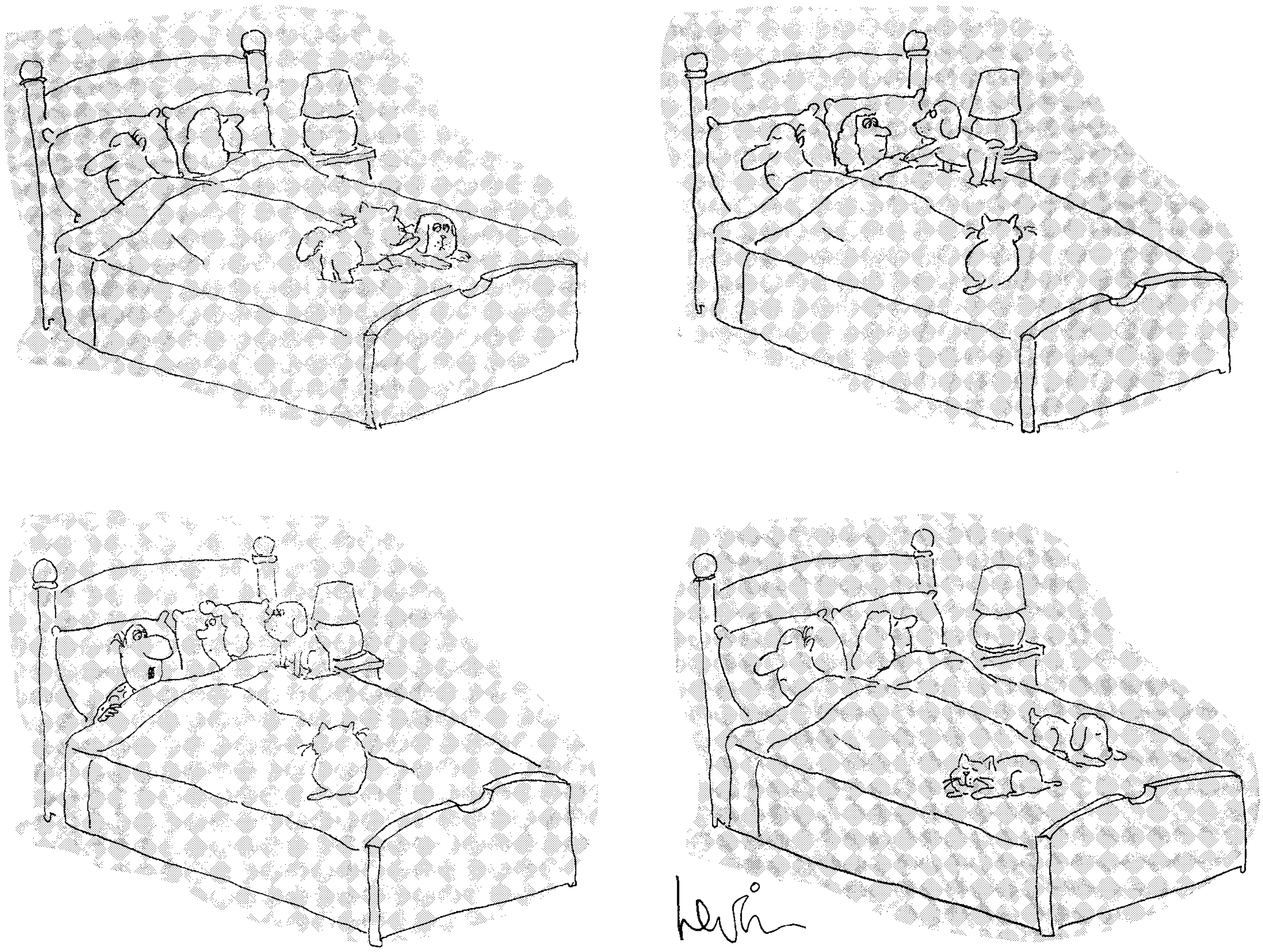
ened auditorium, he wheeled around to explain his patterns of movement to Mr. Bussard. "I don't use the back corners much, but I do work geographically to some extent," he said. "The scenes in the houses, the ships, and the temple are played in the center of the stage near the table; the scenes in the street are in front of that; the scenes by the sea are even farther forward; and the scenes by the mountains are at the back. Then, there are one or two confidential passages—such as when James and John ask Jesus for preferential treatment—when I come very far down front and will need the kind of spot you use in a music hall."

When the lighting had been adjusted to his satisfaction, Mr. McCowen said, "Let me do ten minutes of wandering and talking, so I'll feel comfortable." He sat down beside the table, poured himself a glass of water, and began the story of Salome in an intimate, conversational tone, transforming himself successively into a tipsy, insecure King Herod, a stern John the Baptist, a vengeful Herodias, and a feather-witted Salome. For the Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes, Mr. McCowen walked to the left side of the stage, sketching an imaginary group of tired, discouraged disciples faced with the impossible task of feeding five thousand people with two fishes and five loaves of bread. For the Voyage to Gennesaret, he placed an imaginary boat carrying the terrified disciples in front of the table and showed them Jesus walking across the sea from the back of the stage to join them.

When the rehearsal ended, we introduced ourself and asked Mr. McCowen how he had become interested in Mark.

"I began to think about a one-man show two years ago, when I was feeling a bit claustrophobic during a long run in a West End play," he said. "The Bible seemed very neglected, so I started to look through the Gospels as a possible text. I began with John, but he is a great intellectual and his prose is too difficult to be spoken aloud. Matthew is too long, and Luke is a bit flowery for my taste. So I started to work with Mark, who has a blunt, straightforward style and is of a good theatrical length. I learnt three verses a day, off and on, for sixteen months, lying in bed at six o'clock in the morning, studying a script line by line. And gradually I found that I had a considerable affinity with Mark, because he was essentially a transmitter, just as I am. Perhaps when he heard the story from Peter he felt as I did when I came to it new. After I have told one of the miracles—such as the Loaves and the Fishes—the details are so concrete that I always have that stunned feeling of being hit on the head by a hammer. This attitude comes through very strongly in Mark. He doesn't write as a great convert. He writes the way a man might say to you in a bar, 'I've just heard this *extraordinary* story, and I'm told that these *amazing* things happened in Galilee.' And it's as if he were still in a state of shock from what he has heard."

A second choice that had to be made, Mr. McCowen told us, was whether to use the King James Version of the Gospel. "Shakespearean prose is the most wonderfully muscular, speakable language," he said, "and since the King James Bible was coming into being at exactly the time that Shakespeare was writing his last plays,



"It's only the wind."

* *

I wondered whether, if one worked on it not in a religious way but simply as an actor, the text would spring to the same sense of life that you find in Shakespeare. The answer was yes, because this Bible was written to be spoken aloud. There are wonderful rhythms that you simply don't see when you're reading it cold. Then I began to think about staging, because I work very geographically when I'm learning a part. For example, I thought of Galilee, which is roughly sixty miles from Jerusalem, in terms of the area around the town of Tunbridge Wells, in Kent, which is where I grew up, and which is about thirty miles southeast of London. The Galileans must have had the same kind of country accent that we had in Kent; when Jesus is arrested and Peter waits beneath in the palace, the servants look at him suspiciously and say, 'Thou art a Galilean, and thy speech agreeth thereto.' And when, in the Gospel, they talk over and over again about going to *Jerusalem*, I remember, as a small boy, the excitement of going up to *London*. This attitude builds and builds in the Gospel, until suddenly Mark says, 'And they were in the way going up to *Jerusalem*,' and you get the feeling he's done the tour, he's done the small towns, now he's ready for the West End. And when you think of how this countryman must have infuriated the establishment, turfing people out of the temple, and saying that the whole thing was going to be destroyed, his behavior is all the more outrageous because it comes from an outsider."

We asked Mr. McCowen how he ended his Gospel, and he replied that he was aware that the last twelve verses were not generally attributed to Mark. "Most of the clergy seem disappointed that I use those verses," he said, "but it *does* seem incomplete to end with the women rushing out of the sepulchre 'afraid.' What depresses me about the traditional presentation of the story of Jesus—in church, or in sentimental television or film versions—is that everything seems to lead up to the Crucifixion. But since the original meaning of 'gospel' is, literally, 'good news,' then the story should end joyfully with the Resurrection. It's a much healthier approach to Christianity if you see Jesus at the end telling his disciples to stop moping about, to roll up their sleeves and go on out there and get to work. 'If you believe,' he says, 'act on it!' "

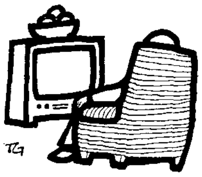
We asked if two years of close proximity to St. Mark had affected Mr. McCowen's own religious views.

"I certainly don't describe myself as a Christian, though I'd be very flattered if somebody else described me as one," he said. "But I do believe that Mark wrote the Gospel, and I do believe that Peter saw the events he described. You may wonder what distortions have crept in over the years, and you may quarrel about the Gadarene swine or one or two other peculiar episodes, but there's no getting away from the fact that something—to use Mark's word—'astonishing' happened two thousand years ago in Galilee."

APPLES

MY mother is alone in the kitchen. Everyone else has eaten and the table is scattered with sections of the Sunday paper and half-finished cups of coffee. She is standing at the sink washing dishes and turns to me when I enter. In the soft morning light I think she is beautiful. She cooks an egg for me and heats the coffee. I thank her as she pours two cups and sits down. She lights a cigarette, holding it high in the air with a cocked wrist; I watch the ribbon of blue smoke drift through a dense slant of light.

I eat my egg and we talk. How is school? What did you do last night? Have you talked to your father recently? My brother has called from his college in Minnesota. He sounds depressed, she says, and has taken up parachuting. We laugh. He has a new girlfriend—someone from Maryland who is in a motorcycle gang—and she might come home with him for Christmas. I wonder aloud if he is flunking out, but my mother doesn't think so. And . . . she talked to Ann, my older sister, and she is fine, and is coming over for dinner with her husband, Bill. My sister Katharine has gone to the store; Peter, her boyfriend, is coming out on the one-o'clock train; Dad is coming over to help put away the tennis court and is going to stay for dinner. And . . . I guess that is all the news, she says. Huh? When is Dad coming? Well, he said around noon, so any second now. She clears the table of the cups of tepid coffee, puts on her coat, and steps out the door. She sticks her head back through—"I'll be out raking leaves if you want me." She smiles. "O.K.," I answer. "Have fun."



I never know quite what to do with myself on these Sundays when I come home from college. I usually bring a friend, but no one could come this time. The book I am supposed to read is too long and boring and I am not far enough behind in my work to start doing it on Sundays.

I put on a jacket and walk out into the cool fall air. It is my favorite kind of day, cloudy and gray with no chance of rain or sun. The air is perfectly still and seems to amplify every sound. My mother is standing in the middle of the yard raking leaves. She bends slightly forward from the waist, making, somehow, her methodical chore look graceful. I call the dogs, cut through the bushes that stand between the house and the road, and walk to the bridge. It is a small road, a dead end, and I wonder if any cars have been down it this morning. The dogs bound along the vast stretch of marsh and I stoop to fill my hands and pockets with the apples that lie by the side of the road. They are small apples, green, and not good for eating but hard and good for throwing.

The wooden planks of the bridge are wet from dew, and I can see that no cars have been down this morning. I wipe off the top rail and lean out over the water. The tide has turned and flows under the bridge with a soft gurgle. I toss an apple into the smooth, slow-moving funnel of water upstream and watch its casual drift back toward the bridge. When it is almost under my feet it quickly picks up speed and is lost from sight. I dash to the other rail in time to see it appear, bobbing along in the swift current toward the ocean.

On the far shore, the boat my father bought us several summers ago sits high in the water like a duck. From my pocket I take an apple and, stepping backward, throw it as hard as I can toward the boat. Not hard enough, though, and the apple ends with a splash in the water. Another apple; another throw. Too short this time, a *thwop* in the muddy bank. After several more attempts I launch a perfect arc, a bull's-eye, sending the hollow echo of apple on wood reeling across the soft green marsh. I kick the remaining apples into the water, call the dogs, and walk back to the house.

My yard is shaped like an almond, or a tear. At one end, the trunks of two pear trees have been converted into a soccer goal; from the crossbar—a long pipe painstakingly chosen and extracted from the great collection of wood and metal in the barn—hangs a fishing net I took to be discarded and removed from the refuse of some fishing boats one summer. The net is woven with a rope to the bar, nailed to the tree on both sides, and held to the ground with two-by-fours, making it, as it were, ball tight. When I was in high school, I spent part of every day here, banging balls past a hapless, imaginary goaltender, but now on weekends I try to get my sister to take his place. She is not here now, and the ball floats unimpeded into the net. Henry, my brother, used to play, but in general found me too competitive and preferred long solitary walks on the marsh with a big stick, finding horseshoe crabs and smashing bottles. Whenever a friend came over and we played, I ran the entire time in a desperate attempt to stave off my partner's inevitable, dreaded boredom, which would put a sure stop to the game.

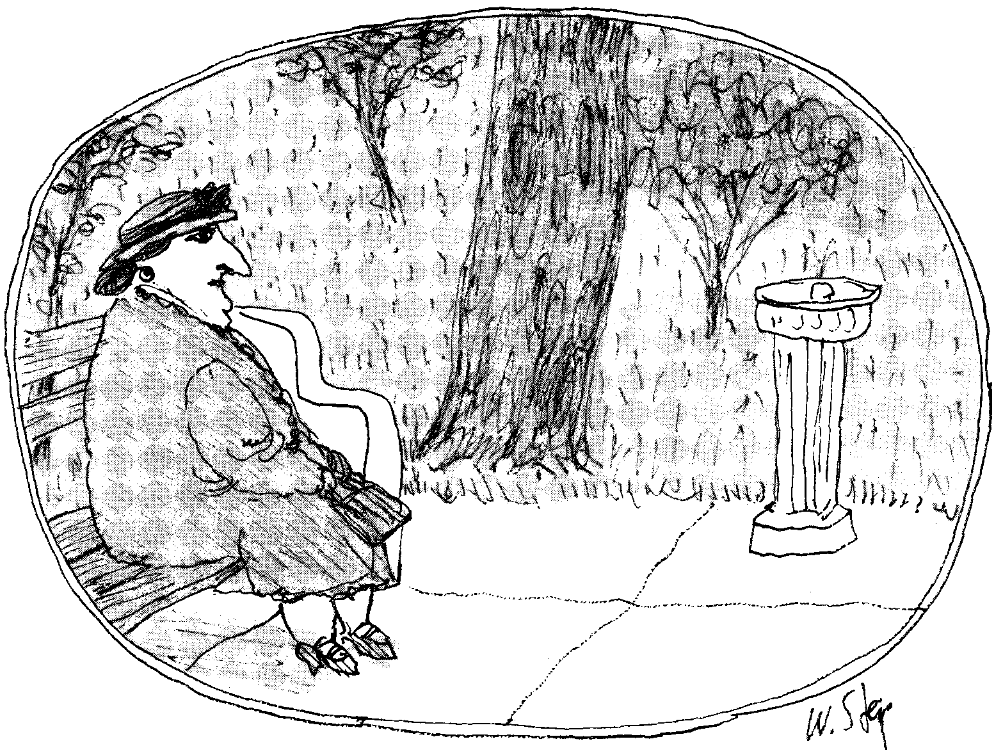
I am standing at the edge of the yard, on the driveway, next to the giant elm with the basketball hoop, the soccer ball at my feet, when I hear the distant sound of a car. A minute later my father's red Maverick appears from around the corner and glides onto the driveway with the sound of a breaking wave. He takes his hands off the steering wheel, waves to me like a madman with both, and comes to a stop in front of the elm. As he is getting out of the car I send the soccer ball into the air with a flip of my foot and we watch it rise high above the basket, pause at the top of its flight, then drop clean through without a sound. My father is frozen like a statue halfway out the car. He smiles at me and comes back to life. "Amazing," he says, closing the door with a bang. "Just amazing." "I was *trying* to do that, you know," I say, fearing he will think otherwise. "I can't believe it," he says, though I know by the tone of his voice he does.

This is not the first time my father and I have seen a miracle. There was a time at dinner: everyone else was struggling with the beef and burnt Yorkshire pudding when my father looked up in time to see me flip a pea into the top of a milk bottle with my knife. My mother and brother and sisters did not understand our glee when we showed them the pea sitting in a puddle of milk at the bottom of the bottle, and went back to their food puzzled and annoyed. But it didn't matter: it was our secret.

And it was just last summer that my father whacked a 4-wood into the heart of a lone apple tree in the middle of the fourth fairway at Cape Ann. The Puerto Rican man we invited to join us on the first hole couldn't believe it when I climbed the tree in search and found nothing but a hole deeper than my arm was long. We shook the tree and paced around for half an hour, but were left only with the conclusion that the ball had gone straight down the hole on a beeline. My father dropped another ball and sliced it into the woods, but it didn't matter. We strode down the fairway with a fullness, knowing secretly what the other knew, so nothing need be said.

My father and I have always had a silent rapport, a sympathy with each other that, since he left the house, has come strongly into my memory. I remember driving with him: every Tuesday he would pick me up from school early and take me to my guitar lesson—a frightening event that took place in a dusty Unitarian church several towns away. There we would sit, side by side, moving through winter's early darkness in the heat of the old blue Fairlane. I remember asking him about Hitler and Arnold Palmer and hearing in his reply such a weight, such a casual weight, that I would sink deeper into my seat, wishing secretly that we had farther to go.

He is in the kitchen now, with my mother, drinking coffee and arguing. Their pained voices follow me down the hall and into the study. I slam the door and put on a record. I take a photo album off the shelf and sit down, blocking out the last trace of their words with my thumbs in my ears.



A Haven in the City

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ALTHOUGH it has only been two and a half years, I cannot remember what it was like when my father lived with us. He has assumed a passivity since then, relinquishing his right to give suggestions or advice to his children. When he comes to see us every Sunday he acts like a slightly nervous guest wondering if he is in the right hotel. He walks around the house, out into the yard, fixes a chair with my sister, argues with my mother, carves the chicken, and leaves, stepping meekly out the back door after supper. He always leaves suddenly, catching us with a bite of dessert left on our plates or a swig of coffee in our mouths, and my mother asking, invariably, why so soon. I sympathize with him, though, and would like to hug him, knowing somehow that his sudden departure is not out of any eagerness to return to his apartment in the city but out of the pain it causes him to stay.

In the photo album I find my mother, twenty years younger, wearing red lipstick and a black beret. She is standing in front of our old house holding the hand of Katharine, age two. It is springtime, and an orange blur, a crocus, is sprouting up from the lifeless dirt behind her. She is smiling. My grandparents' house in Pennsylvania: on the porch a cat stoops, drinking milk next to the limestone shadow of the trellis where grapes grow; my grandparents are sitting on the park bench they bought to grow old on under the walnut tree. Me, age five, walking down a long, dusty road in the Caribbean, with blue shorts and a broad brown back. My mother, poised between two trees—a statue, overlooking a blue-green sea. Forgotten cars: a blue Falcon and a gray Corvair.

All taken with a Brownie Hawkeye, my mother reminds me as she walks into the room.

"Oh, are you through fighting?" I ask.

"What?" she says incredulously. "We have to talk, don't we?"

"Sure, but if you're going to fight you don't have to subject the whole house to it."

"Oh, piffle," she says, walking out of the room with a sway that suggests I should grow up.

The record is over and I walk into the kitchen—empty; then the TV room. Nothing is on but old movies and bowling. I put on my jacket and walk out the screen door into the yard. I look for the soccer ball, find it in the bushes, and kick it casually into the empty net. It has grown slightly colder, and the sky looks more like snow than like rain. I button the top of my jacket, walk to the goal, and roll the ball out of the net. I hear the screen door clack shut and see my father walk stiffly across the driveway.

His light-blue sweater is worn thin at the elbows and reaches only halfway down his back, hanging there like a limp flag. His hair has become more gray than black since I last saw him, or maybe it is just the light. He smiles. "I couldn't stand the thought of you out here alone," he says, stepping into the worn patch in front of the goal. As if in reply, I knock the ball into a long arc across the yard and into his hands. He rolls it back to me.

"What do you want for Christmas?" he asks, though it is more than a month away.

"I don't care—nothing."

He accepts this as a reasonable answer and we play—I darting about in the waning light, sending shot after shot in toward the two pear trees, and he stiffly erect on the patch of packed earth, stretching for the ball, his knuckles cracking, the knees of his pants caked with dirt. As we play on, the difference in our years dissolves with the simplicity of our opposite, mutually dependent duties, and we become, briefly, peers.

Inexplicably, I remember something my father has told me, something that his father told him; the only advice, his father said, worth giving: always butter your toast toward the edges, because enough always gets in the middle, and whatever happens to you, it will be a new experience. I repeat this to my father. He looks toward the sky and laughs, and as he does so, my shot sails through his thoughts into the upper corner, nicking the side of the tree.

—DAVID UPDIKE

PARISIA

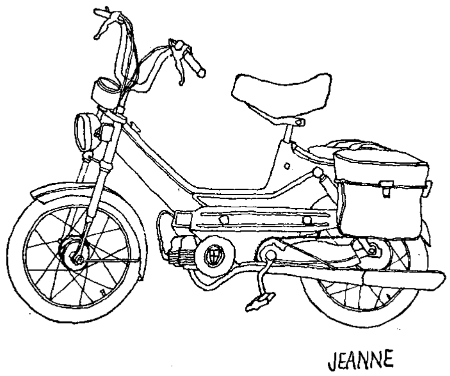
"GRUPPENFÜHRER Louis XVI" is the fiction début of Alfred Zellermann, a well-known literary historian and a doctor of anthropology. Zellermann, now nearly sixty years old, spent the *regnum Hitlerianum* in Germany—in the country, with his wife's parents—after being relieved of his university position. He was therefore a passive observer of the life of the Third Reich. I venture to call this novel an excellent work, and add that probably only such a German, with such a wealth of practical experience—and with such theoretical knowledge of literature!—could have written it.

Despite the title, this is no work of fantasy we have before us. The setting is Argentina in the first decade after the conclusion of the war. The fifty-year-old Gruppenführer Siegfried Taudlitz, a fugitive from the crushed and occupied Reich, makes his way to South America, carrying with him a part of the treasure amassed by the notorious Academy (*Ahnenerbe*) of the S.S.—a trunk bound with bands of steel and filled with American dollars. Gathering about him a group of other fugitives from Germany, including various drifters and adventurers, and, moreover, having taken on a dozen or so women of doubtful character for services for the time being unspecified (some of these women Taudlitz himself buys out of brothels in Rio de Janeiro), the former S.S. general organizes an expedition deep into the Argentine interior—all this with a skill that reveals his talents as a staff officer.

In a region several hundred miles removed from the last outposts of civilization, the expedition comes upon ruins that are at least six centuries old—ruins of buildings raised, in all likelihood, by the Incas. The expedition takes up residence in these buildings. Drawn by the possibility of earning money, Indians and mestizos from the area show up at the site, which is named by Taudlitz, for reasons not immediately disclosed, Parisia. The former Gruppenführer makes of the natives efficient work brigades and sets his armed men over them as taskmasters. Several years pass, and the shape of the realm that Taudlitz has envisioned for himself gradually emerges. His addled idea is to re-create—in the heart of the jungle—the French state in its heyday of monarchical splendor, and he himself is to be the reincarnation of none other than Louis XVI.

An aside here. The above does not summarize the novel, nor does what follows, for the progression of the action in the book does not conform to any calendar chronology. I am well aware of those demands of artistic composition which governed the author; however, I wish to reconstruct the train of events in chronicle fashion, so that the central concept, the idea of the work, will stand out clearly and with force. At the same time, I will be passing over, in my "chronologized" recapitulation of the work, a multitude of side issues and minor episodes, because it is plainly impossible to contain in any capsule form a whole when that whole runs to two volumes of over six hundred and seventy pages. But I will also attempt to deal with the sequence of events as Zellermann presents them in his epic.

Thus is created—to return to the story—a royal court, with a host of courtiers, knights, clergy, and lackeys. The venerable Incan ruins, their rubble rebuilt in a manner architecturally absurd, are transformed into a palace chapel, ballrooms, and fortress battlements. Having at his side three men blindly loyal to him—Hans Mehrer, Johann Wieland, and Erich Palatzky (soon they become Cardinal Richelieu, the Duc de Rohan, and the Duc de Montbazon)—the "new Louis" manages not only to maintain himself on his bogus throne but to shape the life going on around him in accordance with his own designs. At the same time—and this is important in the novel—the historical knowledge of the former Gruppenführer is fragmentary at best. One can hardly say he possesses such knowledge at all; his head is filled not so much with bits and pieces of the history of France as with tripe remembered from his boyhood days, when he would lose himself in the adventures of Dumas, beginning with "The Three Musketeers," and from later, when, as an adolescent with "monarchistic" leanings (that is what he called them; in fact they were merely sadistic), he would pore over the books of Karl May. And since on to this reading there afterward were added cheap romances, voraciously devoured, it is not the history of France that he is able to bring to life but a potboiler version, primitive and imbecilic, which in his mind stands for that history, and which becomes for him a profession of faith.



Actually, as far as one can gather from the numerous details and references scattered throughout the work, Hitlerism was for Taudlitz only a choice of necessity—the alternative that most suited his monarchistic fantasies. Hitlerism, in his eyes, came close—granted, not half so close as he would have liked—to the Middle Ages. In any event, it was more welcome than any form of institutional democracy. Because he had his own secret "dream of the crown" during the Third Reich, Taudlitz never succumbed to Hitler's magnetism; he never believed in Hitler, and for this reason did not feel obliged to mourn the fall of "Great Germany." Instead, having wit enough to see it coming, particularly since he had never identified himself with the élite of the Third Reich (though he belonged to it), he prepared himself for the disaster appropriately. Taudlitz's public adoration of Hitler was not even the product of self-deception; for ten years he played a cynical comedy, because he had his own myth, which gave him a resistance to Hitler's. This proved especially convenient for him: unlike those disciples of "Mein Kampf" who at the beginning made an attempt to take the doctrine seriously and—as in the case of Albert Speer—felt themselves alienated from Hitler later on, Taudlitz, as a man who only outwardly professed each day the views prescribed for that day, was immune to the disease of heresy.

Taudlitz has implicit faith only in the power of money and force; he knows that with material goods people can be persuaded to go along with any plan of a sufficiently openhanded master, provided that the master be also duly resolute and uncompromising in the carrying out of commitments once they are made. He does not in the least trouble himself about whether his "courtiers"—that many-colored throng made up of Germans, Indians, mestizos, and Portuguese—really take seriously the vast spectacle imposed on them over many years. He has staged it in a manner that would be, to an outside observer, unspeakably insipid, uninspired,

"I can now be concerned with that last quarter inch called satisfaction."
"I won't read, knit, eat, or engage in the usual diversions which take me away from myself."
"I take responsibility for not being listened to."
"I know doctors, a symphony conductor, artists, business executives—all of them winners."
"I am released from the boundary of words, so that I can experience seeing with the mind's eye."
lou myers

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and crass, but whether the actors believe in the reasonableness of the court of the Louis or are instead only playing a comedy and reckoning on the payment (and also possibly on making off with the King's bundle after his death) does not appear to matter to Taudlitz.

The life of the court community is so patent a forgery, and a clumsy one at that—it is such a piece of unauthenticity—that at least the more clearheaded of the people (those who come later to Parisia, as well as all who with their own eyes have seen the origination of the pseudo-monarch and the pseudo-princes) cannot, even for a minute, have any doubt about its phoniness. And therefore, particularly in its early days, the kingdom resembles a man with a split personality: the characters speak one way at the palace audiences and balls, especially in the vicinity of Taudlitz, and quite another way in the absence of the monarch and his three confidants, who insure in a most ruthless manner the continuation of the game. It is a game decked out in rare splendor, bathed in a glitter that becomes quite genuine, for in the space of twenty months a stream of caravan supplies, paid for with hard currency, raises castle walls, covers them with frescoes and Gobelins, dresses the parquet floors with elegant carpeting, sets out endless pieces of furniture, mirrors, gilt clocks, and commodes, builds secret doors and hiding places in the walls, alcoves, pergolas, and terraces, and encircles the castle with an enormous, magnificent park, and—beyond the park—with a palisade and a moat. The German overseers, who keep the Indian slaves in line (it is by Indian sweat and toil that the artificial kingdom comes into being), walk attired like medieval knights, but each wears on his gold belt a military handgun of the make Parabellum, the final argument in all disputes between feudal capital and labor.

The monarch and his confidants slowly and systematically eliminate from their surroundings every manifestation, every sign of the fictitiousness of the court and the kingdom. For instance, a special idiom comes into use. In it may be couched any news that makes its way—roundabout, to be sure—in from the outside world, such as the possibility of the "nation" 's being threatened by intervention on the part of the Argentine government; the high officials who convey such tidings to the King dare not lay bare—that is, state point-blank—the unsovereignty of the monarch and the throne. Thus, Argentina is always called "Spain," and is treated as a neighboring country.

Gradually, the courtiers become so much at home inside their artificial skins and learn to move about in splendid robes so naturally—to wield the sword and the tongue with such address—that the lie sinks deeper, into the very warp and woof of this fabric, this living picture. The picture remains a humbug, but a humbug that now throbs with the blood of authentic desires, hatreds, quarrels, and rivalries; at the unreal court are hatched real intrigues, and courtiers strive to undo other courtiers, to draw nearer the throne over the bodies of their colleagues, to receive from the hands of the King the high ranks and honors of those toppled. The innuendo, the cup of poison, the informer's whisper, and the dagger begin their hidden but altogether real work, yet only so much of the monarchistic and feudal element continues to inhere in this work as Taudlitz, the new Louis XVI, is able to breathe into it from his own dream of absolute power—a dream dramatized by a pack of former S.S. men.

TAUDLITZ believes that somewhere in Germany lives his nephew, the last of his family—Bertrand Gülsenhirn, whose age was thirteen at the time of the fall of Germany. To seek out this youth, now twenty-one, Louis XVI sends the Duc de Rohan (Johann Wieland), the only "intellectual"

among his men. (Wieland was a physician in the Waffen-S.S. and carried out, in the camp at Mauthausen, "scientific studies.") The scene where the King entrusts the Duc with the secret mission—to find the lad and bring him to the court as the Dauphin—is among the finest in the novel. First, the monarch is gracious enough to explain how he is much troubled by his own childlessness, out of consideration for the good of the throne—that is, the succession. These opening phrases help him continue in this vein; the bizarre savor of the scene lies in the fact that at this point the King cannot admit even to himself that he is not a real king. He does not know French, but, employing German, which prevails at court, he maintains, as, indeed, must everyone else, that it is French—eighteenth-century French.

This is not madness; madness would be to admit to Germanness, even if only in language, for Germany does not exist, inasmuch as France's only neighbor is Spain (that is, Argentina). Whoever dares utter something in German, letting it be understood that he is speaking German, stands in peril of his life; from a conversation between the Archbishop of Paris and the Duc de Salignac (Vol. I, p. 311), it may be inferred that the Prince of Chartreuse, beheaded for "high treason," had in reality drunkenly called the palace not simply a "whorehouse" but a "German whorehouse." An additional note: The abundance of French names in the novel which bear a striking similarity to the names of cognacs and wines—take, for example, the Marquis Châteauneuf-du-Pape, who is the master of revels—undoubtedly derives from the fact (though nowhere does the author say this) that in the brain of Taudlitz there are, for readily understandable reasons, far more names of liquors and liqueurs than names of the French aristocracy.

In addressing his emissary, then, Taudlitz speaks as he imagines King Louis might speak to a trusted agent being sent on such a mission. He does not tell Monsieur le Duc to put aside his sham apparel but to "disguise himself as an Englishman or Dutchman"—which simply means to try for a normal, up-to-date appearance. "Up-to-date," however, is one of those forbidden expressions that, if uttered, would dangerously weaken the fiction of the kingdom.

Provided with a considerable amount of cash, Wieland goes to Rio, where the commercial agent of the court operates; after acquiring convincing forged identity papers, Taudlitz's emissary sails for Europe. The peregrinations of his search the book passes over in silence. We know only that they are crowned with success after eleven months; in fact, the novel opens with the second conversation between Wieland and the young Gülsenhirn, who is working as a waiter in a large Hamburg hotel. Bertrand (he will be allowed to keep the name: it has, in the opinion of Taudlitz, a good ring) at first hears only of his millionaire uncle who is prepared to adopt him as a son, and this is reason enough to leave his job and go off with Wieland. The journey of the curious pair serves as an introduction to the novel, and it fulfills this function brilliantly. It is a forward progress in space and simultaneously a retreat back in time: the travellers change from a transcontinental jet to a train, then to an automobile, from the automobile to a horse-drawn wagon, and, finally, for the last hundred and forty-five miles, to horseback.

As Bertrand's clothes wear out piece by piece, his spare things vanish, and in their place appear archaic garments, providently supplied and laid out by Wieland, who is meanwhile turning back into the Duc de Rohan. This metamorphosis is by no means Machiavellian; it takes place, from stopping point to stopping point, with strange simplicity. One gathers (later on, this is confirmed) that Wieland has gone through similar costume changes numerous times as the factotum envoy of Taudlitz. And so while Wieland, who embarked for Europe as Mr. Heinz Karl Müller, becomes the armed and mounted Duc de Rohan, Bertrand undergoes—at least externally—an analogous transformation.

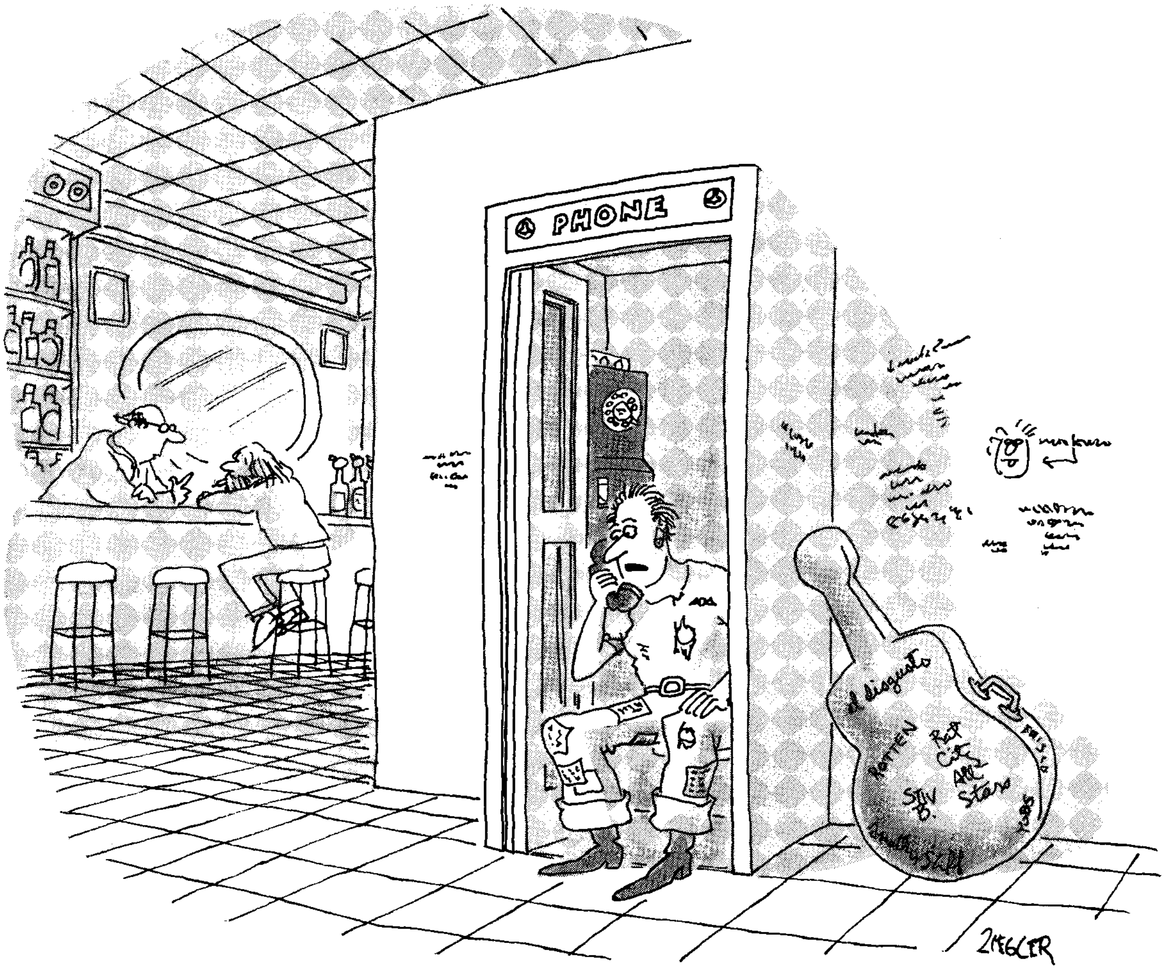
Bertrand is flabbergasted, stupefied. He is going to his uncle, the owner—so he has been informed—of a vast estate. He forsook the life of a waiter to become heir to millions, and now they lead him into the circle of some costume comedy or farce that he cannot comprehend. The instructions that Wieland-Müller-de Rohan gives him on the way serve only to increase the muddle in his head. Sometimes it seems to him that his companion is merely pulling his leg, sometimes that he is leading him to his doom or that he—Bertrand—is being let in on some unimaginable skulduggery whose entirety cannot be revealed all at once. There are moments in which he feels he has gone mad. The instructions, of course, never call a thing by its name; this instinctive wisdom is the common property of the court.

De Rohan tells him, "You must observe the formalities your uncle requires." ("Your uncle," then "His Lordship," and finally "His Highness.") "His name is Louis, not Siegfried; it is not permitted ever to say the latter. He has put it aside—such is his will!" declares Müller, becoming le Duc. "His estate" is altered to "his latifundium," and that to "his realm." Thus, little by little, Bertrand—during the long days in the saddle, riding through the jungle, and then, in the final hours, which he spends in a gilded sedan chair borne by eight naked, muscular mestizos, from whose window he observes a retinue of mounted knights in casques—is convinced of the sincerity of the words of his enigmatic companion. So he shifts his suspicions of insanity from himself to the companion, and now places all his hope on the meeting with his uncle, whom he hardly remembers. (He was nine years old when he saw him last.) But the meeting turns out to be the center of a magnificent, impressive celebration, which represents an amalgam of all the ceremonies, rituals, and customs Taudlitz was able to recall. The choir sings, fanfares are played, and the King enters in his crown after the footmen cry "The King! The King!" as they open the carved double doors. Taudlitz is surrounded by twelve "Peers of the Realm" (whom he borrowed by error, from the wrong source), and the sublime moment arrives. Louis greets his nephew with the sign of the cross, names him his Dauphin, and permits him to kiss his ring, his hand, and his sceptre.

When they are finally alone together, at breakfast, at which they are waited on by Indians in tails, with a marvellous panorama spread out before them from the heights of the castle down to the park and its sparkling, spouting rows of fountains, Bertrand, looking upon that splendor, and again upon the distant belt of jungle that surrounds the entire estate, with its glimmering of cruel green, simply cannot find the courage to ask his uncle anything, and when the latter gently admonishes him to speak, Bertrand begins, "Your Majesty."

"Yes, that is the way. . . . Higher reasons require it. . . . My welfare lies in this, and yours," the former S.S. Gruppenführer who wears a crown kindly says to him.

THE unusualness of this book stems from the fact that it unites elements which would appear to be totally irreconcilable. Something is either authentic or it is unauthentic, it is either false or true, a make-believe or spontaneous life. Yet here we are faced with a prevaricated truth and an authentic fake, hence a thing that is at one and the same time the truth and a lie. If the courtiers of old Taudlitz merely played their roles, stammering out their conned lines, we would have before us a lifeless puppet pageant. But they assimilate the form, each in his own way growing into it; they become so at home with it over the years that when shortly after Bertrand's arrival they begin conspiring against Taudlitz, they are unable to shake off the imposed patterns entirely. Thus, the conspiracy itself is also a grotesque gallimaufry of styles, like a layer cake with jelly, lumps of dough, macaroni, and the corpses of mice that have choked to death on the nuts. For it was an *authentic* passion, an *honest* lust for ruling, that the Gruppenführer clothed in a conglomeration of garbled memories pertaining to the history of the French Louis—a history taken third hand from penny dreadfuls and dime novels. At the beginning he did not insist on obedience to his mania—for he could not—but simply paid for it, and during that time he had to pretend not to hear what the former chauffeurs, noncoms, and sentries of the S.S. were saying about him, and about the whole "production," behind his back. He possessed sense enough to bear it all patiently, until the moment when finally it became easy for him to achieve discipline through fear, compulsion, and torture. (This primitive phase—in a manner of speaking, the prehistory of the kingdom—is in the novel shown only through snatches of incidental conversation; it should be kept in mind that for such references to the past



"Hello, Mom? It's me. Punk rock just died, so I'll be home in about fifteen minutes, O.K.?"

MESSENGER

It was not kindness, but I was only buckle-high in the door.
I let him in because the knock had come, the rain
clawed each window and wall. I was afraid.
Climbing down the stairs I did not know
how my country, cunningly, had rotted,
but hear, now, my steps creak in memory
and the rocks let go in the blind nightglass
where you get up, frightened, to reënact
the irrational logic of the flesh.

Even now I can't see why it happens, the moment of change,
but must try to witness each particular index
of landscape and irony of promise. I know
I was a child when the banging began, sleepless
with every light in the house blazing. Then
the man whose speech entangled me came in
from the mud-world. He could not
put together the clear words of hope
we dream, only the surge of a river.
He, who said it wasn't a fit thing

for anyone, half grown, to have to imagine in this godforsaken
life, said there was a message, the river high,
no chance. I remember the wind at that door
breaking like a father's hand on my face.
Such hurting does not cease and maybe
that is why the man went on fumbling
for love, for the loving words
that might be knowledge. He gave me

this message. I took it, and took, without warning, grief's
language that, piece by piece, has shown me how
to connect dreamed moments skidding like rocks
in the silence of a Wyoming midnight.
Each of his rainy words, fragments
of the old sickness, passed into me;
then he was gone, miserable and emptied,
and I had no home but the heart's hut,
the blistering walls of loneliness,
the world's blue skymiles of longing.

Common with drowned fir and uncoiling crocus, then, I walked
in ignorance and entered this terrible life
that was always a dream of the future
in the relentless unsleep of those
who cannot remember the last thing they wanted
to say: that love exists. And in darkness
you have dreamed me into your world
with their message, their words
whispering an hour before black, sudden knocking
that, even as I recall it, begins in your heart's meat
to reverberate, and, oh, its noise is going
to wake you like a dove's distant desire.
This is the dream of the soft buckling
of flesh, the beautiful last erosions,
and I swear I would give up these words
if I could, I would stop the code
of that street light just beyond your bed—

but it is too late, for the secret of hope swells in you,
and who can stop the news that already screams
like the roof's edge leaving its nails
over your child's bed that is, now,
splintered and empty as every moment
skidding at the back of your neck. Leaves
not a month old hurl out of the storm
and steady splatter of time, and tomorrow
will lie, still ripening, but only long enough
for you to catalogue what was possible

before the rake must drag its scritch-scritch over ground.
All I ask is that you turn to the child
inside, those words dreaming and changeless
as love's last chance—let them be said
against whatever, crying in the night,
we still think may be stopped, the black
historical fact of life's event
crashing, like a wall of water,
over the actuary's lawn and yours.

You have seen me before and would not hear, stung by your
wife's fierce beauty, when I called your name,
and the day your mother died I begged
your attention and got your dollar.
I followed you once, in New York, like truth,
always to give you the message, and now
on your porch, mud-spattered, I am
knocking to make you see what love is.
Call your wife, the police, anyone you like,

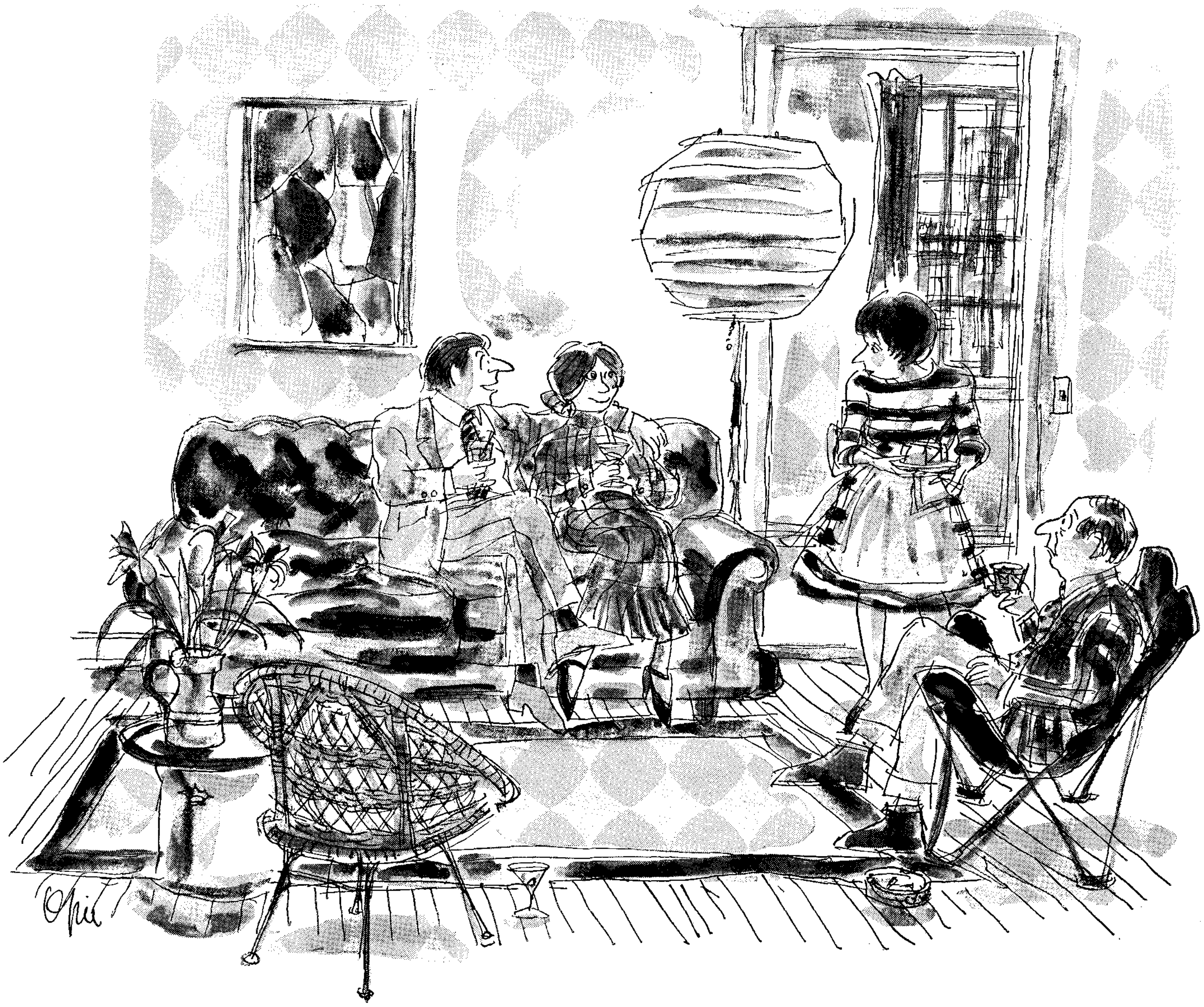
for everyone is waiting. We don't mean to be unkind but are
compelled to deliver, faithfully, the words
that have been fluttering in your ear
like a scream. It is not the wind
waking you but the low roar of years
fumbling to tell you what has happened,
or will, when the door flies open
and the naked message of love
stands there stuttering in your face,
alive, crying, leaving nothing out.

—DAVE SMITH

• •

the courtiers can pay dearly. The action, remember, begins in Europe, when an unknown emissary wins the confidence of the young waiter Bertrand; indeed, it is only in the second half of the novel that the narrative allows us to figure out what, until then, we have been struggling in vain to reconstruct.)

Obviously, to have former M.P.s, camp guards, camp doctors, and the drivers and the gunners of the S.S. Panzer Division Grossdeutschland as nobles, priests, and members of the court of Louis XVI is as ghastly and insane a hash, a mismatching of roles, as ever there could be. On the other hand, they are not so much playing well-defined roles poorly—for such roles never existed—as they are doing their best, in their own way (often moronic), to cope with a difficult task, since they can do nothing else. That which was false in its very inception is now played by them falsely and dully. The result should therefore be a miscellany that turns the book into a pile of nonsense. However, it is not that way at all. Those Hitlerite butchers may once have felt ridiculous wriggling into the cardinal's scarlet, the



"Say, did we tell you guys? Anne and I are considering having our entire correspondence microfilmed."

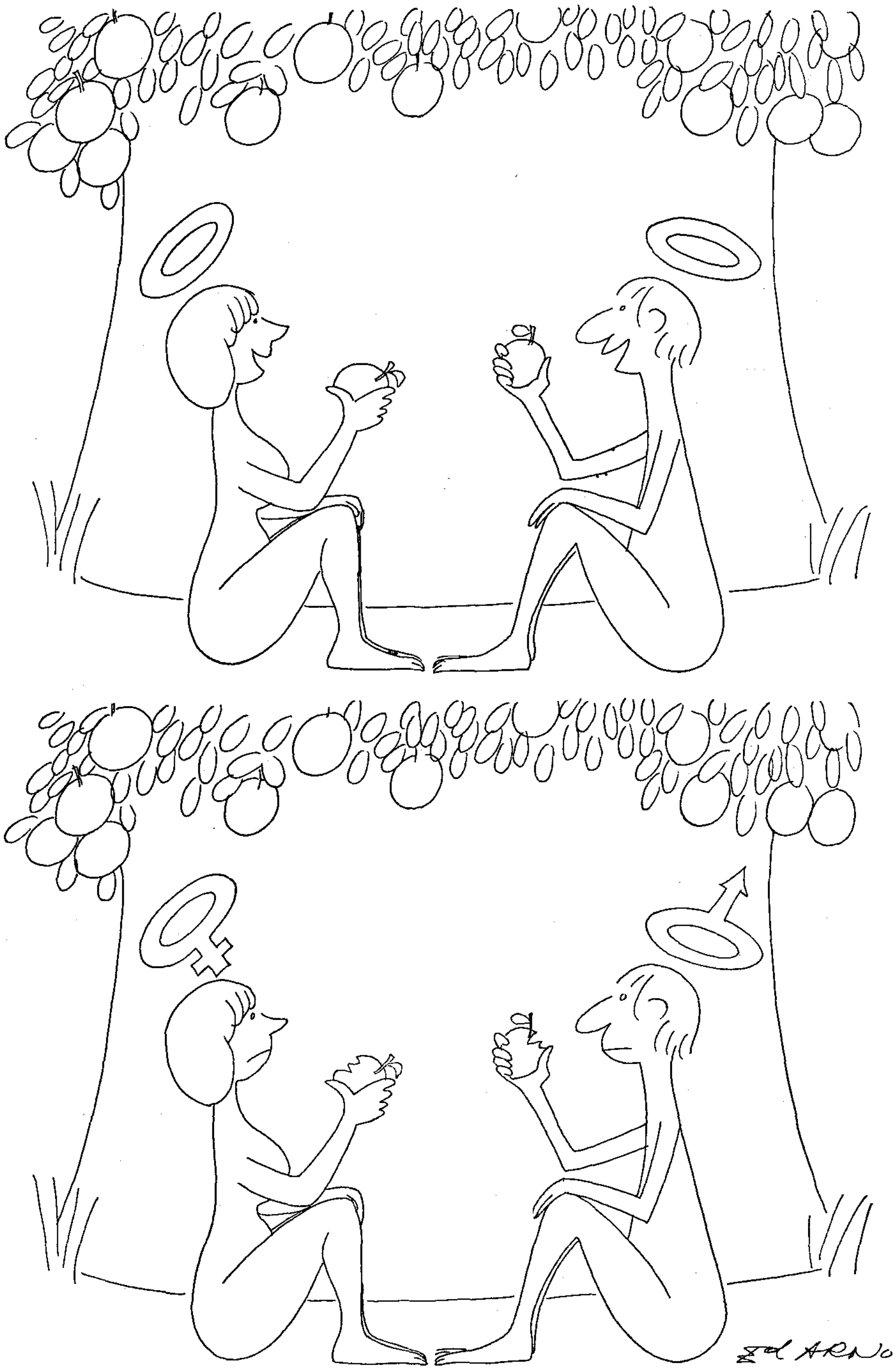
• •

bishop's violet, and gilt plates of armor, but eventually they feel less ridiculous. For it is amusing to take prostitutes from seaport brothels, in the case of the secular lords renaming them consorts, and in the case of the priesthood countess-concubines. And these roles capture the fancy of the prostitutes themselves. Immersed in spurious stateliness, they luxuriate and put on airs. At the same time they try to "improve" themselves, emulating whatever ideal of the great lady they are capable of imagining.

The passages of the novel where these thugs in ecclesiastical hats and lace throat ruffles are given the floor are truly incredible exhibitions of the author's psychological skill. The wretches derive from their positions a pleasure alien to true aristocrats, for it is enhanced by what might be most simply described as an ennobling or outright legalizing of crime. A scoundrel consumes the fruits of evil with the greatest delight when he does so in the majesty of the law; the professionals in concentration-camp sadism are provided a distinct satisfaction by the possibility of repeating the old practices in the aura and glory of the court's splendor, in its light, which seems to intensify every filthy act. It is for this reason that while doing disgraceful things they all try, at least in their speech, not to step out of character, out of the bishop's or the prince's role. Thus, the slow-witted among them—such as Mehrer—envy the Duc de Rohan, who is able with such finesse to justify his weakness for torturing Indian children that he has made of the activity a thing altogether "courtly" and *comme il faut.*

We can understand, too, Wieland's (the Duc de Rohan's) exertions to obtain the hat of cardinal: it will allow him to play his degenerate little games not only as a member of the court but as one of God's vicars on earth. But Taudlitz, as if aware of the depth of villainy that lies behind this ambition of Wieland's, denies him the privilege; he does not wish to be reminded, in his present eminence, of the old days of the Schutzstaffel. Taudlitz has "another dream, another myth"—he craves the royal purple in earnest, and therefore he spurns with genuine indignation the Wieland method of exploiting the situation. The mastery of the author lies in showing the extraordinary variety of human knavishness—that wealth, that multifariousness of evil which cannot be reduced to any single, simple formula. Taudlitz is not one whit "better" than Wieland; he is merely taken up with something else, for he aspires to a total and therefore impossible transfiguration. Hence his "puritanism," which his closest associates come to hold so much against him.

As for the courtiers, we have seen that they strive to be courtiers indeed, for different reasons. But later, when ten of them take to plotting against the monarch-Gruppenführer, with the idea of robbing him of his chest full of dollars, and of murdering him as well, they nonetheless regret the prospect of having to part with their senatorial chairs, titles, decorations, and distinctions. Thus, they find themselves in a true quandary. They do not want to cut the old man's throat and flee with the loot; they do not and yet they do. And it is not merely the matter of appearances that interferes with their plotting. There are moments when they themselves believe in the possibility of their eminence, for that possibility to the highest degree answers their needs. What hampers them the most (and this is madness indeed, but perfectly logical, psychologically consistent) is no longer the recognition, in the form of memory, that they are not what they pretend to be; it is the arbitrary cruelty of Taudlitz-as-monarch. Had the monarch not been every inch the S.S. Gruppenführer, had he not made it so very clear to them, silently, that they were his creatures, existing by the act of his will and momentary favor, then the France of the Bourbons in the Argentine interior would definitely have proven more stable and viable. And so the actors come to hold against the impresario of the show his insufficient authenticity; the band of thieves would be *plus monarchique* than the monarch himself allows them.



And yet there is no affectation or stiltedness in the playing of the roles but, rather, a down-to-earth verisimilitude; we see how these dukes address their duchesses, how the Marquis de Beaujolais (formerly Hans Wehrholz) pounds his spouse and throws up to her her whorish past. But what tops everything are those who play the high clergy of the Roman Catholic Church. There are no Catholics whatever in the colony, and it is impossible to speak of any sort of religious feeling among the former S.S. men. It becomes generally accepted, then, for the so-called services held in the palace chapel to be extremely brief; they are reduced to the chanting of a few verses from the Bible. Nevertheless, the cardinals, the Archbishop of Paris, and the other bishops in this way "justify" their high titles, because these few minutes each week—an atrocious parody of Mass—legitimize, primarily in their own eyes, their rank in the Church hierarchy. Thus, they put up with it all and remain at their altars for minutes on end in order later to reward themselves with hours spent at the banquet tables and beneath the canopies of sumptuous beds. Not to mention the projector that is smuggled into the palace, without the King's knowledge, from Montevideo and used to show stag films in the cellar, with the Archbishop of Paris (the quondam Gestapo chauffeur Hans Schaeffert) doing the honors as projectionist and Cardinal du Sauternes (ex-commissary) helping him change the reels.

To these people all things are reconcilable with all things. On the question of criminality they are obtuse to the point of innocence. It is possible that in some sense Cardinal du Sauternes knows that a real cardinal does not behave thus, that a real cardinal believes in God and most probably does not go about raping the Indian boys who assist at Mass in surplices, but since within a radius of four hundred miles there are no other cardinals, such a thought does not trouble him unduly.

FALSEHOOD *feeding on falsehood* produces a proliferating fertility of form which surpasses any authentic court as a mirror of human behavior, for it is true to life in two ways at once. Zellermann does not permit himself the least exaggeration, and the realism of the subject remains uncompromised. When the general drunkenness goes

"Isn't it wonderful that I'm so angry at women and you're so angry at men!"

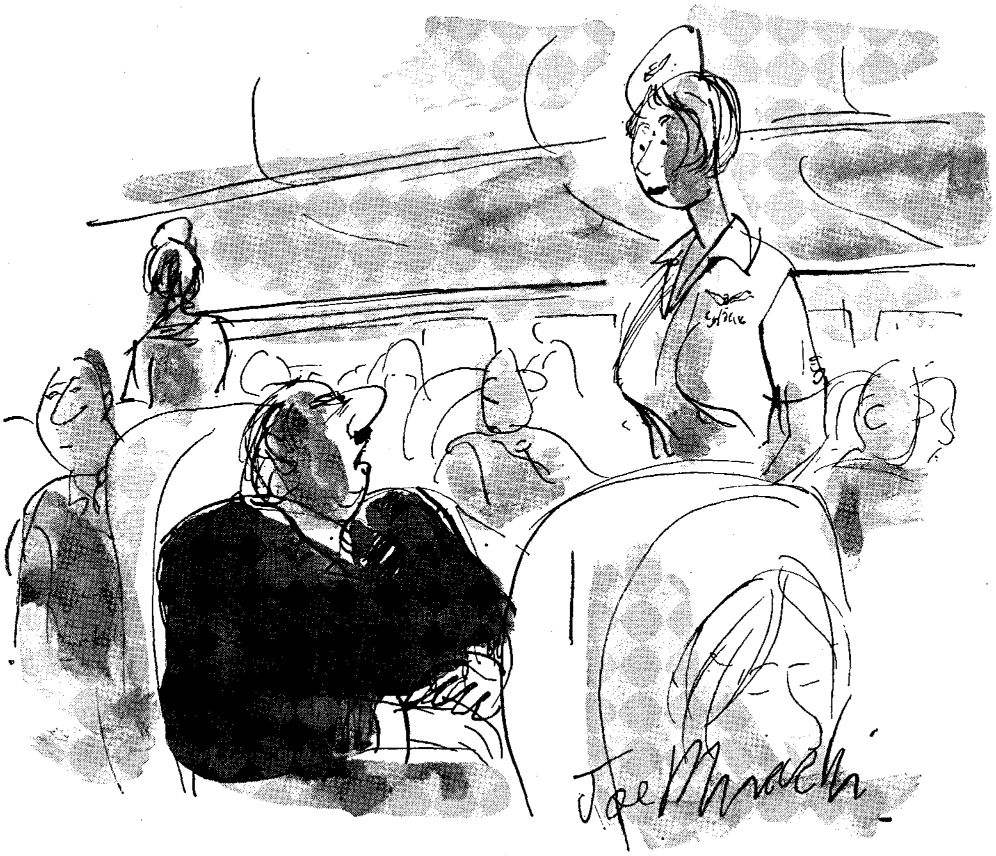
• •

beyond a certain point, the royal Gruppenführer always retires to his chambers, for he knows that the old prison-guard ways will win out over the veneer of refinement, and that from drunken hiccupping there will soon escape those grotesque and gruesome locutions whose power derives from the contrast between the adopted mentality and the real. The whole genius—if one may use that term—of Taudlitz lies in his having the courage and the consistency to "close" the system which he has created.

This system, frightfully crippled, functions thanks only to its insularity; one puff from the real world would topple it. Just such a potential toppler is young Bertrand, but he does not have the strength to speak out with that genuine voice of dismay which calls things by their name. The simplest possibility, which explains the totality of the situation, Bertrand dares not contemplate: that the court is just a vulgar lie, kept going for years, maintained methodically, thumbing its nose at common sense—a self-enamored lie and nothing more. He would sooner see it as a communal paranoia or some inconceivable secret game of unknown purpose yet rational at its core, possessing bona-fide and fully cogent motives.

Bertrand, then, capitulates at once: he lets them dress him in the garments of the heir to the throne and instruct him in court etiquette—that is to say, in that rudimentary, pseudo-historical repertoire of bows, gestures, and words that substitutes for etiquette. But he remains stubbornly passive, unaware that his passivity, his inertness—which provokes not merely the courtiers but the King himself—is an instinctive resistance to a situation that forces submissive idiocy on him. Bertrand does not want to be buried in lies, but he does not know that this is the source of his opposition. Therefore he limits himself to occasional gibes and ironical remarks. During a big banquet, it happens that the King, stung by an insinuation behind some of Bertrand's seemingly casual words—words whose hidden malice the lad himself does not immediately realize—in a fit of rage begins hurling scraps of a partly eaten roast at him. Half the hall seconds the fury with a gleeful howl of approbation, throwing at the poor wretch greasy bones from their silver plates. The rest preserve an uneasy silence, wondering whether Taudlitz might not be laying a trap of some sort for them, as he is fond of doing—whether he might not be acting in concert with the Dauphin.

The most difficult thing to convey here is that for all the banality of the game, for all the flatness of the performance—which, although put on at one time indifferently, has grown so in power that it does not want to end, and does not want to because it cannot, and cannot because beyond it there awaits now only utter nothingness (the "actors" cannot leave off being bishops, princes of the blood, and marquises, since they cannot go back to their former posts of Gestapo chauffeur, crematorium guard, or camp commandant, just as the King, even if he wished, could not become again S.S. Gruppenführer Taudlitz)—there vibrates in this kingdom and this court, like a single vigilant, taut nerve, a ceaseless cunning and a mutual suspicion that permit the participants to conduct, albeit in counterfeit forms, real battles, real campaigns. They undercut the favorites of the throne, they write denunciations, and in silence each wrests for himself the favor of the lord. But it is not the cardinals' hats, not ribbons and medals, laces, ruffs, and suits of armor that warrant such underground labor, the tunnellings of intrigue—for what, really, do veterans of a hundred battles and a thousand murders want with the trappings of fictitious glory? The strategy itself—the machinations, the betrayals, the traps set for one's foes—is its own reward. So, then, this jockeying for position, seeking the right move on the court parquet, in the shining halls whose mirrors reflect the courtiers' decked-out silhouettes, this incessant warfare, is their reason for being. It gives meaning to what would otherwise be only a children's carnival, suitable perhaps for



"And who, may I ask, determined that a dry Martini is a frill?"

• •

beardless youths, not for men who know the taste of blood.

After a while, poor Bertrand can no longer endure being alone with his unuttered dilemma; as a drowning man grasps at straws, he seeks out a kindred spirit—one to whom he can unburden himself of the purpose that is growing within him. He has gradually become the Hamlet of this mad court. He is, in it, the last righteous man. His instinct is to say what constantly rushes to his lips and burns his tongue, but he knows he cannot as a normal person do so with impunity. If he were to go insane, though, it would be quite a different matter. He begins, then, not to simulate madness cold-bloodedly, as does Shakespeare's Hamlet. No, being a simpleton, a naïf, and a bit of a hysteric, he tries to go literally insane, with all good faith in the necessity of his own madness! Thus he may utter the words of truth that oppress him.

At this point, the Duchesse de Clicquot, an old prostitute from Rio, having taken a fancy to the lad, gets him into bed with her and there, educating him in the ways remembered from the time of her un-highborn past—ways learned at the hand of a certain madam—adjures him sternly not to say things that might cost him his neck. For she knows well that such a thing as respect for the mentally ill has no place at so sordid a court. But that conversation between the sheets (in which the Duchesse proves a truly accomplished whore) does not succeed in changing Bertrand's mind. He is beyond caring now. He must either go mad or run away. A dissection of the unconscious of the others would probably reveal that their awareness of the outside world, which awaits them with prison terms and tribunals, is an invisible force compelling them to continue with the game; Bertrand, however, who has nothing in common with such a past, does not wish to.

Meanwhile the conspiracy enters the phase of action: not ten, now, but fourteen courtiers, ready for anything, having gained an accomplice in the captain of the palace guard, break into the royal bedroom after midnight. Their main objective is torpedoed at the last moment: it turns out that the good dollars have long since been spent and all that remain are counterfeit ones. The King knew this. He watches from his bonds on the bed as they turn upside down the "treasury" hidden underneath it. They had planned to beat him to death out of practical considerations, so that he wouldn't be able to pursue them, but now they kill him out of hatred, because he led them on with false treasure.

Execrable as it sounds, I must say that the murder scene is delightful. In order to get at the old man as painfully as possible, before they strangle him with a cord, the conspirators begin to roar at him in the language of camp cooks and Gestapo chauffeurs—that language which had been anathematized, banished eternally from the kingdom. Then, as the body is still twitching on the floor, the murderers, regaining their composure, *return* to the language of the court. They now have no alternative: the dollars are counterfeit, there is nothing with which to flee, nor any reason to do so. Taudlitz has bound and tied them; though lifeless himself, he will let no one leave his state. They must consent, then, to the continuation of the game, in keeping with the motto "*Le roi est mort, vive le roi!*" And there, at once, over the corpse, they must choose a new king.

The next chapter (Bertrand in hiding at the Duchesse's) is much weaker, but the final one, in which a patrol of Argentine mounted police comes knocking at the castle gate, provides a magnificent conclusion. We see the drawbridge, the policemen in rumpled uniforms with Colts in shoulder holsters, wearing wide hats turned up on one side, and opposite them guards in half armor, with halberds. Each side stares at the other in amazement—two times, two worlds impossibly brought together. Between them the portcullis slowly, heavily begins to lift, with an infernal grinding sound. . . . A finale worthy of the work!

Unfortunately, the author lost sight of his Hamlet—Bertrand. He failed to make use of the tremendous opportunity which lay within that character. I will not say he should have had him killed off—Shakespeare's play need not serve here as a paradigm—but it is a shame that more was not done with this greatness oblivious of itself, a greatness present in the well-meaning heart of everyday man.

—STANISLAW LEM

(*Translated, from the Polish, by Michael Kandel.*)

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The problems of the Legislature in agreeing on a budget have drawn little sympathy from state workers. When anti-abortion leader Raymond D. Flynn, a Boston Democrat, defended his record during a meeting with state workers, one snapped.—*Salt Lake Tribune.*

These days, we're all kind of wound up.

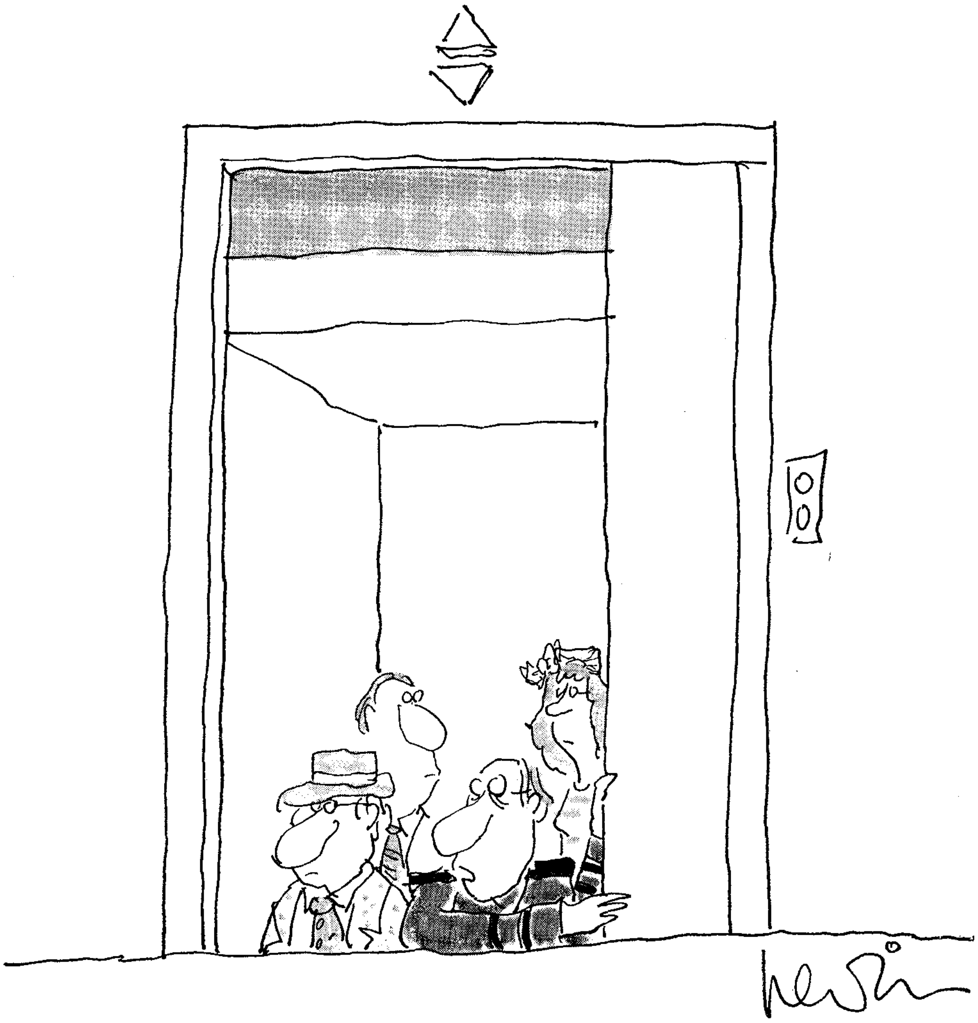
A REPORTER AT LARGE

SENATOR—II

FRIDAY, JULY 14TH: On a plane on the way to Iowa, with John C. Culver, a Democrat who is the state's junior senator. I have been spending some time with Culver in the Senate, watching him formulate strategies, push legislation, decide how to cast his votes, deal with constituents, and cope with the extraordinary pressures that a senator—especially one who thinks about national policy and tries to get things done—faces, to see what such a senator actually does. Now, on the plane to Iowa, Culver intently studies memorandums that his staff has prepared for him concerning the various appearances he will make today and tomorrow. We will spend Sunday at the Culvers' home in McGregor, a small town on the Mississippi River, and then return to Washington. For each appearance, there is a separate blue folder containing materials on the meeting itself—where it is and at what time, who will be there, what the purpose is—and on the background of the issue that will be discussed (a copy of a bill and of a committee report are sometimes included), along with suggested "talking points" for Culver to use. Sometimes the memorandums tell Culver a good deal more than he needs to know. (One suggests that he "thank everyone for taking time to join you.") Often, he is familiar with the issue, but it is his nature to study anyway—to bone up on the facts and figures and organize his thoughts, just as he does before he makes a Senate speech. Culver tells me on the plane, "With every meeting, you try to have as complete information as you can; so you're constantly working to be ready to tell people the status of things, the relevance to them. You're keeping up with a lot of stuff." Now Culver is boning up on the subjects of noise control, railroad crossings, tuition tax credits, soil conservation (he has won Senate authorization for funds for a program to deal with the effects of soil erosion on water pollution, thus going at two problems at once, and is now trying to get the money appropriated), beef imports, and more. Before he left Washington this morning—at shortly after eleven o'clock—he went over the schedule for the trip again with his appointments secretary, Jim Larew; signed mail; arranged with his executive assistant, Dick Oshlo, to have material for the endangered-species debate that is to begin on Monday sent to his Des Moines office by telex.

On Monday, after he returns from Iowa, Culver, as chairman of the Resource Protection Subcommittee of the Environment and Public Works Committee, is to manage a bill to reauthorize the Endangered Species Act of 1973, which is scheduled to expire at the end of September. In response to the controversy that the act—which prohibits the construction of federal projects that might jeopardize endangered species—has come under, Culver has drawn up a proposal to make it more flexible. He has been a strong environmentalist himself, but he proceeded on the theory that if the act was not made more flexible it might be eviscerated or even killed. His proposal would establish an interagency committee to resolve disputes that arose under the act; the committee could provide exemptions that would allow a project to go ahead, and the proposal also contains several provisions to give more protection to the species. His proposal puts him in the middle—between the builders, on the one hand, who want the act weakened, and some environmentalist groups who do not want it changed at all. (Some environmentalist groups have privately supported the change but have begun to publicly waver.) This morning, Culver was told that Gaylord Nelson, Democrat of Wisconsin, a close friend of Culver's and ordinarily an ally, but now opposed to Culver's compromise, had been trying to lobby Gary Hart, Democrat of Colorado, who had supported the compromise. Before he left Washington, Culver tried to reach Hart, but he was unable to.

On the plane, Culver is sitting, as he requested, in an aisle seat, but still, this huge man—six feet two inches tall, at least two hundred and fifty pounds—seems scrunched in a small space. From time to time during our ride, Culver breaks off from his studying to tell me something about Iowa, ask about something in the newspapers

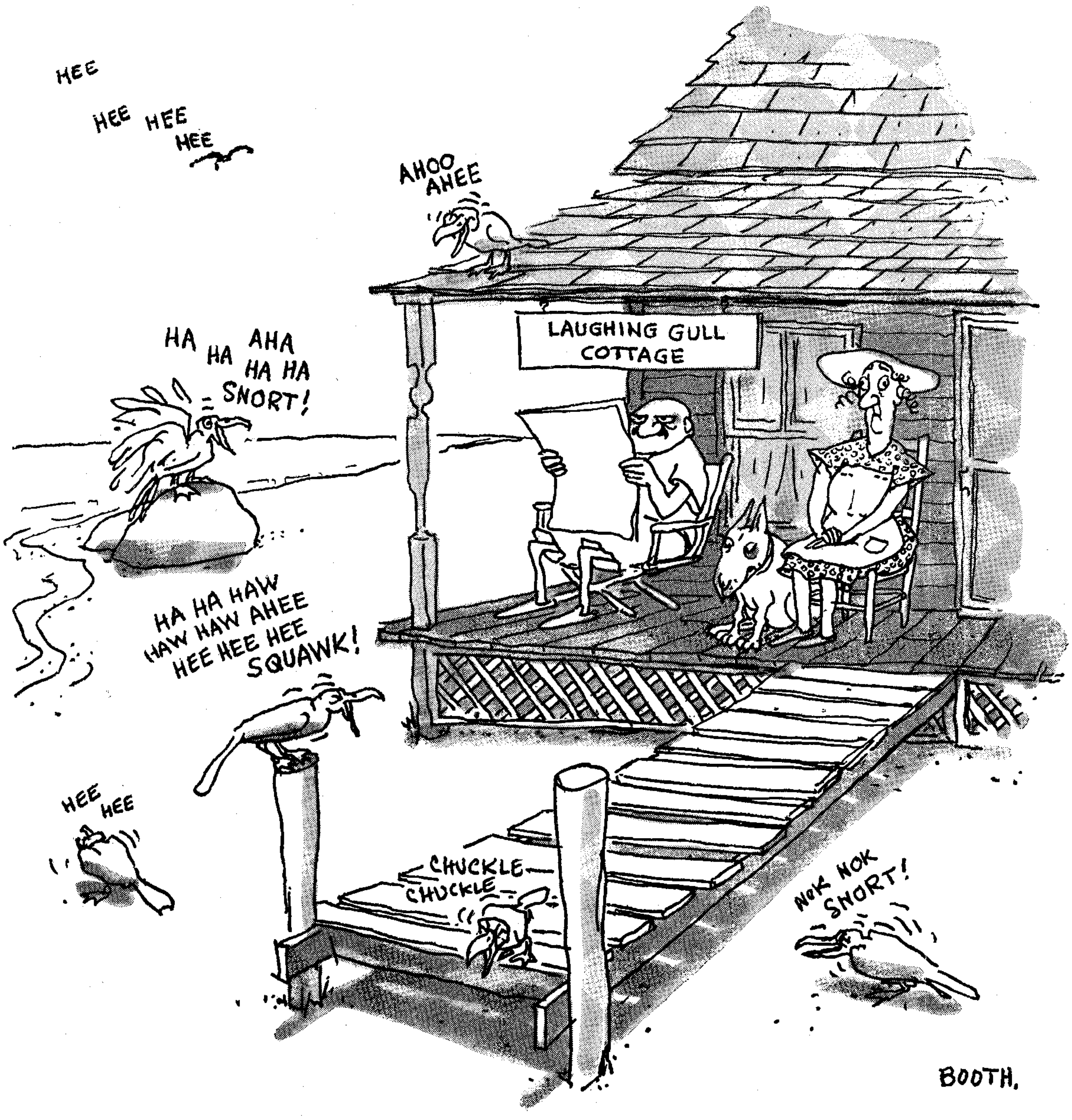


"Ground floor. Watch your step."

I'm reading, or volunteer a thought about politics, but mainly he concentrates on his folders. At one point, he says, "You know, groups are always in your office wanting something more. They never say, 'We've tried such-and-such a program, and it doesn't work. So thank you very much; we don't want it anymore.' Meanwhile, states cut back on what they're doing, so people turn to the federal government. There are all these states that have surpluses. That they're in the shape they're in is why we're in the shape we're in."

At O'Hare Airport, in Chicago, where we are to change planes, Culver checks with his office and then, over coffee, talks about the Senate. "The hard thing is to stay with something—to cope with the fatigue of fighting for something and the psychological pressure not to do so. You're working with peers, and it's easier to have everything be pleasant. The difficult thing is to do something constructive and retain your relationships; it's another version of Sam Rayburn's 'If you want to get along, go along'—a more sophisticated version. You could sit back and enjoy it and accept the perks and the psychic gratification, such as it is, but then no public purpose is served. And there *is* a little need for the 'You scratch my back, I'll scratch yours.' So you have to develop a reputation for integrity in your opposition and for being fair and keeping your word—but within that context you have to be willing to take on some uncomfortable things and still go to work every day. The whole thing is cutting edge: you can't worry too much about being loved; at some time, you have to decide, 'Let's go! Bang!' If the others know that it's not a cheap shot, that often you might be right, they'll still respect you."

When a member of the House is elected to the Senate, as Culver was in 1974, he makes a big leap in the number of constituents he must deal with, the amount of territory he must cover. Iowa, for example, has six congressional districts. Moreover, it is a state with many towns and several relatively large ones, each served by its own local media—the "media market"—and therefore is not that simple for a politician to cover. It has a larger proportion of cropland than any other state and over ninety per cent of the state's area is used for farming of one sort or another, yet slightly more of its people work in industry than on farms—though much of the industry is oriented toward agriculture. The population is largely of German and Scandinavian descent, with some Irish (especially in Dubuque), and the black population is slightly more than one per cent. It is a proud state: its slogan is "A place to grow." It has the highest literacy rate in the nation. Its pamphlets boast of its native-born: Buffalo Bill and Henry Wallace and Herbert Hoover and Glenn Miller and Johnny Carson. It is in the center of the United States in several respects: it is twenty-fifth in population, and twenty-fifth in area. Its geographical position—which also places it in just about the center of the country—sets it somewhat apart from other Midwestern states, and from the Plains States, to its west; Minnesota is to its north, and Missouri is to its south. The fact that the state, which had traditionally been a Republican one, has in recent years produced three Democratic senators (Harold Hughes, who was first elected governor in 1962 and then senator in 1968; Dick Clark, elected in 1972; and Culver) is attributable to a number of things: industrialization and the movement of the population to the cities; a populist streak embodied in the old progressive and agrarian radical movements; and the Democrats' development of modern, computerized precinct-by-precinct methods of organizing. The



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state now has four Democrats and two Republicans in the House of Representatives, a Republican governor, and a Democratic legislature; it backed Ford for the Presidency in 1976; it is currently considered politically unpredictable.

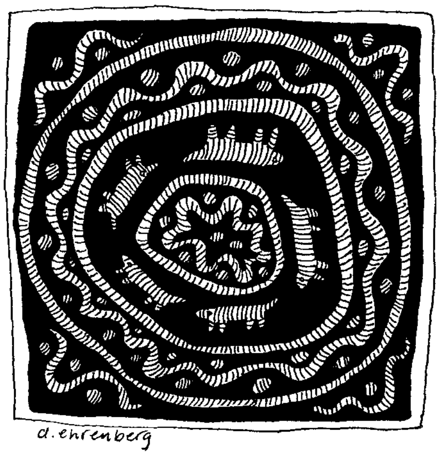
Our plane is late, and arrives in Des Moines at two-thirty-five—five minutes after Culver was to be at his first event. A local staff member meets us to drive us to the meeting, and in the car on the way Culver goes over a press release, telexed out from Washington, that is to be issued here; he finds a mistake in one figure. He reads the draft of a letter—also telexed out—that Edmund Muskie, Democrat of Maine, has suggested that Culver and he send to Adlai Stevenson, Democrat of Illinois, about Stevenson's proposal to exempt the Export-Import Bank from the requirement of the National Environmental Policy Act that certain federal agencies must prepare a statement on the environmental impact of their activities. Culver decides that he has some questions about the letter, and tells his staff man to tell his Washington office that he is not ready to sign it and will try to discuss it later. "I have to focus on other things now," he says. And, his impatience beginning to show through, he says to the staff man, "Let's go. Let's go." (It has been said that it is not one of the more pleasant jobs to be a driver for him in a campaign.)

The first meeting, at the Des Moines City Hall, is with city and state officials who are interested in noise control. In March, Culver's Resource Protection Subcommittee held a field hearing in Des Moines on the subject. Now he sits at the end of a long table in a conference room. Three microphones are in front of him—two from radio stations and one from a television station. (Don Brownlee, his press secretary, has sent a schedule to the Des Moines news media.) "I thought I'd bring you up to date on what's going on in Washington in the area of noise control," Culver tells the group. "Maybe I'll just start out by announcing that the State of Iowa and the City of Des Moines have been awarded a series of grants." He then says that Des Moines has been awarded fifteen thousand dollars for research on noise control, and the state twenty thousand dollars. His announcement, and his being here, will force him into the news. He goes on to say that a bill, the Quiet Communities Act of 1978, to extend the authorization of the Noise Control Act of 1972 has been approved by his subcommittee and by the full Environment and Public Works Committee, and will be brought to the Senate floor soon. He tells the group that as a result of the subcommittee's oversight hearings the decision was made that the priorities and the emphasis of the existing noise-control program should change—from a concern with the noise level of various kinds of machinery to an effort to help communities work out ordinances to deal with noise problems. Having studied the committee report on the plane, he now tells the group the details of the new bill. "After all those years and millions of dollars, all they could tell us was that bulldozers are noisy," Culver says. "And it doesn't matter if you get the noise of products down if you don't get local ordinances."

Elaine Szymoniak, a Des Moines city councilwoman and an audiologist, who testified before Culver's hearing in March, says, "We certainly want to thank you. We were very grateful for the opportunity to express our views." She continues, "I never thought I might be sitting in a situation like this. It's really exciting to see some things develop."

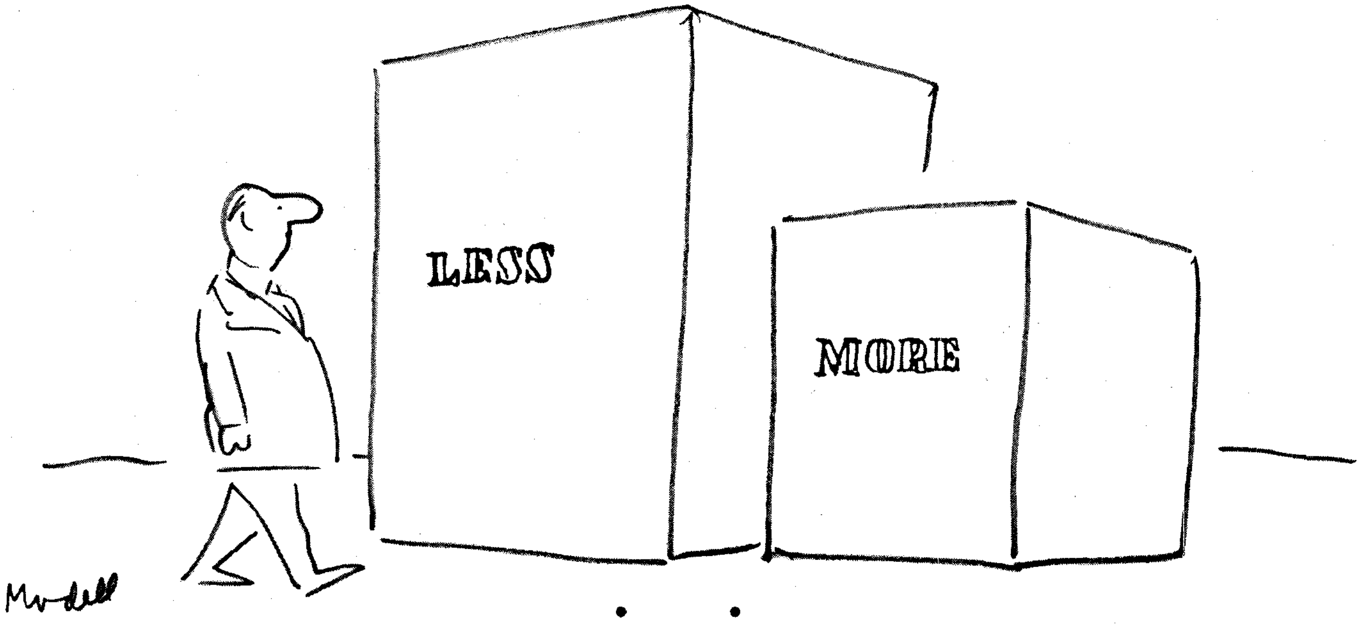
Culver tells her that her testimony was very persuasive and had an impact on the bill. He talks to the group a while longer, asking members a number of specific questions about noise problems in Des Moines, suggesting that they send him information on certain matters, offering to send them copies of the new bill and the committee report.

Culver gives a brief television interview about his noise-control announcement to a reporter from WHO-TV, in Des Moines, and then gets back into the car to go to the next stop. In the car, he ascertains from the staff member driving him that the incorrect figure in the press release—it said that he was announcing an award of thirty-five thousand dollars to Des Moines for noise control, rather than fifteen thousand dollars—was not corrected, and he jokes, with uncharacteristic resignation, "Well, I'll just have to get them more money."



At the next stop, an unsafe railroad crossing just outside Des Moines (the site was chosen to provide a "visual" for television), Culver stands with two county engineers and announces that he has been able to get the Environment and Public Works Committee to approve a change in the Federal-Aid Highway Act which will permit Iowa to get more funds to make crossings safer. This particular crossing has a faded "Railroad Crossing" sign and a stop sign, but no lights, and it is at a bad angle to the road, so that a driver might not see an oncoming train. He says that under the existing law the funds were allocated on the basis of a state's population and area and the number of its miles of United States mail routes, rather than on the number of its railroad crossings. Citing figures from memory, he explains that this meant that Puerto Rico and Alaska received far more money per railroad crossing than Iowa did. A camera crew from KCCI-TV, also in Des Moines, is here, and it films Culver as he stands at the crossing making his announcement and asking one of the engineers some questions, and then as the TV reporter interviews him. He is setting the agenda: he has been as deliberate in this as he is in just about everything else. In the hour and a half that he has been in Iowa, he has got on the two major Des Moines television stations, making announcements on matters of interest here and showing that, back in Washington, he is working for Iowa. He has not, by contrast, put himself in situations where he is answering questions about Andrew Young or the Soviet trials of dissidents or labor-law reform. He has stayed on the offensive. When a politician returns to his state, it is useful if people know he is there, and the best way to make sure that they know he is there is to get on television.

Next, we drive to Ames, about forty minutes away, for a meeting with the dean of the College of Agriculture of Iowa State University and other university and state officials. Along the way, there is evidence that this is a good crop year: there has been plenty of rain, and the corn is about five feet high and the tassels are out—very good for mid-July. The subject in Ames is to be something called a Soil Tilth Center, which the university wants to establish, and for which Culver and Clark have written to the Agriculture Subcommittee of the Senate Appropriations Committee seeking an appro-



priation of one hundred thousand dollars. On the plane ride out here, when I saw Culver reading a brochure on the subject, I asked him, apologetically, what tilth was. Not pretending that he was terribly sure himself, he said that it had to do with the composition of the soil, and that we would have an opportunity to talk about it with the people at Ames, which is renowned around the world for its agricultural expertise. At Ames, Culver is seated in a classroom, along with six state and university people. The dean sits in the teacher's chair and talks to him about soil erosion. It's hot in the classroom, and Culver takes off his jacket and rolls up his sleeves. A reporter from the university newspaper is here. Culver asks the group some questions and talks with them in an informed way about soil erosion, a serious problem in some parts of Iowa.

One of the men says that deterioration of the land is taking place at an alarming rate. "Without tilth research," he says, "we're going to have to abandon some of these areas."

Culver mentions the letter that he and Clark have written to the subcommittee. Then the men take us out to some research fields to show us the differences between plots of land that have been given different kinds of treatment. Culver asks them if they would explain to me what, exactly, tilth is.

The dean says, smiling, "It's very difficult to define; it's usually thought of as good condition of the soil," and he asks one of the others if he will "take a crack" at explaining it to us. The other scratches his head, and relays the question to a third.

This man describes tilth as "organic matter, consistency of the soil, the structure of the soil," and finally another of the men laughs and says, "You see, Senator, that's why we need the lab—to find out what it is."

At six-thirty, Culver reaches his office in the Federal Building in Des Moines. He sits at a desk with flags on either side of it, in a sort of replica of a Senate office, and talks with representatives of the Iowa State Education Association and the Iowa Association of School Boards about tax credits for tuition payments to private elementary and secondary schools. These groups are opposed to the tax credits. It is an hour earlier in Iowa than it is in Washington; it has been a long day, and Culver is weary now. He agrees with their position on tax credits—he tells them that straightaway—and he is already familiar with the arguments that they are making, but they have come (some of them from distant cities) to talk to their senator, so he forces himself to focus and listen. The meeting breaks up at seven o'clock. Culver receives a message that has been relayed from his Washington office that Robert Byrd, of West Virginia, the Senate Majority Leader, has agreed not to bring up the endangered-species bill before four o'clock on Monday. Culver still wants to try to get back to Washington early, to prepare for the debate. He goes over a press release that is to be issued about a meeting he will hold with some cattlemen tomorrow, and, after a quick cleanup and change, goes to a dinner at the Des Moines Club.

The host of the dinner is John Chrystal, a banker and farmer and former state banking official (under Hughes), who is also the nephew of the late Roswell Garst, whose farm Nikita Khrushchev visited in 1959. The Garst farm is to Iowa something like what the King Ranch is to Texas. The Des Moines Club is at the top of one of the new buildings in the city's downtown area; about a dozen people are here, most of them strong supporters of Culver. Chrystal tells me that he is proud of all three Democrats whom Iowa has sent to the Senate in recent years and that what he appreciates most about Culver are his passion about issues and his intellect. Moreover, Chrystal says, "he'll tell me to go to hell." Culver asks the people at the dinner what they think about "the whole U.S.-Soviet thing," and one of them replies, "I think we're both acting crazy." The guests ask Culver a number of questions, and, as he replies, he starts talking—as he does when he gets very involved—in a stream. He talks about arms sales—about how years ago he began to urge that the United States talk with the Soviet Union about the possibility of reaching agreement on the reduction of arms sales around the world, and how such talks have now begun. (In 1975, Culver sent a letter to Henry Kissinger saying that the conventional-arms-sales race was "madness" and urging that there be an international conference of major arms producers, and subsequently a hundred and two members of the House and the Senate signed another letter to this effect, sponsored by Culver. Kissinger responded that there would be no conference but that he would work on the matter through "quiet diplomacy." Later that same year, Culver and Walter Mondale, then a senator, won enactment of an amendment calling for such a conference. During the 1976 campaign, Jimmy Carter picked up the idea for the conference, and last December a conference between the

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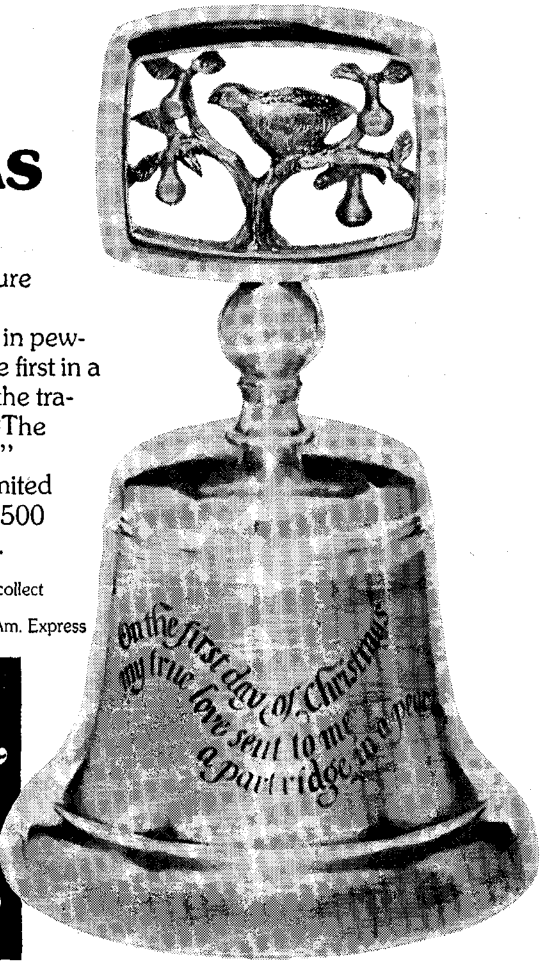
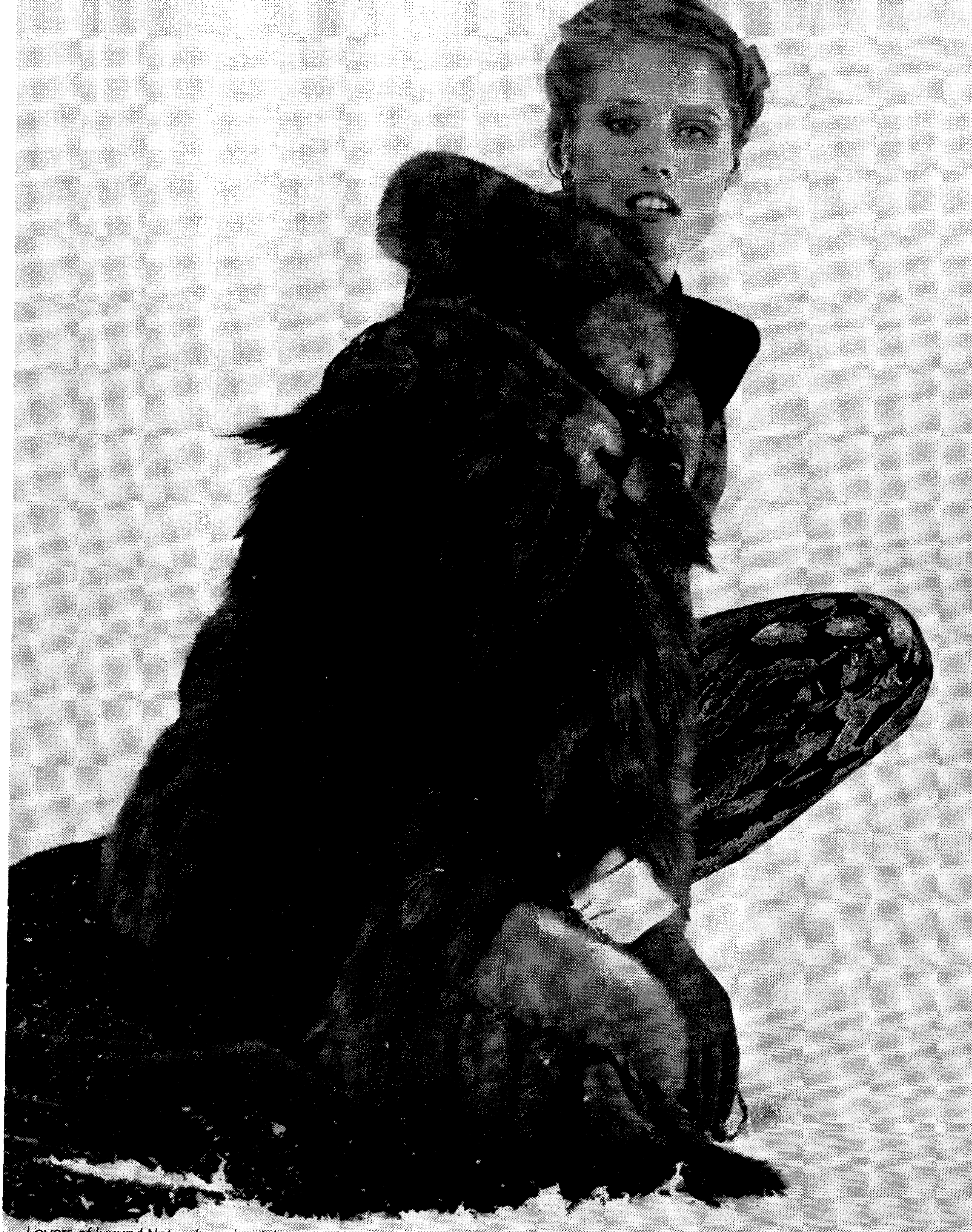


United States and the Soviet Union began, in Helsinki.)

Culver, discussing arms sales, says, "Isn't it insane?" He talks about the need for converting industries dependent upon arms sales to other activities. (It is extremely rare to hear a politician talk about such a thing.) He tells them about the Armed Services Committee, of which he is a member—about how the Republicans on the committee offered an amendment to add six billion dollars to the committee's defense-budget recommendations, and how he countered by suggesting that they amend that to say that taxes had to be raised the same amount. He tells them that when he asked in a committee meeting whether the amount exceeded the Administration's request, Strom Thurmond, Republican of South Carolina, suggested that if it did they should take the money from the funds for food stamps, and that he replied, "Yeah, the people who get that aren't around here knocking on the door." He talks about the fact that the United States has nine thousand warheads to the Soviet Union's forty-two hundred warheads, and he explains in some detail the technical difficulties that the Soviet Union would have in knocking out our land-based missiles—a subject at issue in the debate over SALT (the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks). He discusses the fairly widespread assumption that the Soviet Union is not as technologically advanced as the United States is. He says, "The Soviet general who comes in and says, 'Let's fire our missiles,' you know, he probably couldn't get his bathtub to work that morning"—at this, Culver moves his hands as if struggling with faucets—"or get the elevator up to the war room." He talks about "the people in the think tanks who draw up these bloodless schemes," and, as he had to me in Washington, about how both countries can be seen as preparing for civil defense, and about the differences in the histories and geographies of the United States and the Soviet Union. He is asked about the Carter Cabinet. He says that he is largely pleased with it, but he points out that he was one of five Democrats who voted against the confirmation of Griffin Bell as Attorney General. "I finished reading 'Why Not the Best?' and got Griffin Bell," he says. He is asked about the Middle East, about the sale of AWACS (the Airborne Warning and Control System) to Iran, which he opposed, and about inflation; he answers the questions thoughtfully. He is teaching these people as well as responding to them.

Around ten-thirty, we leave the din-

Who said diamonds are a girl's best friend!



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ner to fly on a small chartered plane to Moline, Illinois, one of the "Quad Cities," on the border of Illinois and Iowa. Tomorrow morning, Culver must be in Davenport for the meeting with the cattlemen.

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Saturday, July 15th: At breakfast, Culver talks with Patsy Grace, who runs his Davenport office, and George Gilbert, one of his Washington aides, who works on agricultural matters. Last night, after arriving at his motel, he was briefed by Gilbert for the meeting with the cattlemen. This morning, Culver tells me that he is sympathetic toward the beef producers but that he also tries to be careful about doing things that could encourage foreign retaliation harmful to over-all United States trade interests. He explains the cattlemen's problem: that they had four bad years, and then, when prices finally went up, Carter announced that he would permit the importation of more beef into the United States. The amount by which Carter increased the imports, he continues, was not enough to lower meat prices for consumers by an appreciable amount but was enough to upset the cattlemen. (Yesterday, in Topeka, Kansas, Vice-President Mondale announced that the President was not considering price controls for meat, and that he rejected "open-ended meat imports." The story is on the front page of today's Des Moines *Register*.) The problem, Culver explains, is that the action has shaken the cattlemen's confidence, so that they might cut down on the number of cattle they raise for next year, thus forcing prices up again. On the way to the meeting with the cattlemen, Culver goes over (again) the press release that is to be issued, and the briefing material that Gilbert has prepared for him—about beef prices, about speculation in the cattle market, about nutrition, about livestock brokers, about legislation pending in Congress. Most of the cattle producers in Iowa are small businessmen, entrepreneurs, and are considered essentially Republican, but they are important to the state beyond their numbers, because other parts of its economy depend on them, and it is not out of the question that they would support a Democrat. Unlike other agricultural groups—grain producers, for example—they tend not to ask for government help. In the car, Culver asks Patsy Grace if she knows whether the meeting will be covered by television. She says she thinks that it will. He studies the briefing material with the same intensity and concentration that he devoted to the material for a CBS interview last week and that he gives to preparing for a speech.

At nine o'clock, Culver meets at Ray Doyle's farm with nine men who are present and past officials of the state and county cattlemen's associations and with other cattlemen from the area. It is a warm day. Culver—tieless, and with his shirtsleeves rolled up—leans against the fence of a cattle pen and talks with the men.

One of them tells him, "I would like to say one thing, Senator, and that is that we as farmers have no way of setting our price, and we get penalized when it gets profitable."

Culver turns to one of the men, Waldo Mommsen, a past president of the Iowa Cattlemen's Association, and says, "What do you think, Waldo, about getting farmers to petition the exchange market and getting some of that swing cut down?" (His press release is about the swings in prices, suggesting that cattle prices have fallen by more than the increase in imports warranted, and saying, "I think Iowa cattlemen are on the right track in suspecting futures trading on the Chicago Exchange as being the source of much of this instability.")

Mommsen says, "Yes, there's too much of a swing."

Another man says, "Anyone feeding cattle knows the gamble. When we take our lumps, the Administration doesn't help us, and we didn't ask for help, but when we're not taking our lumps we don't like the Administration coming in and taking it away."

Another asks, "Why do they pick on beef? They say the price is too high. Compared to what?"

Culver says, "They never gave you an award for fighting inflation in the four years you were losing money."

WQAD television turns up, and also a newspaper reporter carrying a camera.

Culver tells the group about a resolution he has introduced criticizing the President's action.

One of the men says, "Yeah, I've seen that. It's very good."

Culver tells them the purpose of his resolution is to "help restore confidence," and another of the men says, "You got a long way to go."

Another asks, "Why did they do it?"

Culver replies, "Inflation. Someone figured 'Don't just stand there, do something,' and they didn't understand what it would do psychologically. And they don't look ahead to what it would do to long-term supplies, how it would

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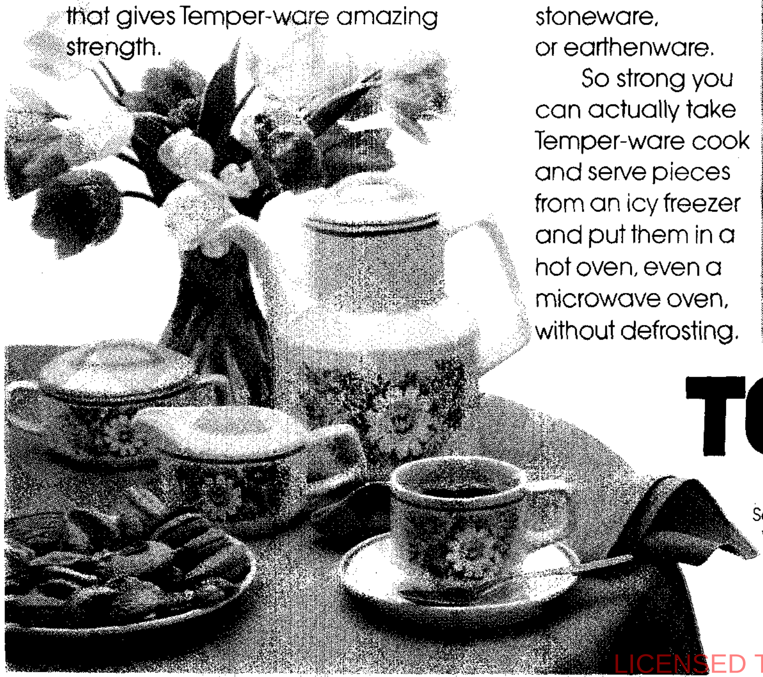

It didn't happen overnight.

But the tests never stopped. Temper-ware is still constantly tested to see how it stands up to the traumas of daily use. During our breaking test, Temper-ware stands firm. And numerous Modulus of Rupture tests,* prove Temper-ware to be stronger than the strongest ironstone, stoneware, or earthenware.

So strong you can actually take Temper-ware cook and serve pieces from an icy freezer and put them in a hot oven, even a microwave oven, without defrosting.

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What's more, every piece of Temper-ware comes with a warranty against breaking, chipping, cracking, and crazing for up to two years of normal use.

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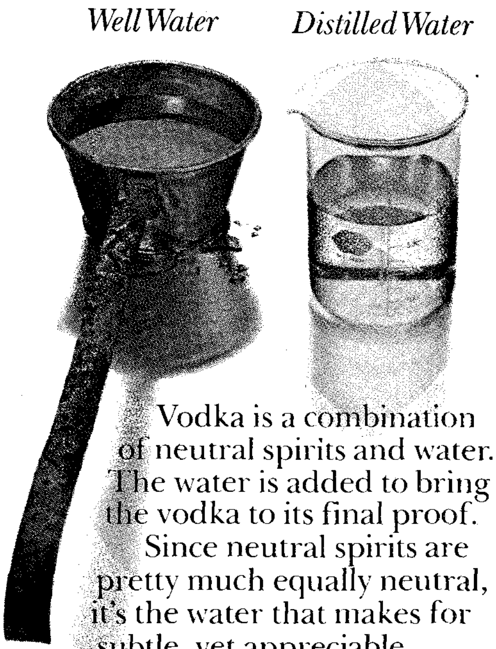
*Strength as measured by Modulus of Rupture test—the most reliable test for material strength in the ceramic industry.

If you can taste the difference in water, you can appreciate the difference in Finlandia.



Vodka is a combination of neutral spirits and water. The water is added to bring the vodka to its final proof.

Since neutral spirits are pretty much equally neutral, it's the water that makes for subtle, yet appreciable, differences. And the water that goes into Finlandia Vodka is very different from the water in most other vodkas.

Others use distilled or microscopically filtered water. Which is much less lively than natural water.

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You'll appreciate the difference.

94 Proof

FINLANDIA

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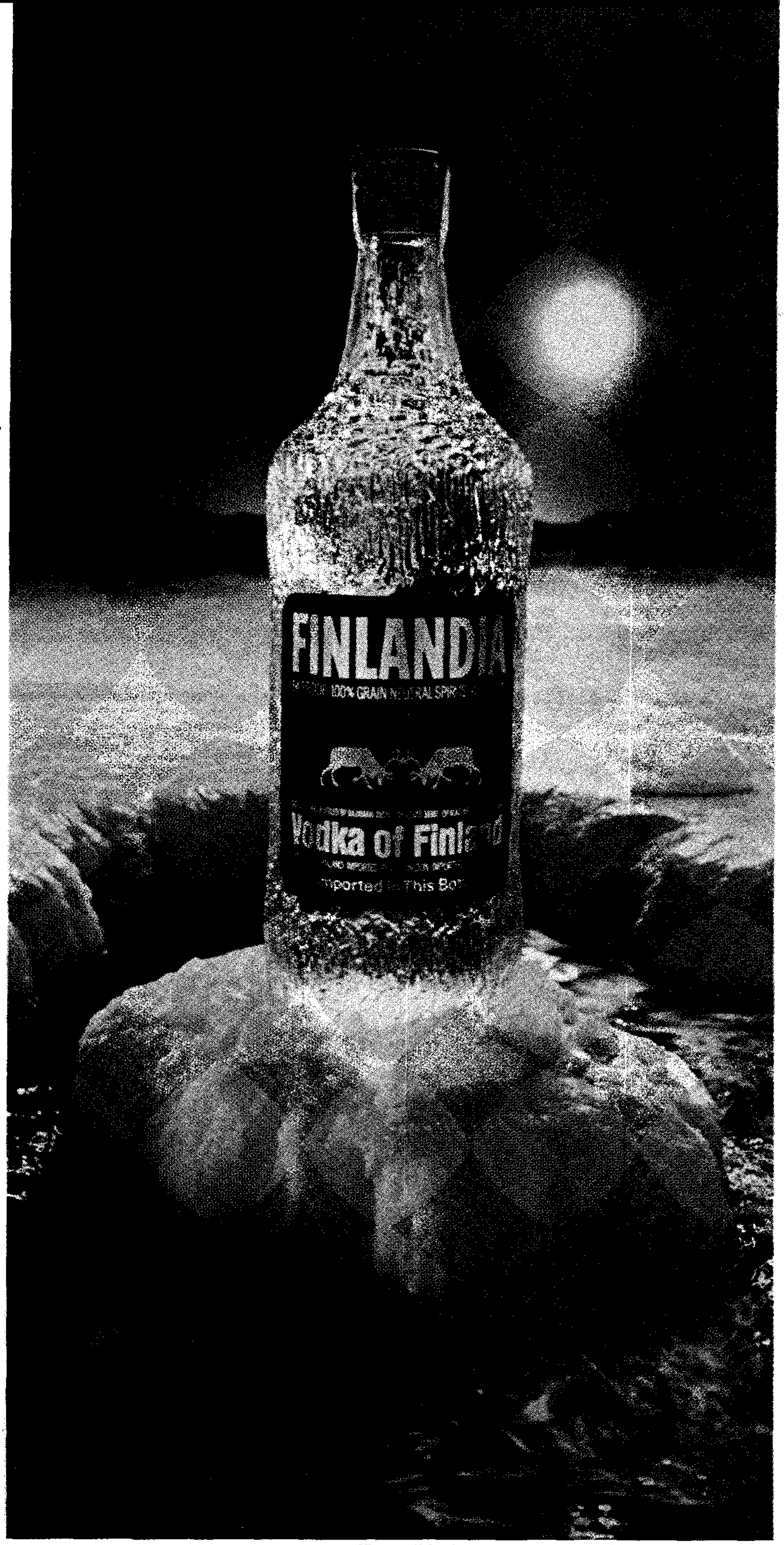

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get people to thin out their supplies and therefore lead to more shortage."

Culver reasons with them, shows them that he understands their problem and is trying to help them, and at the same time avoids saying things that will inflame them or raise their expectations unrealistically.

One of the men, referring to the fact that Administrations usually take actions to please farmers in Presidential-election years, says to Culver, "I think it's good for you to come out. There's problems out here, except when we have an election."

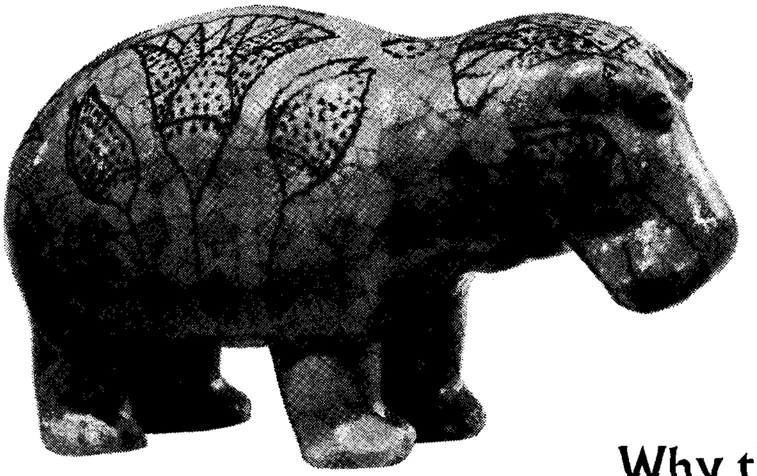
FROM Davenport, we fly on another small plane to Cedar Rapids, the state's second-largest city, where Culver grew up.

On the plane, I ask Culver how he can be such a defender of liberal programs and the Great Society in an essentially white state.

He replies, "I think there's a fairness in Iowa. I don't think it's easily stampeded. They reject demagoguery. Joe McCarthy never got much of a foothold in Iowa. There's a compassionate side, and there's even an internationalist side, through the state's interest in world trade—and not just in agricultural products. Cedar Rapids has the highest per-capita export business of any landlocked city in America—farm equipment, road-building equipment. And Quaker Oats is there, too. All this gives the state a sophistication, and vital strains that, properly appealed to, will support very progressive purposes."

I ask Culver to talk to me about a subject on which he recently made a speech and which is very much on his mind. His speech pointed to the increasing difficulty politicians have in performing their function as mediators, as the ones who work out compromises among the competing interests in this country. In the speech, which he made in Wisconsin in June, he spoke out against "single-issue politics"—against people who will base their judgment of a politician on his position on one issue. I ask him why he thinks this problem developed.

Culver replies, "There is a new political creed of cynicism, of selfishness, of personal concerns instead of public causes. I think that we're at the conjunction of two cycles in our national life. One was probably predictable, the other is exceptional. I think that now, in the seventies, we are in a somewhat historically familiar repose after a period of exertion, just as in the twenties there was a 'return to normalcy.' I think that we do have periods where



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there is a very aggressive expansion of rights or a very strong national effort of some kind or other, and then there is a period of reconciliation of those newfound rights—arguably, this endangered-species issue is an example of that. So, to the extent that we're in such a period, it's a quite natural phenomenon. I think that the second thing is more exceptional—the discontent, the meanness, the sourness of the national electorate. I think that's attributable primarily to the disenchantment with the national leadership over Vietnam and Watergate. And added to that are the recent peccadillos of Congress—'Koreagate'—and even the increased complexity of our problems, such as our economic situation, where we used to have either recession or inflation. The one virtue that those problems had was that they were incompatible, and now we're finding that even that is not true. I think that with this breakdown of trust and confidence you see a readiness on the part of the electorate to substitute instantaneously its judgment for that of the elected official. That trust is a very delicate thing, and once it's detroyed it takes a long time to restore it."

He continues, "We see that breakdown not only between the electorate and the Congress but we also see it internally in the Congress between the membership and their leadership, and we see it between the Congress and the executive branch. So you don't have the cohesion, the cement that is usually present in these relationships. Further, the problems are of such enormous complexity that the public is frustrated and senses it can't influence these situations by traditional forms of political action, and so it turns in other directions. People are increasingly turning to issues that they feel they can understand and do feel strongly about, and are devoting all their energy and resources to one particular issue. For a lot of reasons, the parties have lost their strength, their traditional power as the reconcilers of competing interests. So you've had balkanization into these splinter groups. When you have these rifle-shot constituencies, with their money and discipline, their influence on the outcome of elections is obviously disproportionate to their numbers. You can form a necklace of all these single-issue constituencies devoid of common purpose or values, and an unprincipled politician can cynically exploit them."

I ask Culver if he thinks this is a temporary phenomenon.

He replies, "There's one theory that

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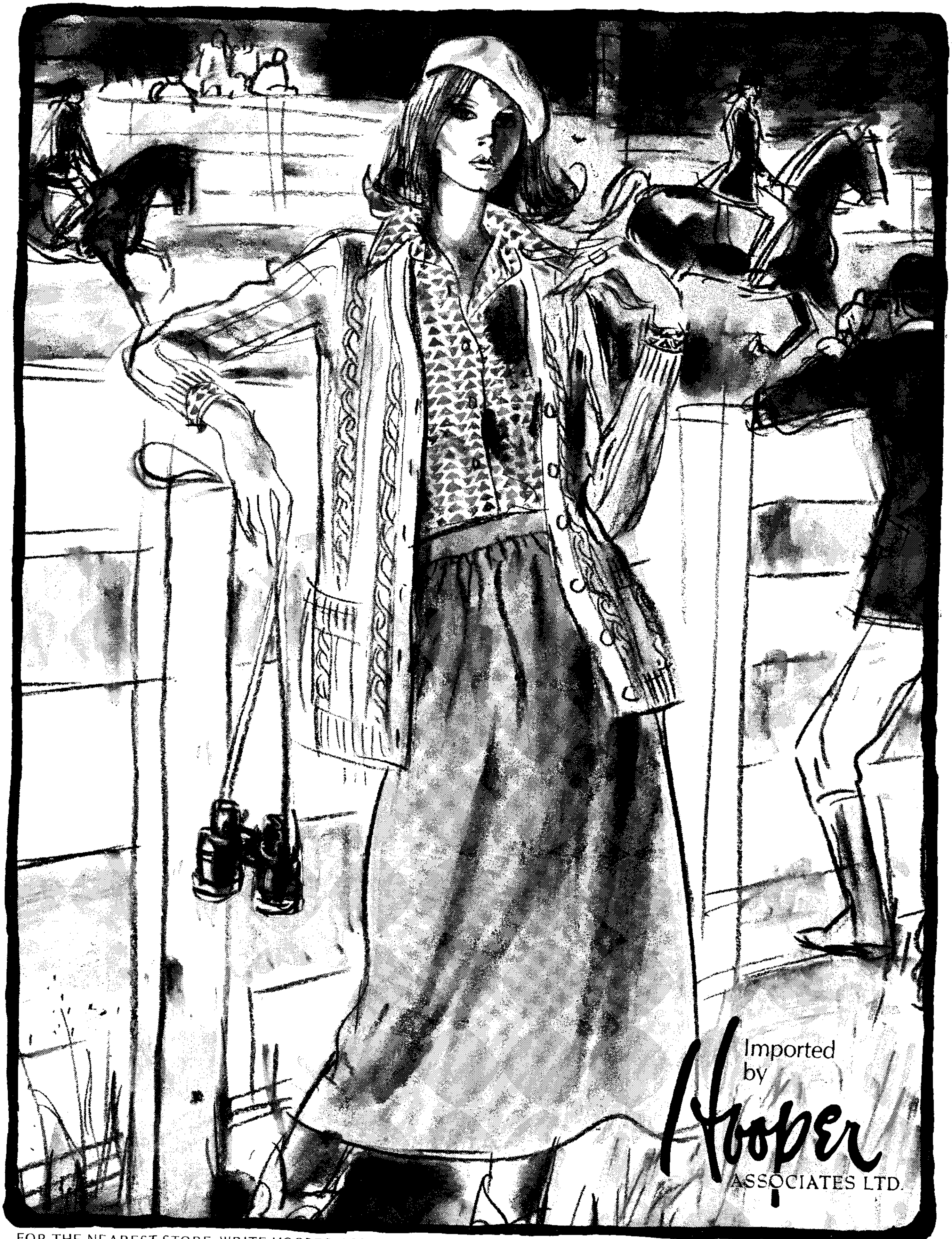

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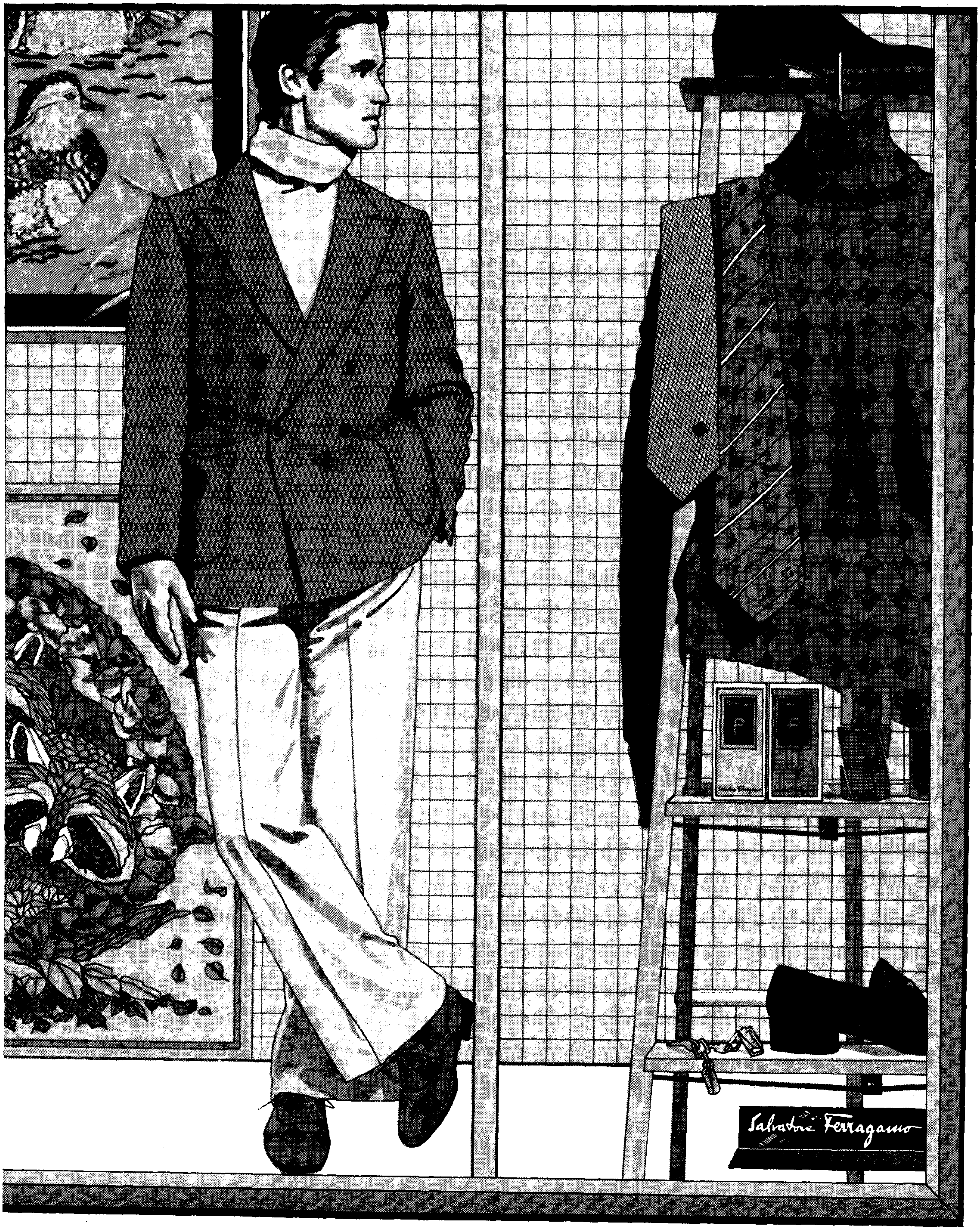
sees the current malaise as temporary, but what worries me is that there are profoundly disturbing signs that this mood of disillusionment and cynicism is altering the practical realities of political representation and distorting the value of public service." He continues, "The danger is that we're getting to the point where the lack of trust threatens the very basis of our system of government, which is, after all, based on the consent of the governed. Traditionally, we have had an acceptance of the notion that we are a republic, where an elected official is given a franchise for a certain period of time—two, four, six years—to represent as best he can the interests of his constituents as well as contribute his own best judgment. He has a dual responsibility: to constituency and conscience, and sometimes they're compatible and sometimes they're not. Presumably, the franchise is an endorsement of our judgment. Edmund Burke said that a representative must not be 'ready to take up or lay down a great political system for the convenience of the hour . . . he is in Parliament to support his opinion of the public good, and does not form his opinion in order to get into Parliament, or to continue in it.' And now even that very basic notion of the way our form of democracy should function is under siege. Obviously, officials who consistently vote against the wishes of their constituents will not and should not be returned to office. But we should be expected to do more than simply mirror the momentary mood of the public. We hear so much today about people wanting strong leaders, but there's a certain contradiction in at the same time demanding leaders who do not lead but follow."

He continues, "I think also that now the whole situation is complicated by people's fear concerning their own economic circumstances. With inflation, the great American middle class, which has to be the engine that provides the national impulse, is, for quite understandable reasons, fearful. And, when the electorate is fearful, obviously it's not going to be particularly generous or concerned with the needs of others. In the sixties, when we had relative affluence, the climate was ripe for a very magnanimous commitment, and then that was overtaken by events we've been talking about. And so now we're in a situation where, rather than having a public acting on its best impulses, it's vulnerable to an exploitation of the more mean-spirited side of human nature."

So, I ask Culver, if one is a politician

Illustration by: Vincent Petragnani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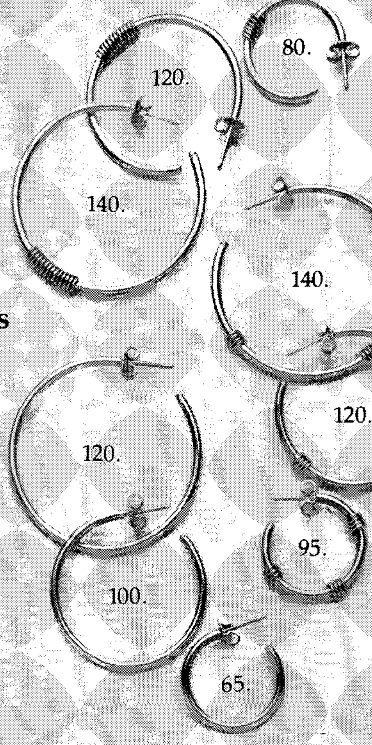

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who cares about the things Culver cares about, what does one do?

"Leadership is being willing to set the agenda for the nation and stating what is the unfinished business," he says. "This will clearly require a positive role for government. Our problem is, we haven't stayed on a sustained or steady course—I think that you have to just try something and stay with it long enough to make it work. We have such an intolerance of any failure or shortcoming when it comes to dealing with the intractable social problems. There are too many fits and starts; we just don't have the staying power.

"I'm reading a new book by John Gardner called 'Morale,' and he talks about the importance of staying power: that just because everything can't be made perfect overnight we can't give up, that we have to keep working at it and you can't be disillusioned when the progress is painfully slow. It's always going to be imperfect; there are always going to be inequities; there are always going to be these problems. But you can't just do nothing or throw up your hands in despair; you can't just give something a try for a few minutes. It requires enormous acts of leadership and education to create the requisite public understanding—whether we're talking about foreign aid or some of our domestic problems that don't command natural constituencies. For eight years, we didn't have a government that had the soul and the will and the commitment to deal with these problems; it lacked any real public purpose. Obviously, you have to take a critical look at what seems to work and what doesn't, but you should give all programs rigorous scrutiny. It's only to be expected that some of our efforts to alleviate intractable problems won't be successful, and we must be willing to make adjustments. But when you find imperfections, that doesn't necessarily mean that you repudiate the whole commitment. I think you only have to talk sense to people, that you have to hit it head on, that you have to explain what's happening. And I still have sufficient confidence that if the public knows the facts it will respond. The kind of political leadership that I respect and admire has to have some genuine passion to it; it has to have some very real and heartfelt objectives and goals and desires in terms of a better and more just society."

Culver continues, "All of this gets back to that dual responsibility of an elected official: to represent and reflect the interests and attitudes of the electorate, and even their prejudice on oc-

A Fluke of Nature

A new grapefruit discovery may change your concept of fruit —

This is a picture of the actual harvest of this season's first Ruby Reds.

I'm a farmer. And the story I tell you is the absolute truth, as incredible as it may seem.

It all started in a grove owned by Dr. Webb, our family doctor. One of the men who was picking fruit in the doctor's orchard came up to the Webb house holding six of the strangest grapefruit anyone had ever seen! A single branch of an ordinary grapefruit tree had produced these six unusual fruit.

These were big grapefruit, unusually big, And they had a faint red blush on their skin. When Dr. Webb sliced open the grapefruit, the fruit was a **brilliant ruby red** in color.

Doctor Webb decided to taste this strange new grapefruit. The fruit was perfect, juicy and luscious. It wasn't sour like other grapefruit either — it was naturally sweet without sugar.

For some reason, we'll never know why, nature had chosen to produce an entirely new kind of grapefruit here in our Magic Rio Grande Valley. It was incredible — men had labored for years to produce the ideal grapefruit, and had failed. But suddenly on a single branch of one tree in one grove, Mother Nature had done it all herself!

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From the fruit on that one branch, grove after grove now produces our own Texas Ruby Red Grapefruit. When I say, "not one man in a thousand has ever tasted this grapefruit." — you can easily understand why.

To begin with, Ruby Reds are rare. You can look for them in stores, but I doubt if you'll find one. You may find pink grapefruit, but seldom if ever do you see the genuine Ruby Reds.

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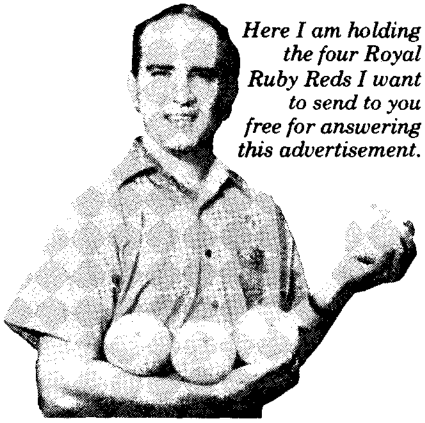
Why, we won't even consider harvesting a grove until I've checked out the fruit for tree-ripened maturity myself. I check for "natural sugar," low acid balance and high juice content. I check to see that the fruit is plump and meaty, and I even check to see that the skin is thin. Not only does each factor have to check out, but all the factors have to be in a proper relationship to each other before I'll harvest a grove.

And when we pick the fruit we're just as fussy. Every one of us takes a "picking ring" when we harvest. If the fruit is small enough to pass through this ring — we don't pick it! It simply isn't big enough to qualify as a Royal Ruby Red!

Even after picking there are other careful inspections each fruit must pass before I'll accept it. I size the fruit. And I grade it for beauty. Sometimes the fruit will be wind scarred. I won't accept it. Or sometimes it will have a bulge on the stem end that we call "sheep nose." I won't accept it. You can see I really mean it when I say I accept only **perfect** Royal Ruby Reds.

When I realized that the Royal Ruby Reds were the ultimate fruit, I decided to form a club and sell only to my club members. In this manner I can control my production to insure that nobody will be disappointed.

But before I ask you to join my club, I want you to sample my Royal Ruby Reds for yourself, at no cost to you whatsoever. Let me send you a box prepaid of 16 to 20 Royal Ruby Reds. Place four of them in your refrigerator until they are thoroughly cool. Then cut them in half and have your family sample this unusual fruit.



Here I am holding the four Royal Ruby Reds I want to send to you free for answering this advertisement.

You decide whether or not Royal Ruby Reds are everything I say. You determine whether or not eating a Royal Ruby Red is the fantastic taste experience I promise.

You decide. I'm confident that you and your family will want more of this superb fruit - and on a regular basis, too. If the four Royal Ruby Reds make you say "yes," then keep the remaining fruit. Otherwise return the unused fruit (at my expense) and you won't owe me a single penny.

But you are never going to know just how wonderful genuine Royal Ruby Reds are unless you place your order right quick.

This way you are sure to receive your package containing 16 or 20 Royal Ruby Reds for you and your family to sample a few days before Christmas. But since the supply is strictly limited it's important to place your order now.

SEND NO MONEY NOW

I'll put the bill for $10.95 for this first shipment on the top of the box. That's a saving of $5.00 off the regular price of $15.95. All delivery charges are prepaid by me. Remit only after my Ruby Reds have proved themselves, otherwise you don't owe a thing.

Now suppose you do like Royal Ruby Reds — suppose you **love** them — can you be sure of getting more?

You surely can. By saying "yes" to my first shipment you have the privilege of automatically joining my Winter Fruit Club. Please be assured **you pay nothing in advance.** But each month during the winter I'll ship you a $15.95 pack of 16 to 20 orchard fresh, hand selected, hand picked Royal Ruby Reds.

Every Royal Ruby Red you receive will pass my tough tests. Each will weigh a pound or more. Safe delivery is guaranteed. This fruit is picked, packed and shipped each month, December through April.

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Call my toll-free number below, or send your name and address to me at the address below.

Remember it obligates you to nothing, except making a taste test of the best grapefruit that has ever been grown. And this taste test is on me!

Of course, as you can well imagine, when I say supplies are limited — I'm not kidding! There's just so many club members I can accept before I must close my membership this year.

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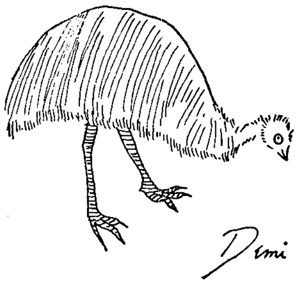
casion, and also to educate public opinion. However, people are increasingly saying, 'I didn't elect you to offer your judgment. I elected you to reflect and mirror anything I want, any time of day, any hour.' And of course once you accept that premise—and unfortunately there are too many public officials who will—then it's clear it doesn't matter who you elect to the job; it doesn't matter one bit, if we subscribe to that definition of what representative government is all about. One should have settled principles and convictions. Otherwise, you're on a slippery slope and there's no end to it. It has been my experience that if you just vote any way you think is right and you have your reasons and you can defend that vote, and defend it with conviction, the people will respect that. Similarly, in Congress you live by your reputation just as much as anywhere else. People turn to those they trust and those they respect, and if you're known as someone who has thought about a problem before you reached a decision you're not going to be subjected to all kinds of pressures and threats. They know you're not the kind of person who will respond to that. They don't think less of you for it; they think more of you. We all understand that people in Congress have to represent the interests of their districts or states and that Congress is a cockpit where you bang heads and try to reconcile all the competing interests. However, if people aren't willing to also lead and take risks, I don't really see why they are there. If they're there only to get reëlected, what's the purpose of it? If you aren't going to contribute your own judgment, anybody can do the job and there isn't any real issue as to which person could do it better, or is more qualified, or has higher personal character and integrity, or anything else."

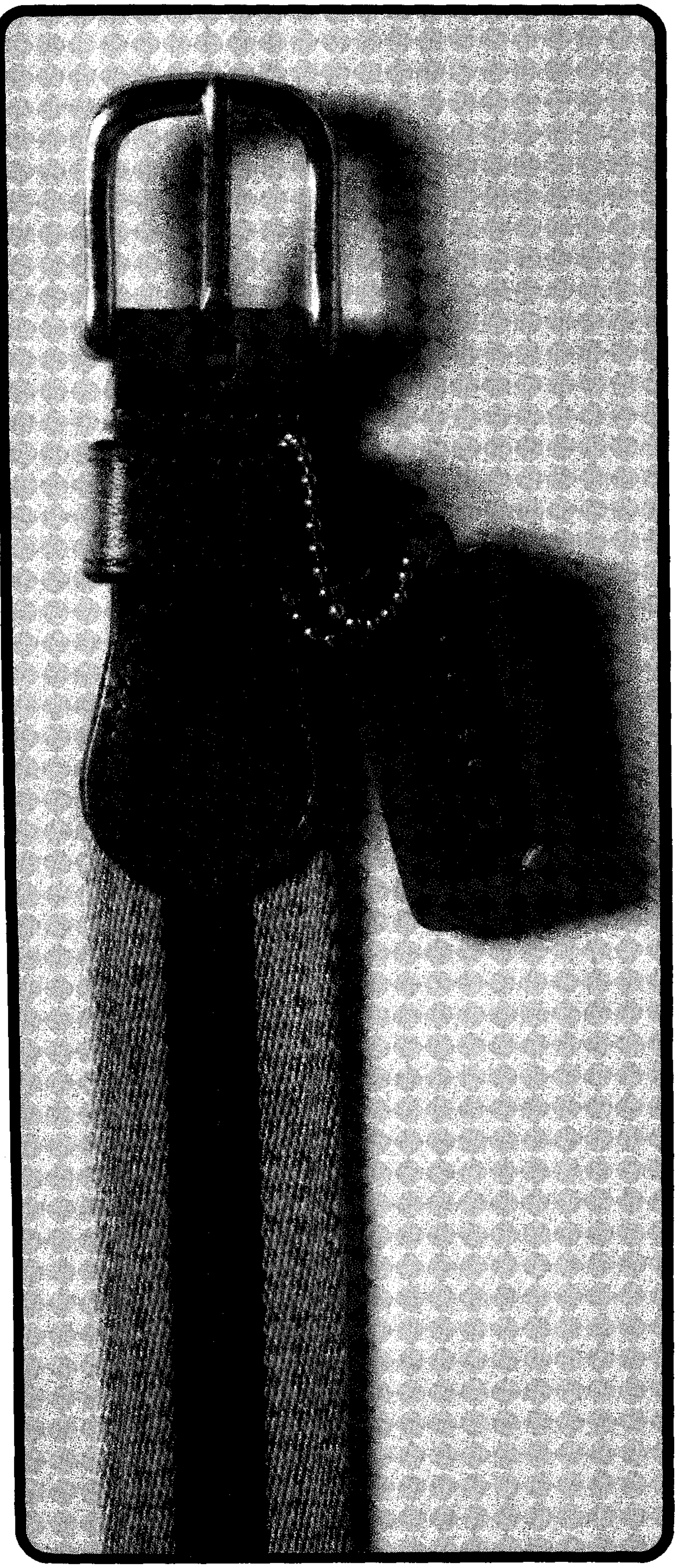


Our plane has a flat tire when we land at the Cedar Rapids airport, and the pilot has some trouble steadying it. (As it skids off the runway onto some grass, a voice from the control tower says, "Please stay off the grass.") Once it is clear that we are utterly safe, and all is calm and we are waiting at the far end of the field for someone to come and get us, Culver jokes, "Can I do something courageous while we're waiting?" Then, as he gets out of the plane, he says, "I'll go douse the engines and be right back to save you."

Our first stop in Cedar Rapids will be at a lunch with officials of the Collins divisions of Rockwell International. Collins makes aviation and telecommunications equipment and is the second-largest employer in the state; about ten thousand people work for it, in Cedar Rapids. Collins and its parent company had a stake in the B-1 bomber, which Culver played a major role in killing. Rockwell was already doing research and development on the proposed new bomber and would have been the largest contractor for it, and Collins would have supplied some equipment. In the course of Rockwell's lobbying for the B-1, its officials were reported to have told some Senate offices that the amendment that Culver successfully pushed in 1976 to postpone funding for the bomber (thus giving a new Administration an opportunity to review the matter) would further the objectives of the Soviet Union. Clare Rice, now president of the Collins group and then vice-president of one of its divisions, appeared on television and wrote an article in the Cedar Rapids *Gazette* opposing Culver's attempt to kill the plane, saying, "People who have opposed the B-1 have, frankly, distorted the facts." He said they had surrounded the argument with a "cloud of fiction." Culver replied in the paper, countering Rice's arguments in detail and saying that the facts "suggest that the fiction rests with the uncritical opponents of prudent delay." Then he pointed out that "Rockwell International has an obvious financial interest in approval of the B-1 program," cited President Eisenhower's warning " 'against the acquisition of unwarranted influence . . . by the military-industrial complex,' " and said that the ultimate decisions on such defense programs must be made "by our civilian leadership and elected representatives."

Now Rice and William Strathern, another official of Collins, are at the Cedar Rapids airport to meet us. The Collins officials have been seeking this meeting for some time. Culver is in a position to be helpful to them, and, as it happens, he has his own interest in making peace with them. Last year, he put a statement in the *Congressional Record* commending the company for winning a major defense contract to provide a tactical navigation system for aircraft which improves readiness and reduces maintenance costs.

On the way to the Collins plant, Culver and the officials make pleasant



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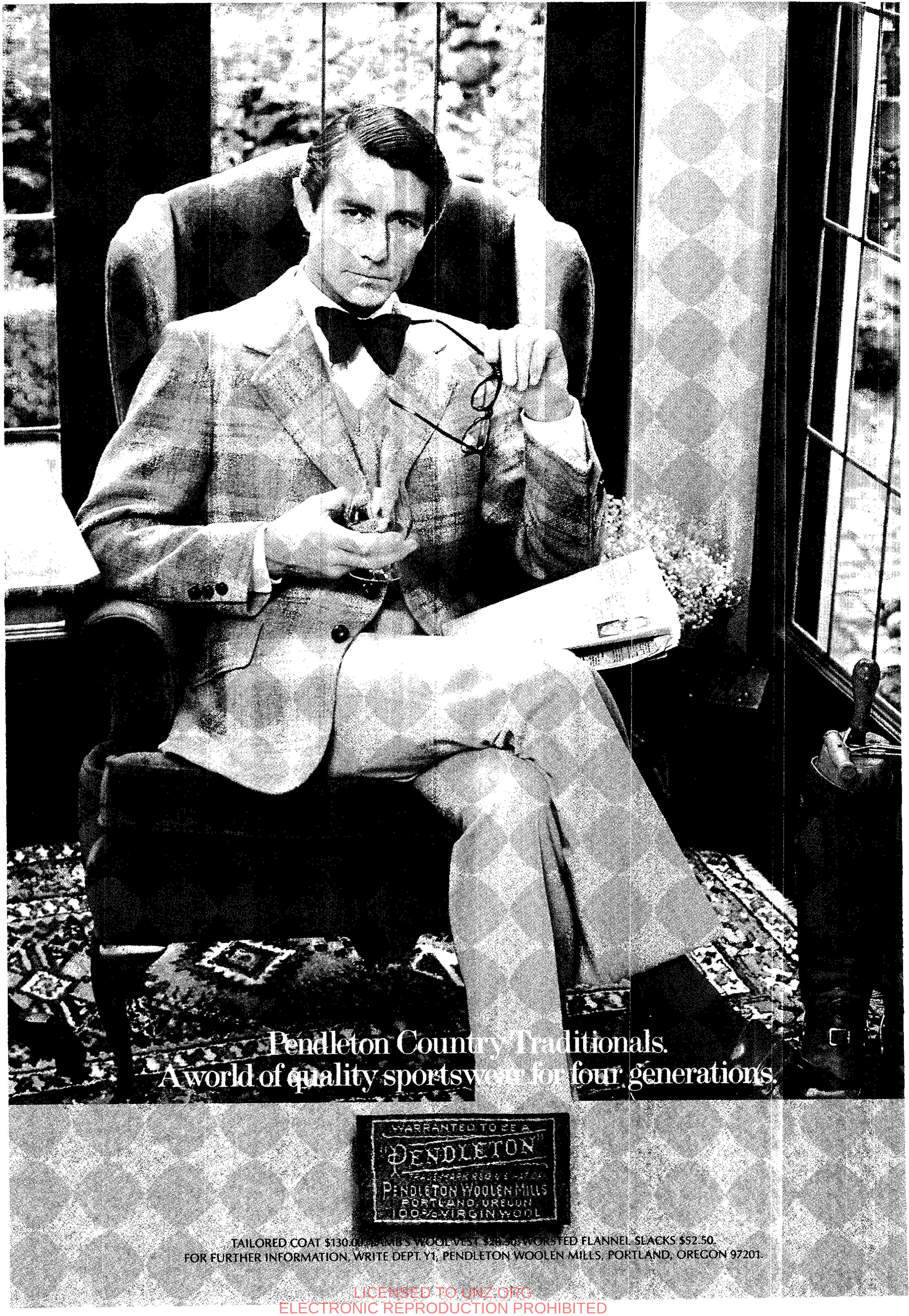
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conversation about Cedar Rapids. Strathern tells Culver how pleased they were with the item in the *Congressional Record.* Rice says that Collins, whose plant covers forty acres, is "the largest single employer in any one location in Iowa." (Deere & Company, which manufactures farm equipment, employs more people, but in scattered plants.)

After we arrive at the Collins headquarters, a company photographer takes pictures of Culver standing with the officials outside the building. He has on his tie and jacket now, and he looks sombre.

Thirteen men, including the Washington representative of Rockwell, meet with Culver in the boardroom. Noting that it is Saturday afternoon, Culver remarks, "I wonder how many votes I've lost interrupting golf games." The group laughs appreciatively. He goes on, "I assure you I'll be out of here soon. I do want you to know what genuine pride I do have in the Collins company. You can't grow up in this city and not have an appreciation of what Collins means to this city and this state and the country. It's a source of pride to me as a member of the Senate Armed Services Committee, working on arms-procurement bills, to hear the praise of Collins products on a day-to-day basis. And when I go to military installations in the United States and around the world, I inquire about the Collins products and I always hear the highest praise." He continues, getting to what is on the mind of everyone in the room, "So although, as you know, we differ on what should be built, I hope that, once the decisions are made about what should be built, as much of it as possible is by Collins." He adds, "Sometimes you don't get that perception from reading the newspapers."

Then we sit down at a long table, and while we eat a sandwich lunch Rice stands on a rostrum and presents a slide show about the Collins company. Culver interrupts to talk of his concern about the readiness of our aircraft and ships—he wants to demonstrate to each group he meets with that he is knowledgeable about what it is doing and is interested in its problems—and then, having got involved in the subject, and realizing that he is going on some, he says, "I don't want to take time here. I'm here to learn from you, and you can't learn much with your mouth open." When, after a while, Rice mentions a United Airlines order from Boeing, for which Collins will supply materials, Culver cites the figure

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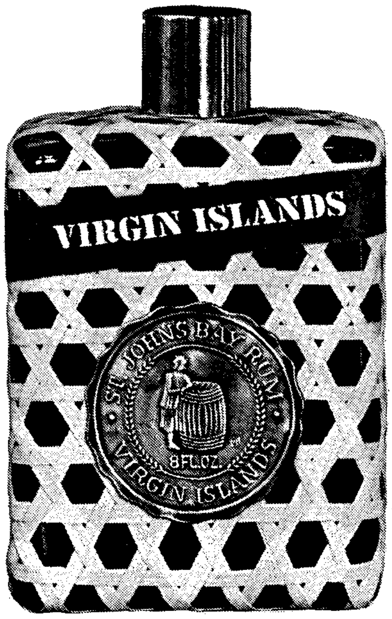

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that is the amount of the contract. He comes across as well informed, because he is well informed.

Culver asks some questions about the company's success in supplying products for NATO, and Rice says that there is a problem—that the French will buy only French equipment, that the Germans will buy only German equipment. The lack of "commonality" of NATO equipment is a problem that Culver has been concerned about. "We've really got a military museum over there rather than a combined force," he says. "It's incredible. They can't supply each other, they can't equip each other, they can't repair each other. You have twenty-three different kinds of aircraft and seven different kinds of tanks—even hoses and water nozzles." He says, "This is an area I've been particularly active in—pushing NATO commonality and inter-operability. If you have any ideas or thoughts, I'd like to hear them, and maybe if you can tell me who in your shop is following this we can send you some of our amendments and you can tell me what effects they might have." He is doing business on various levels here.

When the officials tell him that they want to make another slide presentation, he glances at his watch—we're running a little late now—but sits patiently through another slide show. Then the division heads who are present want to tell him about their activities, and about concerns they have in dealing with the Defense Department. They tell him about their current competition with Texas Instruments and Magnavox for a major new contract, and make an implicit plea for help. Says one of the officials, "You could say it's Iowa against Texas and California."

At the Linn County Juvenile Detention Center, in Marion, about a half hour's ride from Cedar Rapids, Culver is met by Josy Gittler, the chief counsel of his Juvenile Delinquency Subcommittee of the Judiciary Committee. Culver has been interested in the confinement of juveniles, particularly status offenders (people who have not actually committed a crime but are in trouble, such as runaways and truants): he wants to support efforts to keep them from being sent to prisons along with people who have committed serious crimes. Miss Gittler, who was a law professor at the University of Iowa, drafted a model juvenile code for the State of Iowa, and Culver made some phone calls to help get it through the state legislature earlier

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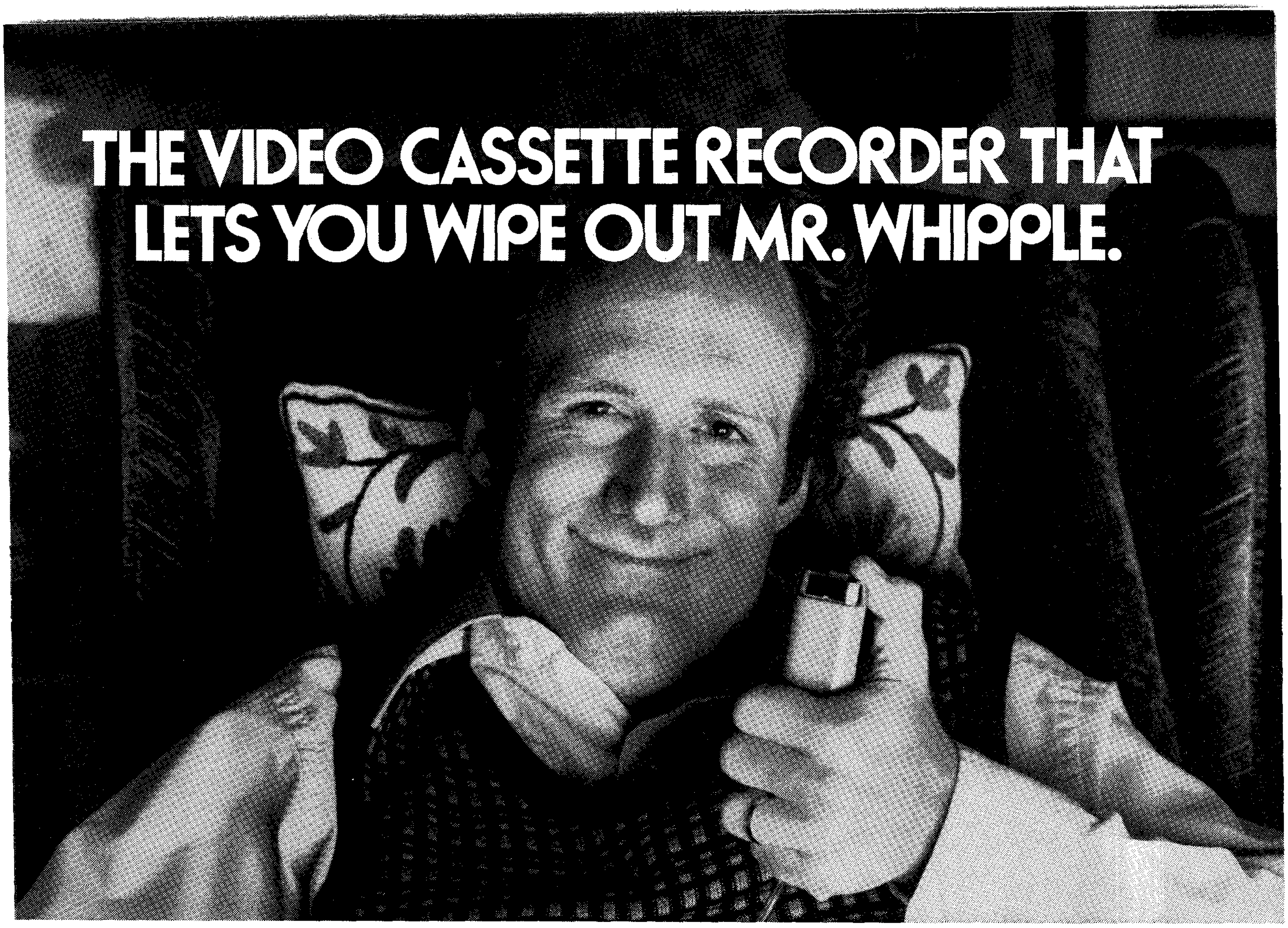

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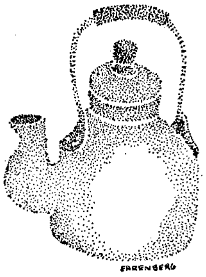
this year. This center is a "secured" (locked) facility for juveniles who have committed or have been charged with committing crimes and are awaiting trial or placement; Culver's briefing paper tells him that this is the best juvenile-detention center in the state. The center is a modern one-story building. Some newspaper reporters and two television crews are here. Culver suggests that they wait while he tours the facility, and says that he will visit with them afterward; he also asks them to take care not to photograph the detainees' faces, in order to protect their privacy.



After Culver has toured the facility, he talks with five young men who are currently being held here. They sit on chairs lined up in a row, and he sits facing them. He talks to them quietly. He tells them that he has been doing some work "for people like you, who have some problems or have got in trouble—about the facilities for you, and maybe some of the things that got you in here."

Miss Gittler has reminded him that he saw one of the boys, whom I shall call Francis, at another county facility, which he toured in the fall.

"Francis, I saw you before," Culver says now. "I thought you were doing pretty good. What happened?"

Francis tells him about a number of times that he "got in trouble."

Culver asks Francis if his parents know where he is.

He says that they do but that he hasn't heard from them.

"Do your sisters or brothers know where you are?" Culver asks.

"No," Francis says.

Culver asks if he's talked to a lawyer.

Francis tells him that one came to talk with him for five minutes.

Culver then talks to the group about seeing kids with burns on their arms "from playing around with cigarette butts"—a game that is a form of "chicken"—and he asks if any of them have been doing that.

One says that he has.

"I hope you're not doing that anymore," Culver says softly. "That's pretty dumb."

One wonders what they think of this large man sitting here, whether they understand who he is. He asks how many of them have been in jail before. Four raise their hands. He asks how many of them have parents who are divorced (three) and how many come from families with drinking problems (three).

Francis says, "Not mine. My dad spent it all on gambling and then he'd come home and beat my mom."

Culver asks how many of them were beaten severely at home. Two raise their hands.

He asks what the others are here for. Two tell him they are here for burglary; one says he has been involved in grand larceny.

Culver turns to one and says, gently, "What were you thinking about then—when you got involved in the burglary? What do you want to do with your life? Do you think that what you've been doing will lead to the kind of life you want to lead?"

The young man replies, "Some interesting people were doing it."

Culver says, "Why would you want to go along with them? You look strong enough to be disciplined enough not to go along with them."

Culver talks with the boys a little longer, thanks them for talking with him, tells them he wishes them well with their lives, and shakes hands with each of them. "Francis," he says, "can't we work it so the next time we see each other it won't be in one of these places? Huh? Wouldn't you be happier? Huh? I'd be happier."

Then Culver is interviewed by the television reporters. One asks him about his activities in the state this weekend, and Culver once more sets the agenda. He talks about the detention center and his interest in the confinement of juveniles. "I think this facility is the best in the state," he says. "These people have actually committed a crime or are charged with a crime, and these are cases where they need a secure facility. This shows the possibility of having some more humane facility and of keeping them out of jail with hardened criminals." He goes on to talk about juvenile delinquency and about "the common themes" that one finds in so many of the cases, including the cases he has just heard about: "poverty, families that are dysfunctional—which really means that they don't work very well—alcoholism, drug abuse among parents, child abuse." He adds, "That isn't to imply that we lack responsibility for what we do." He goes on to say, "When you talk about remedies in our society, you have to talk about the fundamental problems that we face—poverty, jobs, the question of

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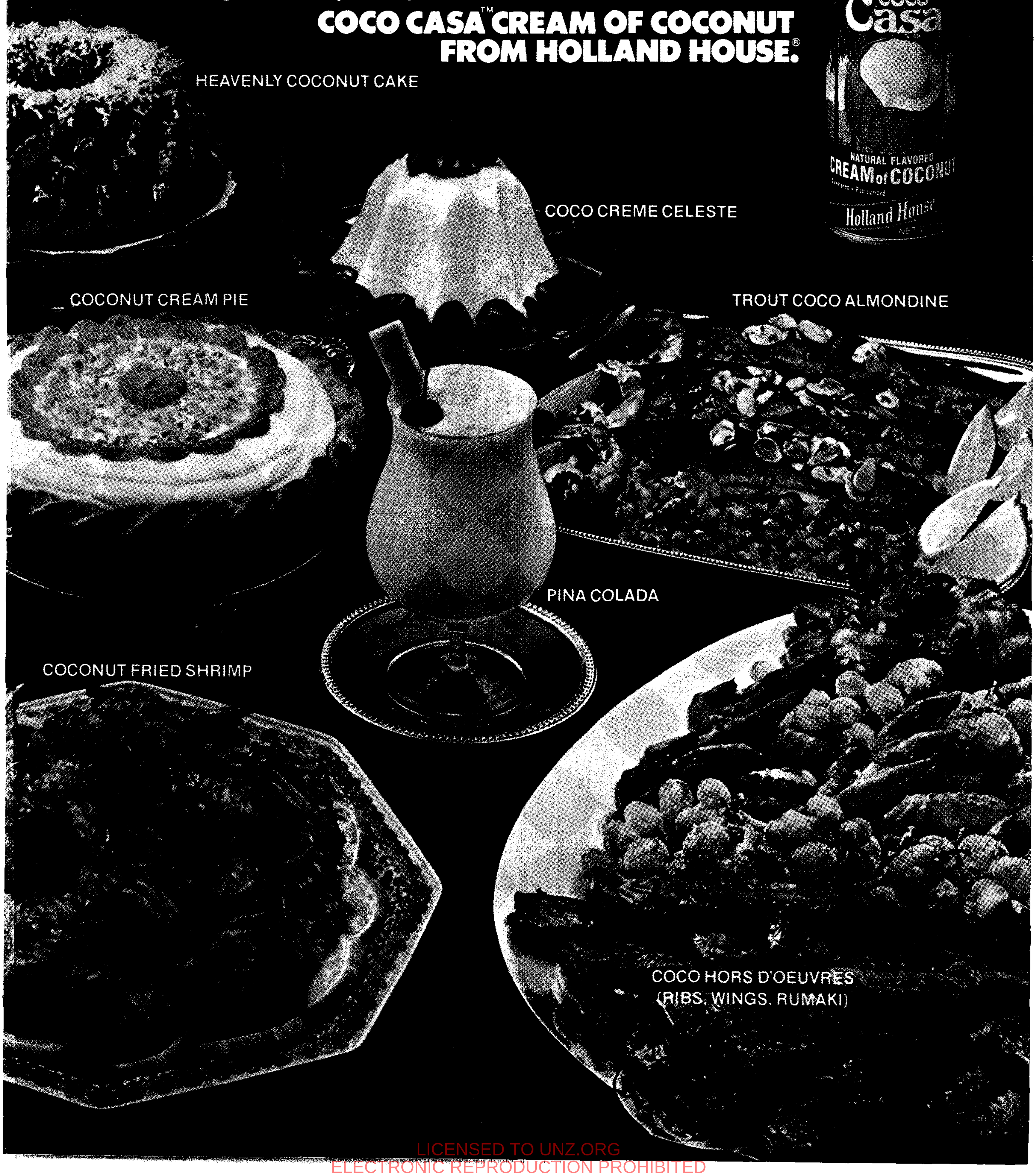
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Brief as its descriptions are, this trilogy says much about man and his gold in this century. He still very much values it above money. It still expresses his deepest emotions. Its unique properties continue to contribute to his advancing technologies.

One cannot think of gold in the same context as other metals for it contains a combination of characteristics that none other has—lustrous beauty, easy workability, rarity, and a virtual indestructibility. None of the other precious metals has all four. In fact, no other substance known to mankind has these four, not even the diamond.

Gold, useful today in hundreds of industrial applications, went with man on his most far-reaching adventure. (Photo courtesy of NASA.)

Gold's lustrous beauty needs no elaboration but perhaps its other characteristics do. Its easy workability is known to experts by such terms as low melting point or fine malleability, but it probably makes the point more memorably to say that one ounce could be stretched into a wire 50 miles long or hammered so thin that it covers 100 square feet.

Its rarity, like its lustrous beauty, is also well understood though not often dramatically defined. On this, one should maybe consider that the world pours more steel in an hour than it has poured gold since the beginning of time.

The fourth characteristic, indestructibility, also is not often reflected upon, but it makes gold truly special among metals. Since it does not rust, corrode, or tarnish, gold virtually lasts forever. The coins turned up from a sunken galleon are as bright and shiny as the day they were cast.

In scientific terms gold is just a useful metal. But because of its unique set of characteristics it has become something that touches man and

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touches him deeply. Somewhere in his psychological complexity it satisfies an inner longing that is both universal and timeless.

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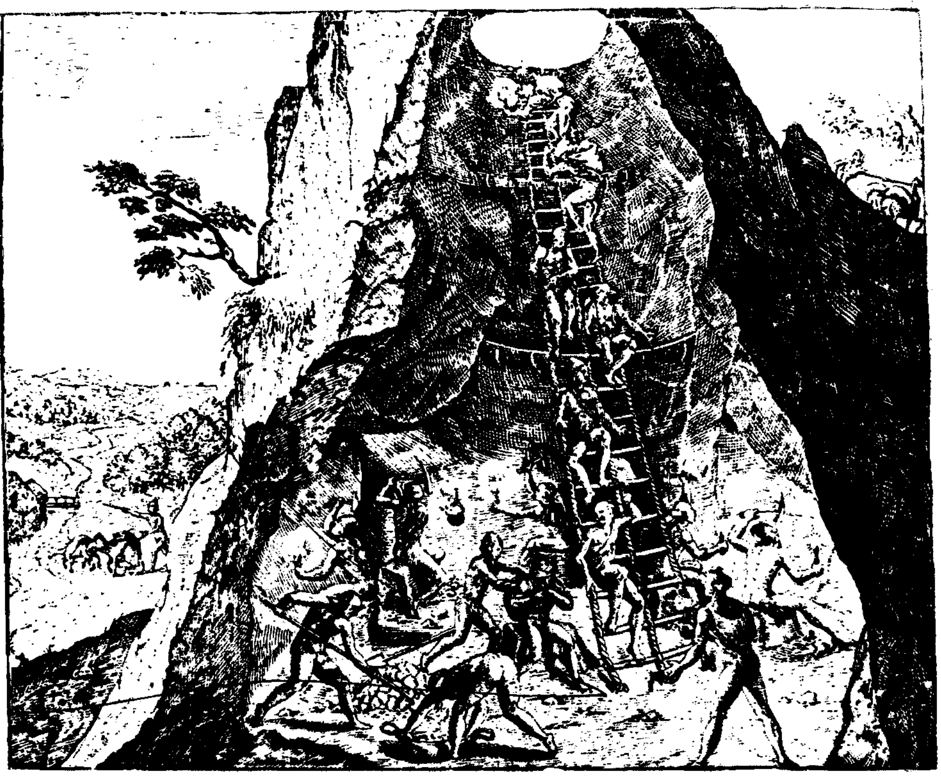

An Old World view of New World mining, from a 16th Century German artist. (Published courtesy of Éditions Robert Laffont, Paris.)

It has also been sought with an awesome resolve that in the end did much to change man's own life as well as history and sometimes the geography of the world. It urged Spanish galleons across a sullen Atlantic and American wagon trains over a rocky Continental Divide. It drew man from his European comfort to a parched Outback of Australia, a trackless Veldt of Southern Africa, and even to a frozen Siberia. Man, seeking gold, often explored new territories, often settled them, and whether he ultimately got his gold or did not, found a new way of life.

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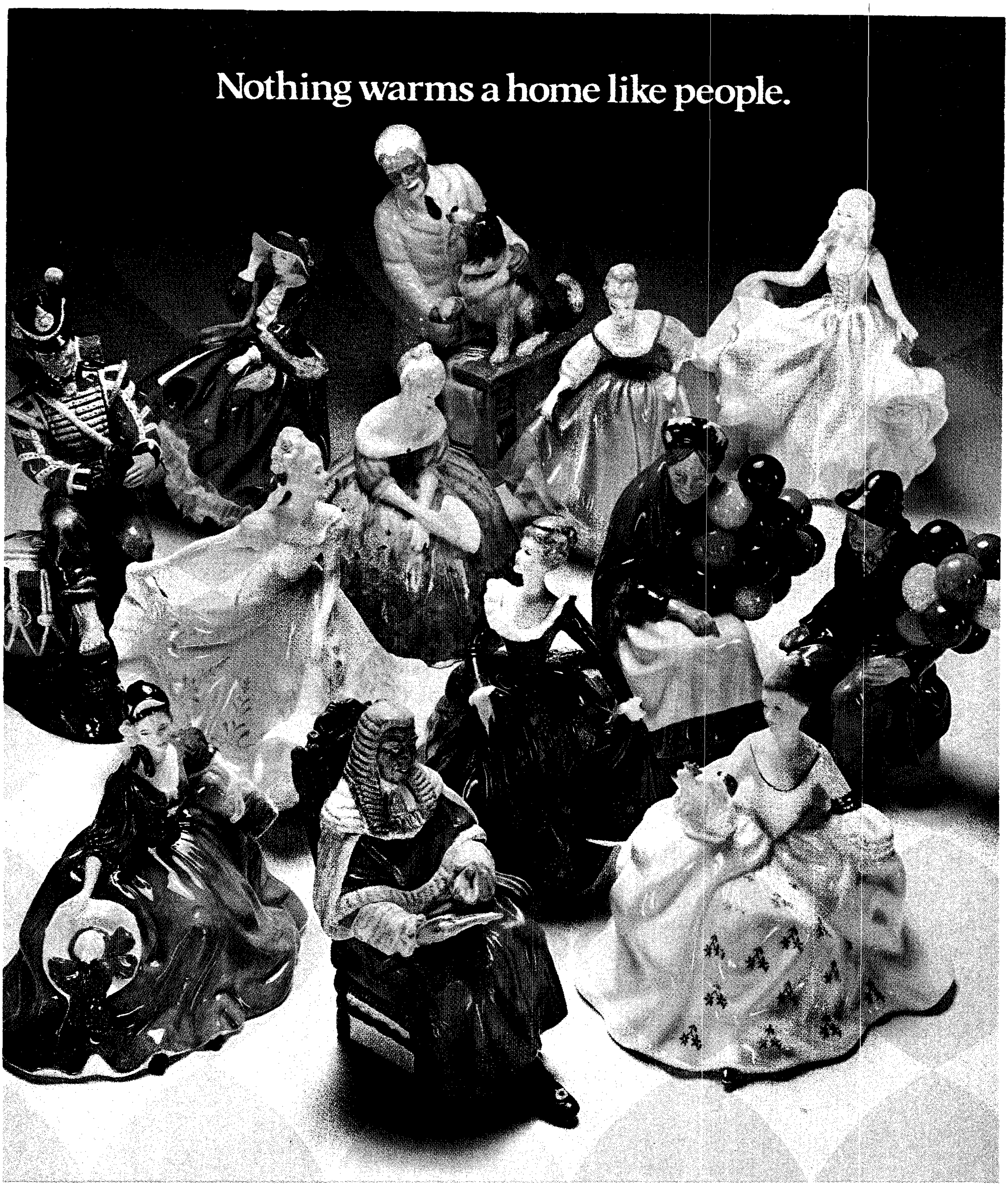
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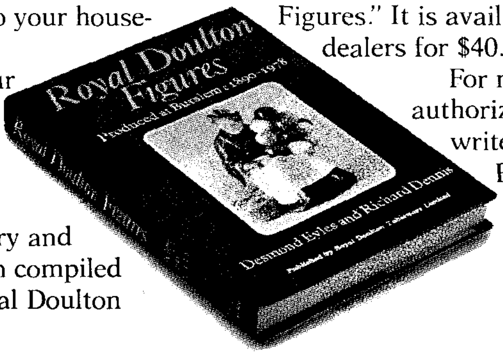
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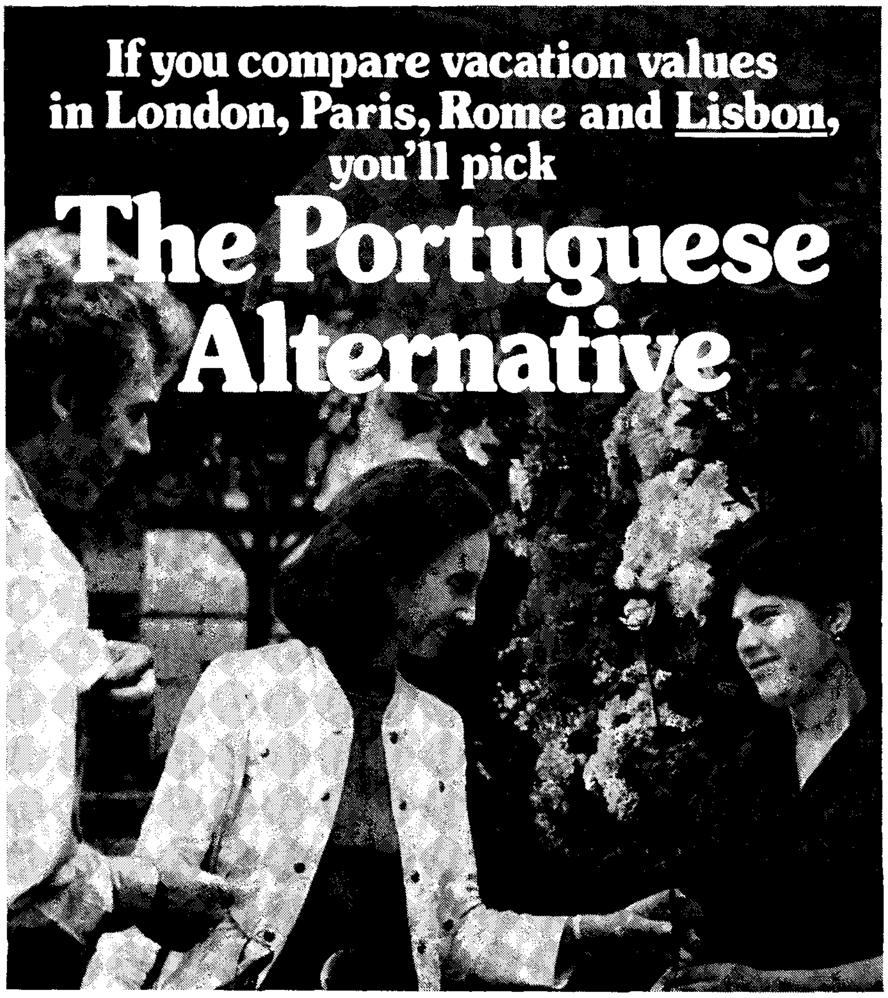
values, the school systems, the curricula that don't relate to aptitudes. We ought to be putting more money into counselling, and watching for this kind of thing." He continues, "These kids out here talked about seeing their mother being beaten. *They* were beaten. This rage and hate has to come out sometime. There isn't a lot of hope without some love and some security, something to live by, role models. Not that they haven't any responsibility for themselves, but there's only so much any of us can do; all of us need help."

As he leaves the center, he asks Miss Gittler to find Francis's lawyer and talk to him. Afterward, he says to me, "One of the things that strike you is the hopelessness of some of these situations." He changes the subject briefly, and then comes back to what he's just seen. He talks about the boys, about "the pain and suffering in their hearts." He says, "Take Francis—he's keeping a stiff upper lip, but he's crying inside. That doesn't mean that there aren't some who are no damn good." He mentions something else, and then, returning once more to the boys he has just spoken to, he says, "You know, self-esteem is the whole goddam thing. If they tell you at home you're not worth a damn, and they tell you at school you're no goddam good—at some point you lash back."

We have to fly to Waterloo, and it is two-forty-five; we're a half hour behind schedule and Culver is unhappy about that. He's also tired; in the car on the way to the airport, his eyes start to close.

In Waterloo, Culver visits an armed-services recruiting station. He has a press release ready that says he is "generally encouraged by the progress of the volunteer force thus far in attracting qualified men and women for military service." (The release drafted by his staff had been more enthusiastic, but Culver had toned it down.) The release also says that he is concerned about some recruiting practices. On the way here, he told me that he supports the volunteer force, and does not think that "continuing a forced draft is compatible with a democratic society." He said he thought the argument that the volunteer service cost too much more than the selective-service system is a false one, because Congress had already decided to substantially increase military pay. He said, "And I don't think the argument that it would be Hessians, but black, has been borne out. The draft ended up disproportionately black anyway—the combat troops in Vietnam were virtually all black." One concern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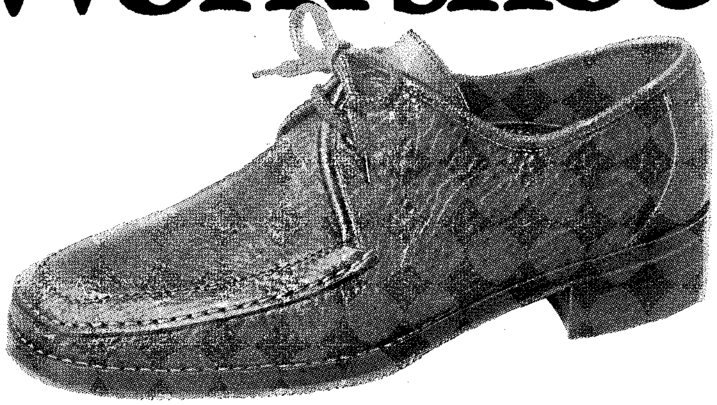
Work shoes.



Our "Executive Work Shoes" are for accountants, attorneys, doctors, businessmen—for anyone who works on his feet. They're as flexible and comfortable as the shoes you wear around the house or yard. Still they're tastefully fashioned to go equally well with your good business suit or blazer-and-slacks. The "Clipper" with true moccasin construction and handsewn vamp is a two eyelet tie in superbly tanned brown or black leather. The cushioned arch makes every step easier. And to add softness to your walk and keep you dry in a sudden shower, we bottomed the leather sole with a wafer-thin layer of latex. Executive Work Shoes by Sioux. They'll soften your hardest days at office. For the name of your nearest dealer write: SIOUX OF AMERICA, P.O. Box 161, Middlesex, NJ 08846. "Dept. C-1"

20 million pairs sold around the world

Sioux
S O A Shoes, Inc.

that Culver has about the volunteer system is that "the advertising is lousy." He says, "It appeals to everything but patriotism. So they mislead people. They promise them a kind of time they won't have." (At the recruiting center, a brochure entitled "Europe" shows some smiling soldiers in a lovely mountain setting, smiling couples in a café, and so on.) On the way to the recruiting station, he studied a fact sheet providing figures on the size of the services, the percentages of whites and nonwhites in them, the number of women, the dropout rates, and other data, and now he gives a television interview, citing many of these figures. That makes three media markets he has covered in one day, talking about a different substantive issue in each of them, demonstrating his practical interest in subjects of real concern—and of his choosing. Actually, there was nothing to keep his interviewers from asking him about the Soviet trials or Andrew Young; they just didn't do it.

Next, Culver talks to a group of representatives of the different armed services and to the regional representative of the company that handles the advertising for the services. He tells them that he is concerned about "people coming in under a false flag—about whether people look at the military as just another job, just another vacation, as opposed to describing it as a duty to one's country," and he adds, "I know it's fashionable to say patriotism is dead. I feel just the opposite. I think we ought to talk about it as a commitment." He also tells the members of the group that he wants them to understand that, as a senator, he gets requests from people who are having problems in the military, or whose relatives are having problems, and that "my role is to respond and refer them to the military." He continues, "But I respect the fact that you have your rules and regulations and standards. The fact that we refer a complaint doesn't necessarily mean we think it's merited, and I'm not reluctant to say that I think the service has responded adequately, that the complaint is not merited." He says, "We're not just coming in and trying to question your decisions. We're just trying to respond to a constituent. And if I don't like your policy, then it's up to me to get a change in the regulations—and if they don't like the new regulations I've got, they can always get rid of me." He asks the representatives of the various services how their recruiting is coming, about specific problems they might have. It's past five now, and

The Honda Automobile Media Imperatives.

TV or not TV isn't the question.
And magazines and only magazines isn't the answer.

As automotive advertising budgets go, Honda's is none too big.

But when it comes to advertising effectiveness, it's second to no one's.

Since American Honda and Needham, Harper & Steers/West began a national advertising program of equal emphasis on television and magazines, Honda has leaped from 43,000 units sold in 1974 to 150,000 units sold in 1976 to 220,000 sold in 1977.

And 1978 looks even better.

According to Honda's Advertising Manager, Ray Romano, the main reason for the 50/50 split between magazines and television is, "... our research shows that the import car buyer is a heavy reader of magazines, but a low viewer of television. Besides, they are discriminating buyers who look to magazines for detailed product information." In other words, Honda has an eye for television and an eye for magazines to get the most mileage among the most customers.

And American Honda is not alone. In the first half of 1977, 70 of the top 100 advertisers increased their magazine advertising investments.

The increases for 31 of these leading companies were at least 50 percent. And the increases for 15 of them were 100 percent or more.

Each of these top advertisers has its own reasons for increasing its use of magazines. And one of them is simple enough. Magazines offer the kinds of readership and salesmanship that can help sell anything from a consumer product to a corporate idea. For American Honda. For anyone.

If your company and your agency wish to re-evaluate the power of television and the strength of magazines, a new research concept can help you determine an effective media balance based on media and market potential.

The concept is the Media Imperatives®. And it can help you draw the line between two kinds of prospects—the Television Imperatives who are big on TV and not so big on magazines and the Magazine Imperatives who are big on magazines and not so big on TV.

For a Telmar computer run based on your prospects and using either Simmons or T.G.I. data, simply write:

Magazine Publishers Association Inc.
575 Lexington Avenue
New York, New York 10022

MPA

Sources: P.I.B., L.N.A. and W. R. Simmons

The Television Imperatives represent 3,091,000 new import car buyers.

The Magazine Imperatives represent 5,455,000 new import car buyers.

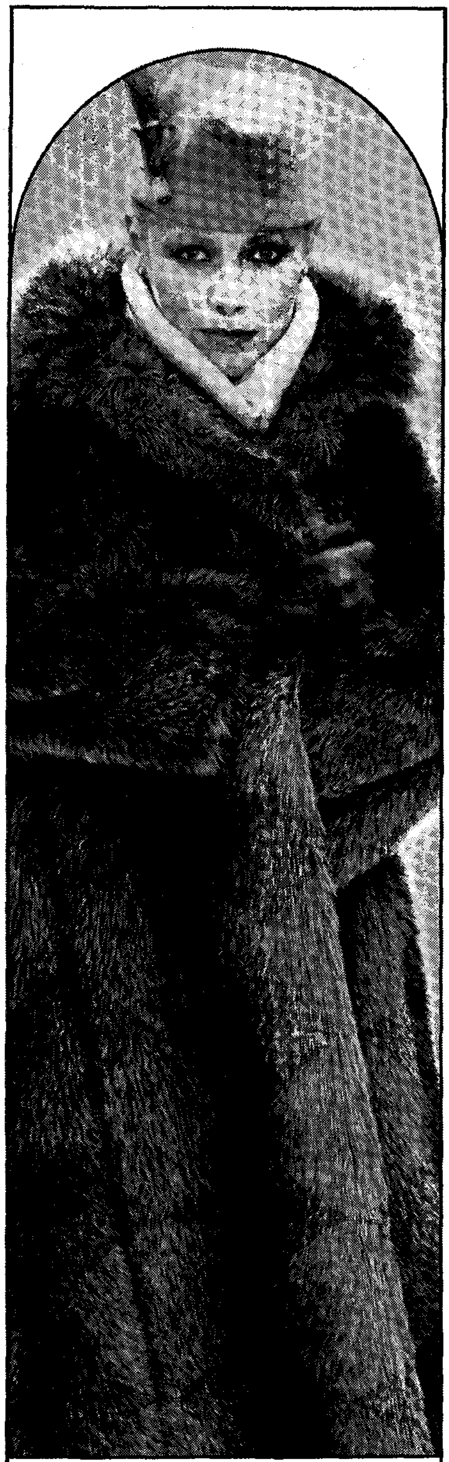


Photo: Nancy De Pra Gloves: Halston

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it's hot, and he's tired, and, as happens on these trips, the group has prepared more presentations for him than his schedule or his stamina can take. This is their big chance. He listens politely for a while, and then thanks everybody for coming out on a Saturday afternoon. "I just wanted to hear what's on your mind. I want to thank you very much for what you're doing," he says. "It's very important. We're not worth much if we can't get people in the service."

CULVER'S wife, Ann, and the Culvers' two younger children, Cathy, who is fourteen, and Chet, who is twelve, meet us at the home of Lynn and Henry Cutler, in Waterloo. The Culvers' other two children—teen-age daughters—are still in Washington. The Culvers are an athletic family. Ann Culver is a warm, soft-spoken, beautiful woman (blond hair and large blue eyes); she was a United States diving champion and also a North American speed-skating champion, and the children are all seriously involved in sports of one kind or another. In Washington, Ann Culver teaches diving classes.

Lynn Cutler is quite active in Iowa Democratic politics, and there are a number of photographs of politicians in her downstairs hallway, including several of Jimmy Carter, who attended a party at the Cutlers' during his quest for votes in the 1976 Iowa precinct caucuses. Henry Cutler, a lawyer, acts in the Waterloo Community Playhouse repertory company, and for years he has asked Culver to see one of his performances. Tonight, he has a starring role in "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum." So now Culver, tired as he is, stands and talks with a large group that the Cutlers have assembled to see him and to have wine and cheese; he answers their questions, listens to their requests. One of the guests, a man who is involved in Democratic politics, tells me that what Culver has been doing this weekend does not come easily to him. (However Culver may have felt about it, he did it with the same intensity that he brings to the rest of his work.) This man says that he disagrees with criticism of Culver for not doing it more often—he does it about once a month—and says he is pleased that Culver is concentrating on the issues in Washington. He says that he likes Culver's "blunt, bluff style." He continues, "He's natural, he's straight. I like the fullness of his personality." As we talk, I can hear Culver, in another room, telling a story and laughing.

After dinner at the Cutlers', we go to the Waterloo Community Playhouse, where, before the curtain goes up, Culver is introduced to the audience, which applauds appreciatively, and later laughs very hard at a joke in the play about corruption in the Roman Senate—harder, Lynn Cutler tells us, than the audiences did on any other evening. After the play, we drive to the Waterloo airport to fly to McGregor. As our plane crosses the Mississippi River—we will land in Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, just across the river from McGregor—Culver points it out to me excitedly. Clearly, he can't wait to get home.

•

SUNDAY, JULY 16TH: This peaceful bluff on which Culver has built his Iowa home is about as far as imaginable from his life in Washington—from the pressures, the noise, the phoniness, the speeches, the people always at him. From the table on the porch, where he and his wife and children and I are having breakfast, one looks out on the Mississippi, about five hundred feet below, and across the Mississippi to Wisconsin. There used to be a tower near this spot, from which, it is said, on a clear day—"and if you had very good eyes," Culver adds—one could see four states: Wisconsin, Minnesota, Illinois, and Iowa. Culver has an American flag flying on a promontory overlooking the river. Toward the other end of the porch is some graceful wicker furniture inherited from Ann Culver's family. It is clear that she loves this refuge, too. "Every summer, I look forward to getting out here earlier," she says. (The Culvers also spend Christmas here when they can.) There are a number of pleasure boats out on the river today, and Culver tells me that ordinarily the river is quieter. Ann Culver tells us that the Delta Queen, a stern-wheeler that travels to St. Paul, Dubuque, Cincinnati, and New Orleans, among other cities, went by yesterday, and Culver is disappointed that I did not see it. The family is planning a houseboating trip on the river later this summer. This northeast corner of Iowa is shaped in rugged hills—in contrast to the rest of the state, which is flat or gently rolling—because the glacier that levelled much of the land passed this area by. Because of its topography, it is called Little Switzerland.

Today, Culver is dressed in khakis, a sports shirt, and sandals, and he is relaxed and happy. But the enthusiast in him—and also the strong streak of the teacher—comes out as he eagerly

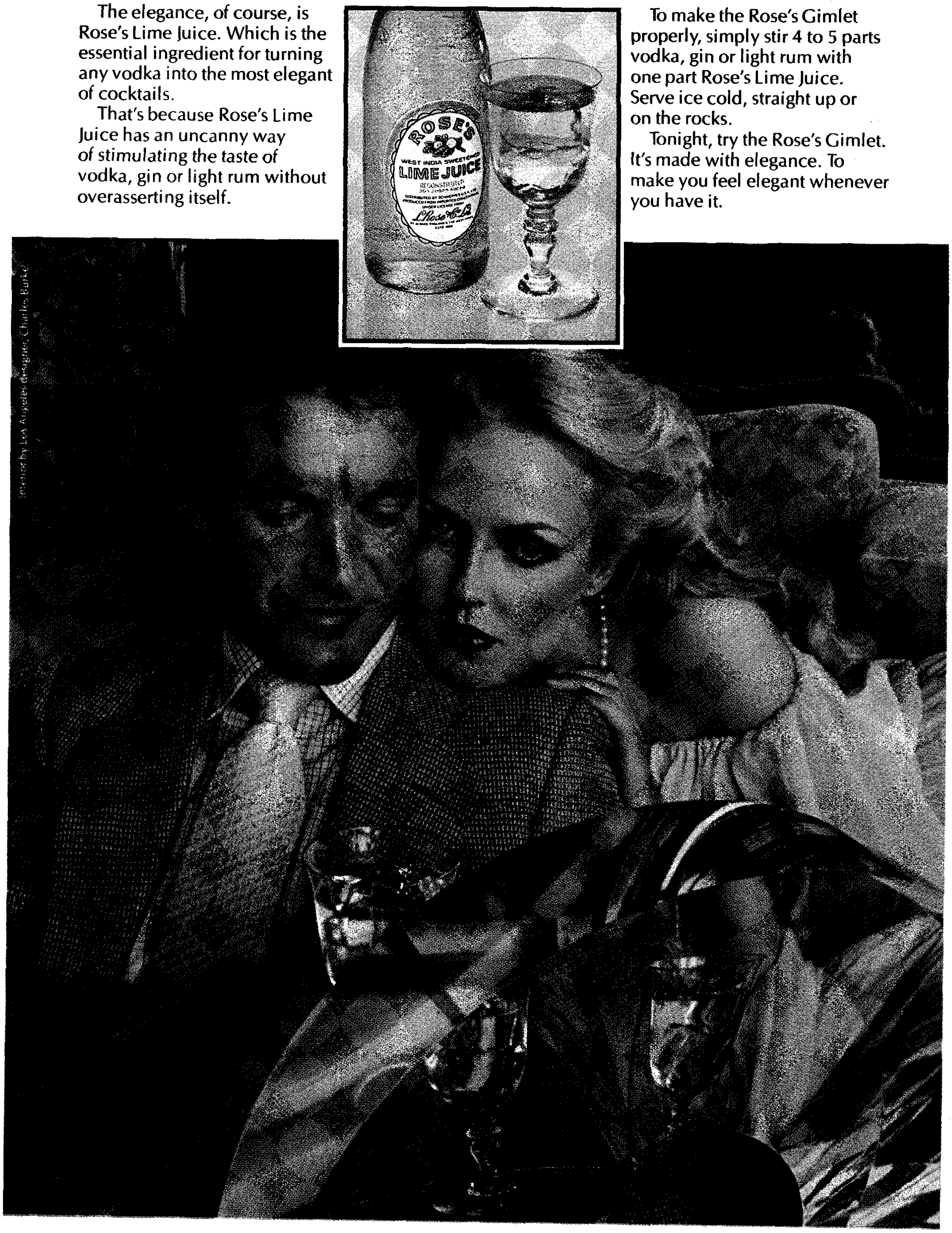
The Rose's Gimlet.
Four parts vodka, one part elegance.

The elegance, of course, is Rose's Lime Juice. Which is the essential ingredient for turning any vodka into the most elegant of cocktails.

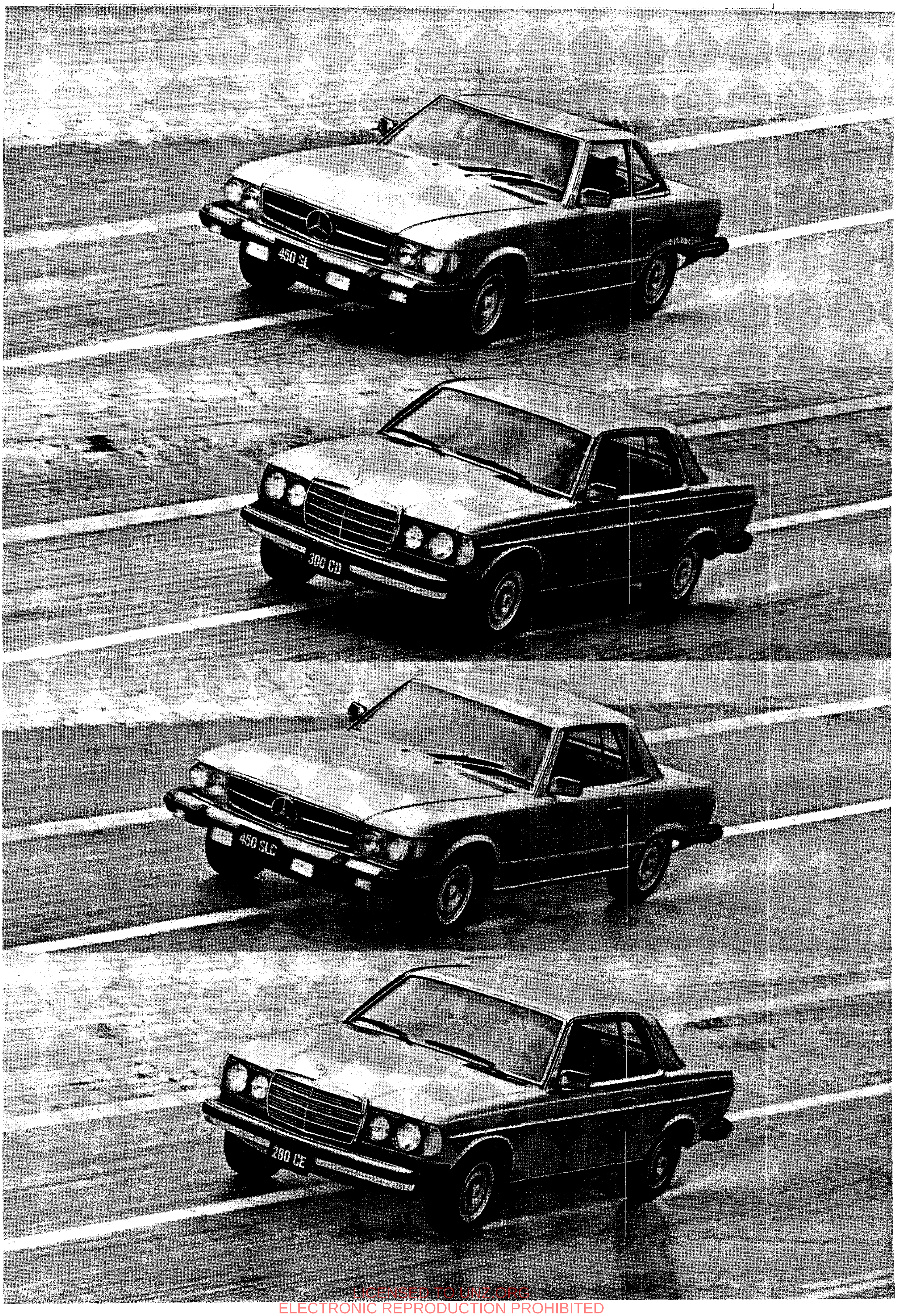
That's because Rose's Lime Juice has an uncanny way of stimulating the taste of vodka, gin or light rum without overasserting itself.

To make the Rose's Gimlet properly, simply stir 4 to 5 parts vodka, gin or light rum with one part Rose's Lime Juice. Serve ice cold, straight up or on the rocks.

Tonight, try the Rose's Gimlet. It's made with elegance. To make you feel elegant whenever you have it.



Interior by Los Angeles designer, Charles Burke


450 SL
300 CD
450 SLC
280 CE

The Coupes

The most thinly disguised performance automobiles Mercedes-Benz builds

Do not be misled by hand-rubbed walnut and carpets of soft velour. Its emphasis on living well is only the most obvious benefit of a Coupe from Mercedes-Benz.

Two-plus-two Diesel or V-8 two-seater, the truly enduring benefit of any Mercedes-Benz Coupe is the naked exhilaration you feel in driving it down the road.

This heady sensation can be traced to romantic tradition and to cold engineering fact.

From SSK to 280 CE

And a romantic tradition it is. Blood ties half a century long link today's Coupes to the SSK's, 540 K's and 300 SL "gullwing" Coupes of eras past - exotic machines minted in tiny numbers and almost by hand, passing on to private customers the technical dividends of more than 4,000 Mercedes-Benz competition victories and five world racing crowns.

The engineers always saved something extra for these sports cars - sometimes brutish, sometimes silky, never bland. And today, 50 years later, they still do.

(Many owners honor the tradition in their own colorful way; they order their Coupes in *silver* - the color worn by Mercedes-Benz racing cars, the famed "Silver Arrows," in their years of greatest glory.)

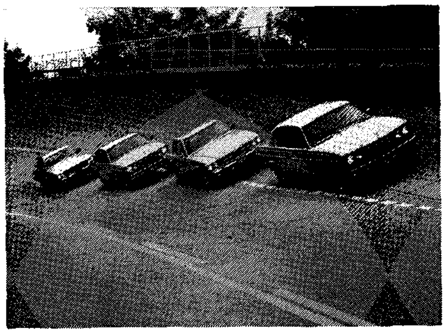
Snobbery or purism?

Like those historic forerunners, today's Mercedes-Benz Coupes are jealously isolated from the common run of passenger sedans on the drafting boards.

This is not snobbery but purism. The engineers insist that a bona fide Coupe's function so differs from a sedan's that special design considerations must be made to assure the faithful translation of the concept.

Thus, none of the four Mercedes-Benz Coupes sold today borrows its chassis from an existing sedan - as might be easier and cheaper. Beneath the family resemblance, each is designed as a Coupe from the chassis up.

Each is then *built* as a Coupe from the ground up.



Mille Miglia comes to Main St.

A Coupe swirls through the S-bends on a 4-wheel fully independent suspension system first devised for the racetrack - shod with fat steel-belted radial tires.

Anti-sway bars at the front *and* rear help anchor the body down, to reduce disturbing "lean" as you take tight corners.

These Coupe underpinnings seem to smack more of the Mille Miglia than of Main Street. (One Coupe feature not even the Mercedes-Benz Mille Miglia winners ever had: four-wheel, 11-inch-diameter disc brakes.)

Hard driving, easy work

Unlike some of their thundering forebears, today's Coupes tax no muscles and jar no bones. Gear shifting is automatic; steering and brakes are power-assisted.

A special chamber in each shock absorber is injected with a burst of *nitrogen* gas to act as an extra buffer against road irregularities. To help keep road jolts from traveling up to the steering column and into your hands on the wheel, a *fifth* shock absorber is fitted into the steering system itself.

Exhilarated, not exhausted

Your exhilaration shouldn't be dampened by physical discomfort. So each Coupe is air-conditioned. Electric window lifts conserve your energy while an AM/FM stereo radio soothes your ears.

Every inch of window glass is tinted against glare, every inch of floor is velour-carpeted, every inch of rich-looking walnut veneer trim is real walnut veneer.

And only Mercedes-Benz upholsterers are permitted to fashion the big, solid, sumptuous driver's seats for the Coupes from Mercedes-Benz.

Four Coupes to choose from

Mercedes-Benz executes the classic Coupe idea in four forms, creating a choice of body styles, seating configurations and engine types matched by no other marque.

The two-plus-two **280 CE Coupe,** introduced in December 1977, utilizes a fuel-injected 6-cylinder, twin overhead camshaft engine to propel a taut machine that incorporates the latest Mercedes-Benz technical dividends.

The four-place **450 SLC Coupe** delivers polished V-8 performance while carrying four people in comfort akin to a sedan. The 450 SLC is part sports car, part limousine, part "personal" car - a prodigious feat of engineering. It is built in severely limited numbers, even by Coupe standards.

The two-seater **450 SL** with its interchangeable soft and hard tops is part Coupe, part convertible and part open roadster, depending on the driver's whim. A lusty 4.5-liter V-8 provides performance worthy of its sporting character.

The two-plus-two **300 CD Coupe** is a boldly engineered Coupe for our times: a 5-cylinder, 3-liter *Diesel*-powered Coupe. The 300 CD lets you have your cake and eat it too - all the elegance of a limited-production two-door machine, all the operating efficiency of a Diesel.

Engineered like no other car in the world

People give many reasons for choosing a Mercedes-Benz. But the company's aim in designing and constructing them is doggedly single-minded. It is to build safe, comfortable, practical cars with as few imperfections as possible.

This philosophy puts engineering ahead of petty economies and precludes the hurried mass production of inexpensive cars. The emphasis as always is on the pursuit of engineering excellence.

Mercedes-Benz: engineered like no other car in the world.

Alloy wheels shown on 280CE and 300CD available at added cost.

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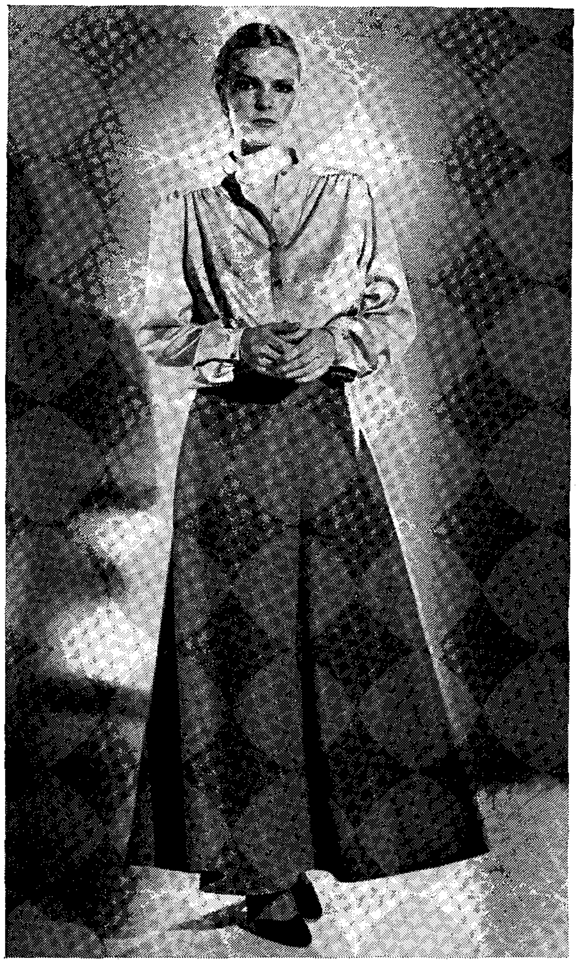
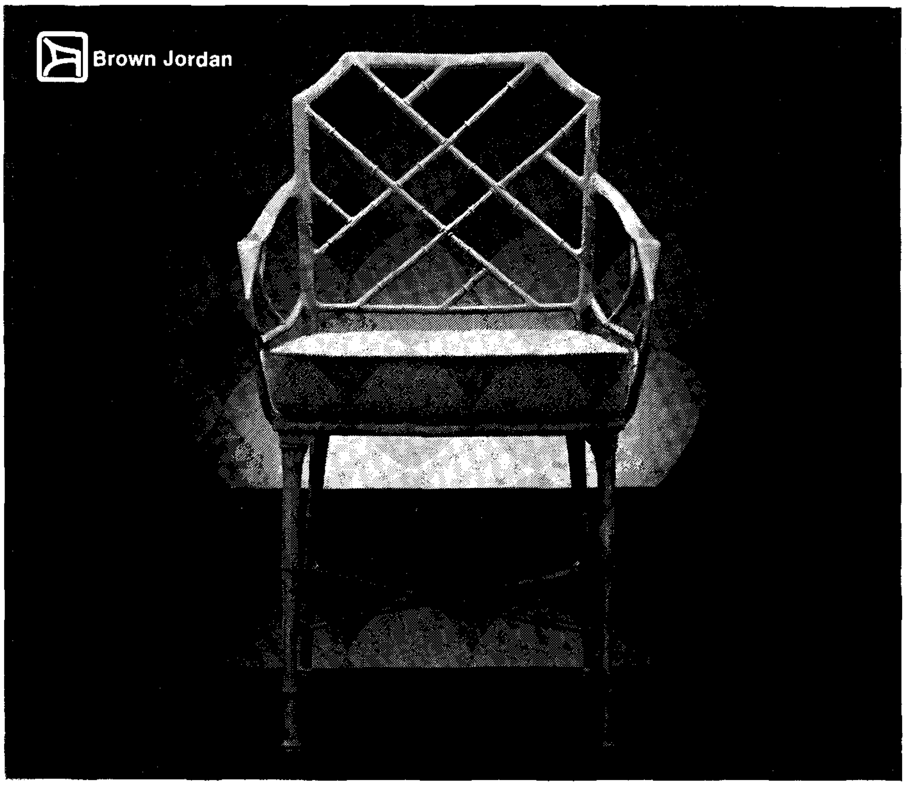


Soft, subtle classics like these take you from cocktails and laughter...to dinner and after...with elegant ease! The sensuous satin blouse, all flow, with a rounded bottom, in silver grey or white polyester charmeuse; $42. The sweep of our lavish wool flannel slim-hipped skirt, in oxford grey or black; $65. Both by Adelaar, for sizes 6 to 16. Blouse Boutique.

Saks Fifth Avenue

611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores. Add 1.25 for handling mail and phone orders beyond our regular delivery areas.



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Admittedly expensive. And worth it.

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tells me about his home and about the history of the area. "You've got to turn me off once I get going on this," he says. The Culvers bought the Heights Hotel, a small, rundown structure, in 1969, and since then they have thoroughly reconditioned it as a residence. "I was invited up here to speak to some First World War veterans the first time I ran for Congress," Culver tells me. "I spoke right from this porch. All the time, I was looking out from this porch at the river, and they were asleep, so we were all thinking of something else. I kept coming back up here to sit here and look. I thought it was the most peaceful place I'd ever seen."

Culver tells of how the explorers Père Jacques Marquette and Louis Joliet reached the upper Mississippi in June of 1673, how "they'd heard about this great river and thought it was the route to China." He tells stories of Marquette and Joliet and the Indians; he has read extensively on the history of exploration, and on a wall he has a replica of a letter written by Joliet. He tells me about the fighting among the French and the British and the Americans over the fur trade in the area; about how the first white settlement was established here at the same time that William Penn founded Philadelphia; about how John Jacob Astor had a fur-trading outpost here. "Very few people appreciate the penetration of early American history into the upper Mississippi," Culver says. Also on the walls of the house are pictures of old buildings in McGregor. Culver has been one of the leaders in the restoration of the town, which was an important river port in the middle and late nineteenth century and now has a population of about a thousand. And there are pictures of steamboats on the river ("Can you imagine the glory days around here?"); wallboards from an old Iowa City club signed by, among others, Grant Wood, Nicholas Roosevelt, Stephen Vincent Benét, Thomas Hart Benton, and MacKinlay Kantor; antiques he has collected ("Isn't this a great old butcher block?"); and a collection of brass objects from his travels around the world. Culver pulls out of a cabinet some old pamphlets telling the history of the area and reads to me from them, and shows me, in the upstairs hallway, a framed replica of a letter written to him by one of the original hotel's early owners. The letter says, among other things, that Grant Wood spent his honeymoon here. Culver had an artist reproduce the letter, which he has framed

A CENTER FOR ALL OF US.

The Kennedy Center is for all of us. It enriches our cultural experience by bringing us the finest artists from America and abroad.

In just six years since it opened, millions of people from every corner of the globe have enjoyed its concerts, plays, recitals and exhibitions. It has become one of the world's most active arts institutions.

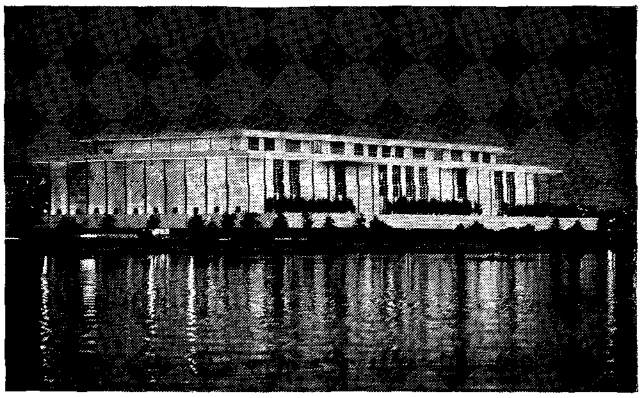
But The Kennedy Center does more than provide the best in performing arts. It is committed to education programs and fostering new works, new talents and new audiences for America. It also makes many notable programs available to people who otherwise could not afford them. And it offers young artists the opportunity to learn and perform at a major arts center.

The Kennedy Center was established by an act of Congress that called for public service programs. The act, however, did not provide funding for this purpose. Ticket sales and donations can only supply part of the money the Center needs to continue its work. That is the reason for The Encore Fund.

The Encore Fund is an alliance of business executives who work to raise money to help The Kennedy Center. Funds raised are used to encourage new theatrical and musical talent, as well as to provide free and reduced price presentations.

The Encore Fund provides your company with an opportunity to participate in the cultural activities The Kennedy Center offers the nation. The Center is a qualified public charity under Section 501(c)3 of the Internal Revenue Act and therefore, all gifts are tax-deductible.

If you haven't been contacted by one of the business leaders from The Encore Fund's Board of Governors, write: Mr. Frank T. Cary, Chairman, The Encore Fund, John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, Washington, D.C. 20566.



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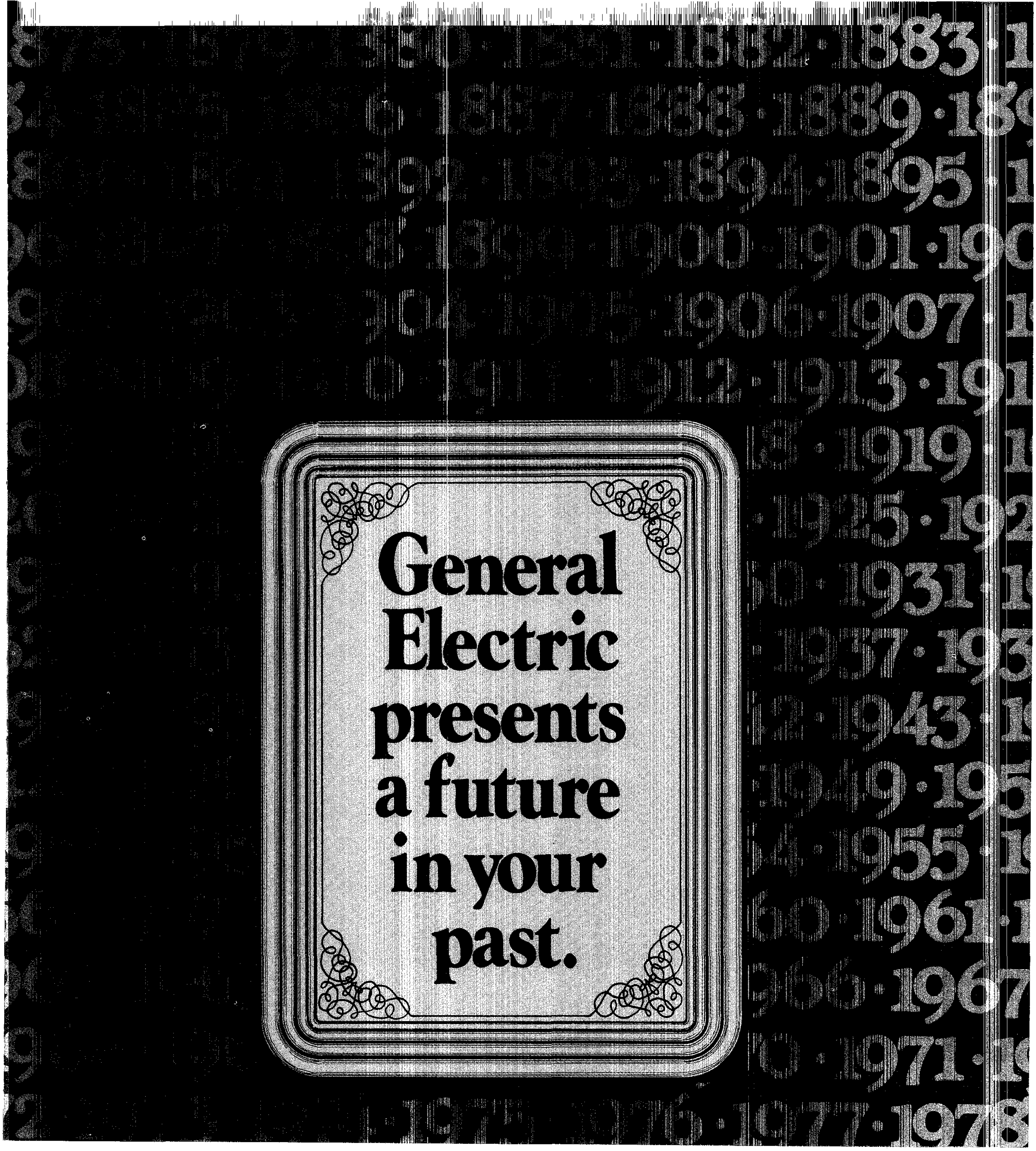
along with a reproduction of one of Grant Wood's drawings. Hanging over this is a reproduction of Wood's "American Gothic," and along the same wall are a number of other Wood reproductions. Culver shows me the hand-chiselled mantel over the fireplace and some old pieces of furniture that the Culvers have fixed up. The house itself is beige with white trim and has two and a half stories. The second story is reached by a steel circular staircase that leads up from the living room; the old hotel had only an outdoor staircase. He shows me terrace work that he did around the house, three stones from his great-grandfather's childhood home in Carlisle, Pennsylvania, which he brought out here and put in the wall of the house, crab-apple trees that he planted, even awnings that he carefully selected. "What I love about this place are the history, the physical beauty, the interest and activity of it—the river is alive; it's not like looking at a lake—and the variety of the seasons," he says. "I wish you could see it in the fall. I've seen a good bit of the world. I think if someone told me I had a week to live I'd come right here."

Then Culver takes me around to see some of the sights of the area: Pikes Peak State Park, named after Zebulon Pike, who in the early eighteen-hundreds, as a young Army officer, was sent up the Mississippi to survey for suitable military posts and found this place before he travelled west to Colorado. The park overlooks the site where Marquette and Joliet came down the Wisconsin River and entered the Mississippi. At the park, Culver points out a lovely stone house that is a refreshment-and-souvenir stand, and tells me it was built during the W.P.A. era. "Why the hell can't we keep doing things like that?" he says. "Why can't we organize ourselves to do that?" On the way to the park, we drove along what is called the Great River Road, a federal scenic highway. Culver pushed for the scenic-highway designation in the House and in the Senate, so that, he says, "there could be a scenic, uncluttered road overlooking the river, with no hot-dog stands, and with outlooks and places for picnics." He shows me the downtown area of McGregor: antique shops, a winery, restored buildings, including one he restored—of which he has a painting hanging over the mantel in his Washington office. It has an ornate black-gold-and-white Victorian metal façade (it was a dull green when Culver bought the building); the courtyard is laid with paving bricks in a herringbone pattern, copied from the brick walk of a Victorian mansion in Prairie du Chien, and is enclosed by a wrought-iron fence that Culver had reproduced from a photograph of a fence he had seen in Wisconsin. He takes me through the building—it is as yet unfinished inside—showing me doors he bought in Mexico, talking of the various ideas he has for finishing it and for how it might be used. He speaks with regret about the fact that there won't be time to show me the town's museum or the Victorian mansion across the river in Prairie du Chien or some Indian burial mounds.

In the afternoon, the Culver family and their dog and I go out on the Mississippi in a pontoon boat. Ann Culver has prepared some quiches. The river is high from the rains—too high for a planned picnic on a sandbar. Sheer cliffs rise on either side. From time to time, a barge carrying goods someplace down the river comes along, having just passed through a lock-and-dam system built by the Corps of Engineers. (Culver voted this year to charge the waterway users a fee, though there was heavy pressure against such a move by significant economic interests in his state. In the boat this afternoon, he says, "You know, we subsidize the railroads, we subsidize the airlines, we subsidize the truckers, we subsidize the shippers. How do we know what works and who needs what?") Sometimes he pilots the boat—holding a cigar in his mouth and wearing a dark-blue cap he brought back from China—and sometimes he relaxes while his son, Chet, pilots it; sometimes he chats, and sometimes he is silent, looking at the scenery. He points out special sights—the beauty of a bridge, the colors on a hillside. He talks about his McGregor house: "It's the greatest thing I ever did—for the kids, the family, and for me. For me, there's the relaxation, the interest, and"—he pauses—"the sanity. You know, I can get away here and get all absorbed in thinking about what kinds of awnings to put up, in having someone come over and discuss the terracing."

IT'S clearly a wrench for Culver to leave McGregor this evening, but he must fly from Prairie du Chien to Dubuque and from there to Chicago in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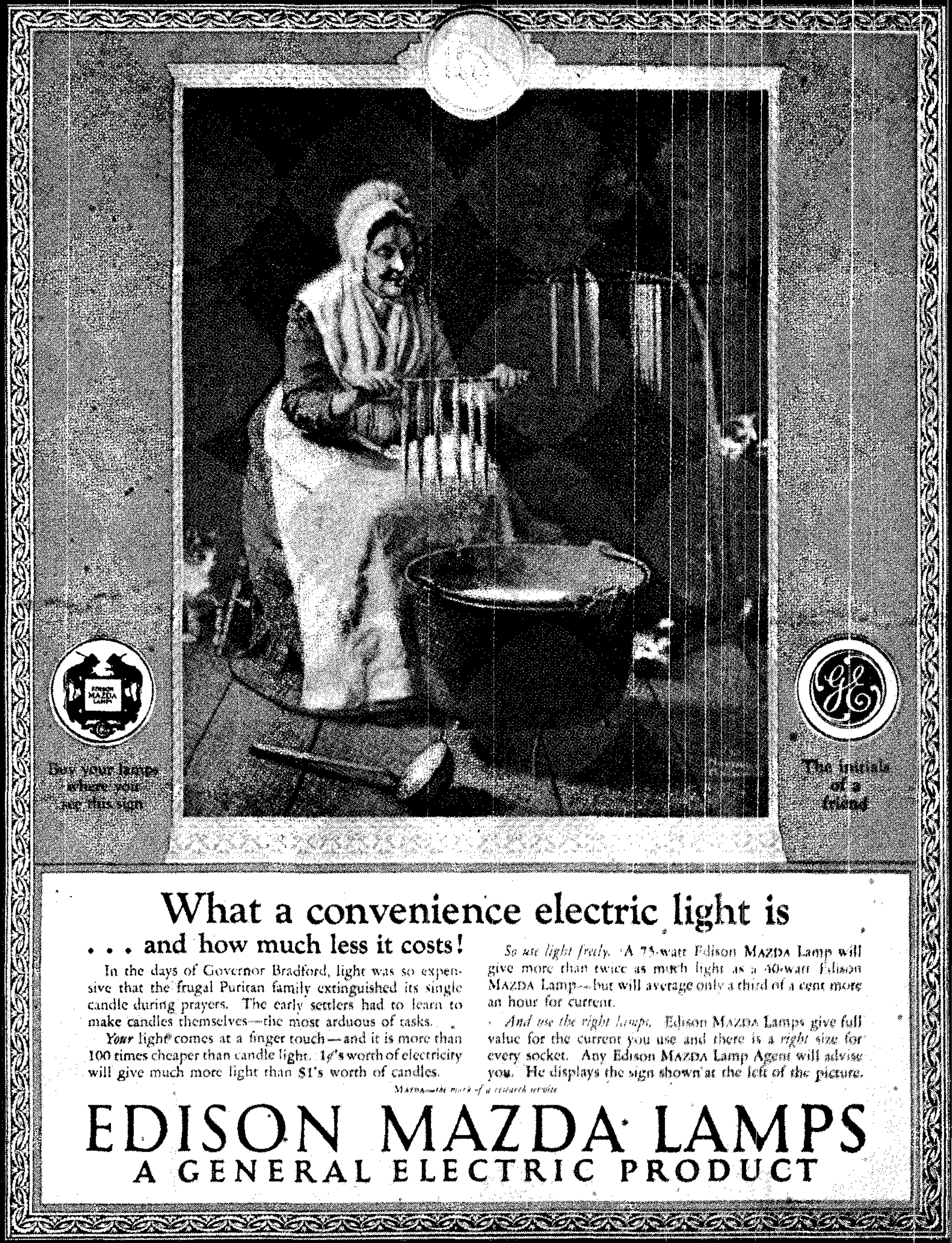
GE's roots reach back to this company, founded on October 15, 1878.

This ad appeared in September, 1925.



Buy your lamps where you see this sign

The initials of a friend

What a convenience electric light is

. . . and how much less it costs!

In the days of Governor Bradford, light was so expensive that the frugal Puritan family extinguished its single candle during prayers. The early settlers had to learn to make candles themselves—the most arduous of tasks.

Your light comes at a finger touch—and it is more than 100 times cheaper than candle light. 1¢'s worth of electricity will give much more light than $1's worth of candles.

So use light freely. A 75-watt Edison MAZDA Lamp will give more than twice as much light as a 40-watt Edison MAZDA Lamp—but will average only a third of a cent more an hour for current.

And use the right lamps. Edison MAZDA Lamps give full value for the current you use and there is a *right size* for every socket. Any Edison MAZDA Lamp Agent will advise you. He displays the sign shown at the left of the picture.

MAZDA—the mark of a research service

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS
A GENERAL ELECTRIC PRODUCT

Lighting led the way.

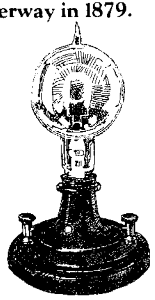
It was 100 years ago when Thomas Edison founded the Edison Electric Light Company . . . the company that became General Electric. The following year Edison invented the first practical light bulb.

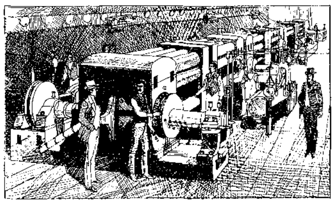
Yet more than 40 years later, this ad was still trying to convince people of the convenience of lighting.

People don't need any convincing these days. Today, GE makes thousands of types of lights and comes up with a new idea in lighting every working day. In effect, GE never stops inventing the light bulb.

And GE is making progress by finding ways to provide more light and better light—at less cost and using less electricity.

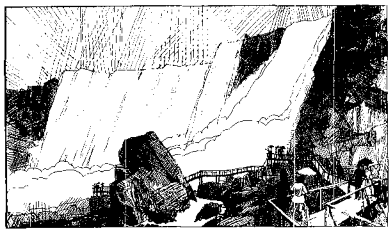
The first practical light bulb helped the Age of Electricity get underway in 1879.

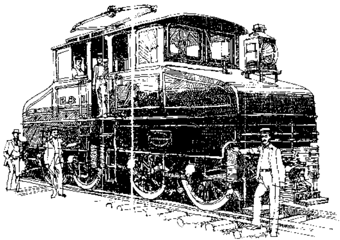




America's first central power station built by Thomas Edison on Pearl Street, in New York, 1882.

1894. Charles Steinmetz and other GE engineers helped make a success of America's first major a-c electric transmission project at Niagara Falls.





General Electric delivered locomotives for the first major conversion of a steam railway to electricity—1895.

This ad appeared in April, 1927.

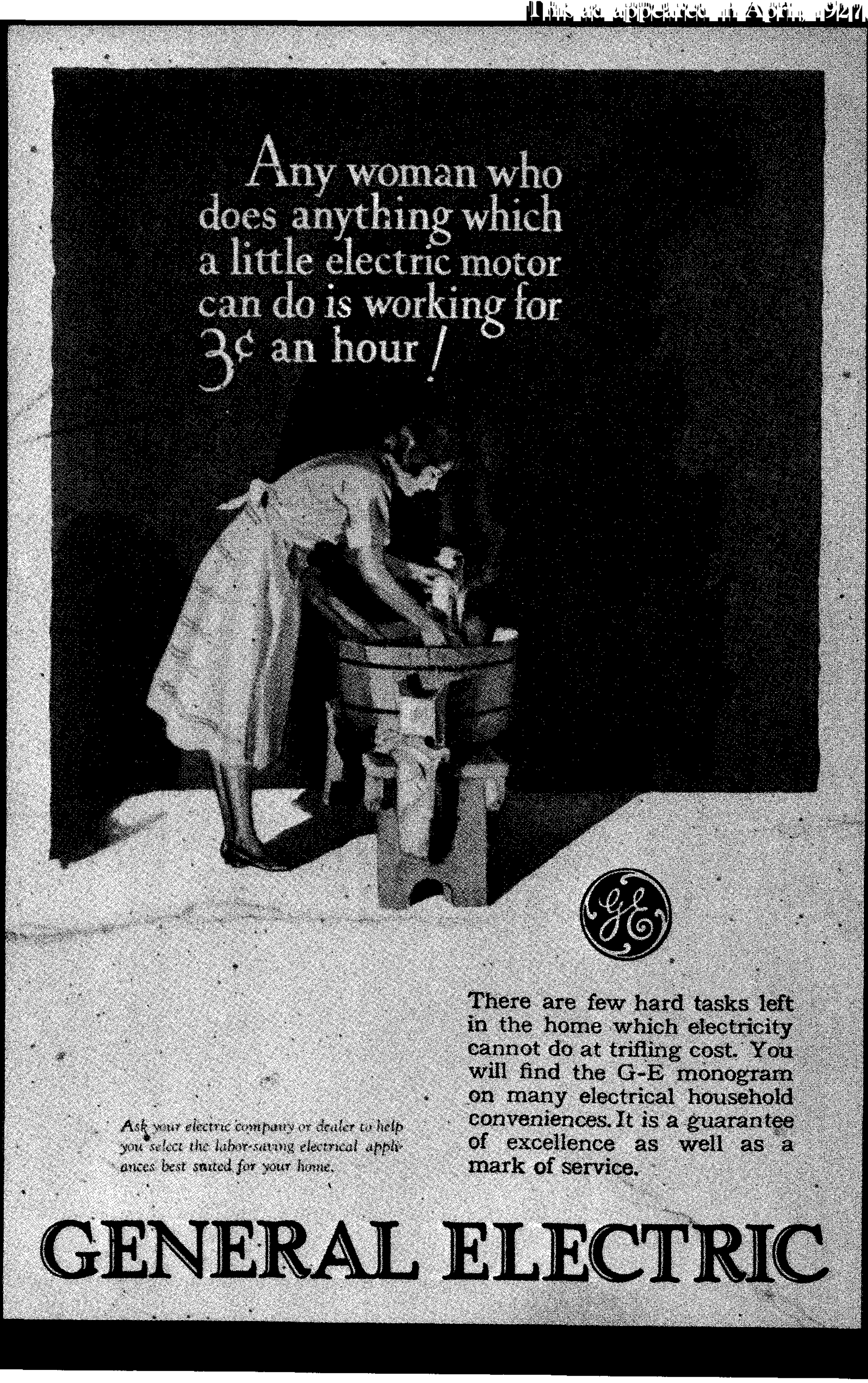
A brand-new way to do homework.

There was a reason for that timeworn phrase "A woman's work is never done." It never was. Fifty years ago, her days were filled with hard, heavy, ceaseless labor. Because back then, just about every household chore was done by hand.

This ad talked about liberation. Talked about how electricity could take over housework at a modest cost.

Today, electricity works even harder in the home. Because each American home has so many more electrical appliances. And the average U.S. cost of electricity to run those appliances is still modest—only 3.6 cents per kilowatt hour.

Today, and in the future, you will find the GE monogram on the appliances that lighten your work load.

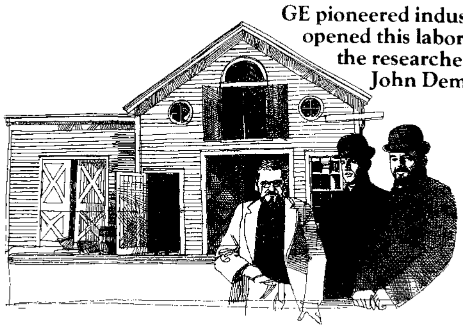


Any woman who does anything which a little electric motor can do is working for 3¢ an hour!

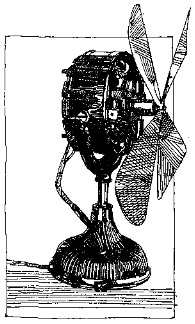
There are few hard tasks left in the home which electricity cannot do at trifling cost. You will find the G-E monogram on many electrical household conveniences. It is a guarantee of excellence as well as a mark of service.

Ask your electric company or dealer to help you select the labor-saving electrical appliances best suited for your home.

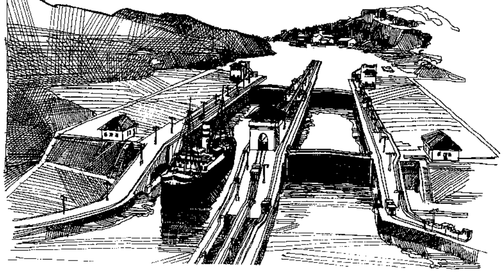
GENERAL ELECTRIC



GE pioneered industrial research when it opened this laboratory in 1900. Among the researchers: Charles Steinmetz, John Dempster, Willis Whitney.

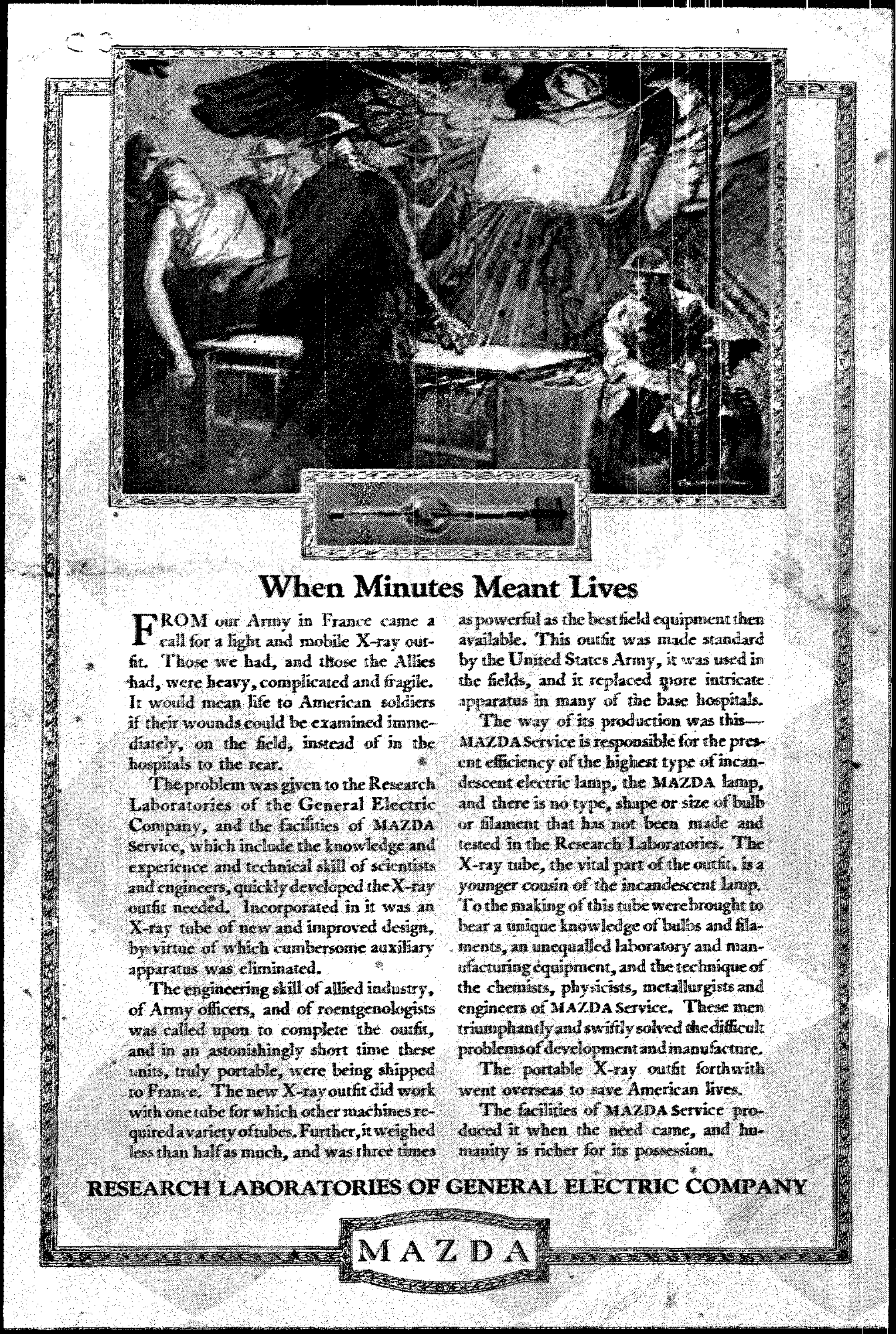


Patents for electric fans were awarded to a GE engineer in 1902. First ones were actually built a few years earlier.



Opening of the Panama Canal in 1914. 1000 electric motors, lock controls and locomotives were all GE.

This ad appeared in January, 1918.



When Minutes Meant Lives

FROM our Army in France came a call for a light and mobile X-ray outfit. Those we had, and those the Allies had, were heavy, complicated and fragile. It would mean life to American soldiers if their wounds could be examined immediately, on the field, instead of in the hospitals to the rear.

The problem was given to the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company, and the facilities of MAZDA Service, which include the knowledge and experience and technical skill of scientists and engineers, quickly developed the X-ray outfit needed. Incorporated in it was an X-ray tube of new and improved design, by virtue of which cumbersome auxiliary apparatus was eliminated.

The engineering skill of allied industry, of Army officers, and of roentgenologists was called upon to complete the outfit, and in an astonishingly short time these units, truly portable, were being shipped to France. The new X-ray outfit did work with one tube for which other machines required a variety of tubes. Further, it weighed less than half as much, and was three times as powerful as the best field equipment then available. This outfit was made standard by the United States Army, it was used in the fields, and it replaced more intricate apparatus in many of the base hospitals.

The way of its production was this—MAZDA Service is responsible for the present efficiency of the highest type of incandescent electric lamp, the MAZDA lamp, and there is no type, shape or size of bulb or filament that has not been made and tested in the Research Laboratories. The X-ray tube, the vital part of the outfit, is a younger cousin of the incandescent lamp. To the making of this tube were brought to bear a unique knowledge of bulbs and filaments, an unequalled laboratory and manufacturing equipment, and the technique of the chemists, physicists, metallurgists and engineers of MAZDA Service. These men triumphantly and swiftly solved the difficult problems of development and manufacture.

The portable X-ray outfit forthwith went overseas to save American lives.

The facilities of MAZDA Service produced it when the need came, and humanity is richer for its possession.

RESEARCH LABORATORIES OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

MAZDA

A new look for doctors.

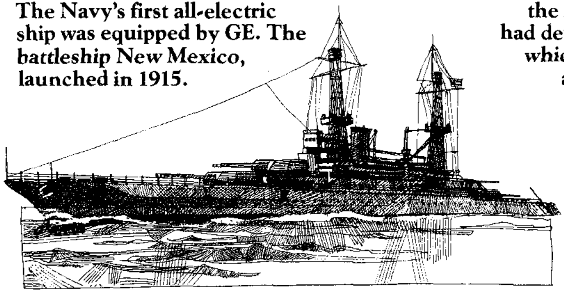
It's about 80 years since Roentgen discovered the "unknown ray," the x-ray. But for many years its use was limited because early x-ray tubes were very unpredictable.

Then Dr. W. Coolidge of the GE Research Lab came up with something that became the basis for all modern x-ray—the "hot cathode" tube. The ad at left talks about one important result of his discovery.

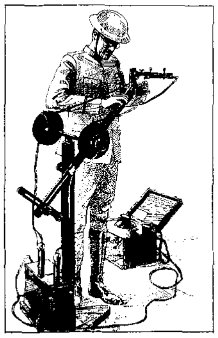
GE is still coming up with new technology. They recently built a total body scanner—a computerized unit that takes tens of thousands of x-ray readings in seconds. So doctors can see what they could never see before without surgery.

X-ray is only one area where GE ideas and medical equipment help doctors diagnose the ills of people.

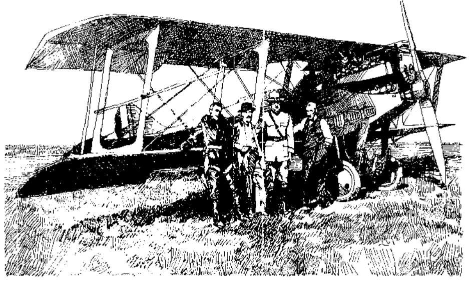
The Navy's first all-electric ship was equipped by GE. The battleship *New Mexico*, launched in 1915.



Dr. W. Coolidge built this portable x-ray for the Army. In 1913 he had developed the tube which is the basis for all modern x-ray.



In 1921, a GE supercharger pushed a biplane up to 34,509 feet, a world record. This was one of many GE aviation "firsts."



This ad appeared in September, 1925

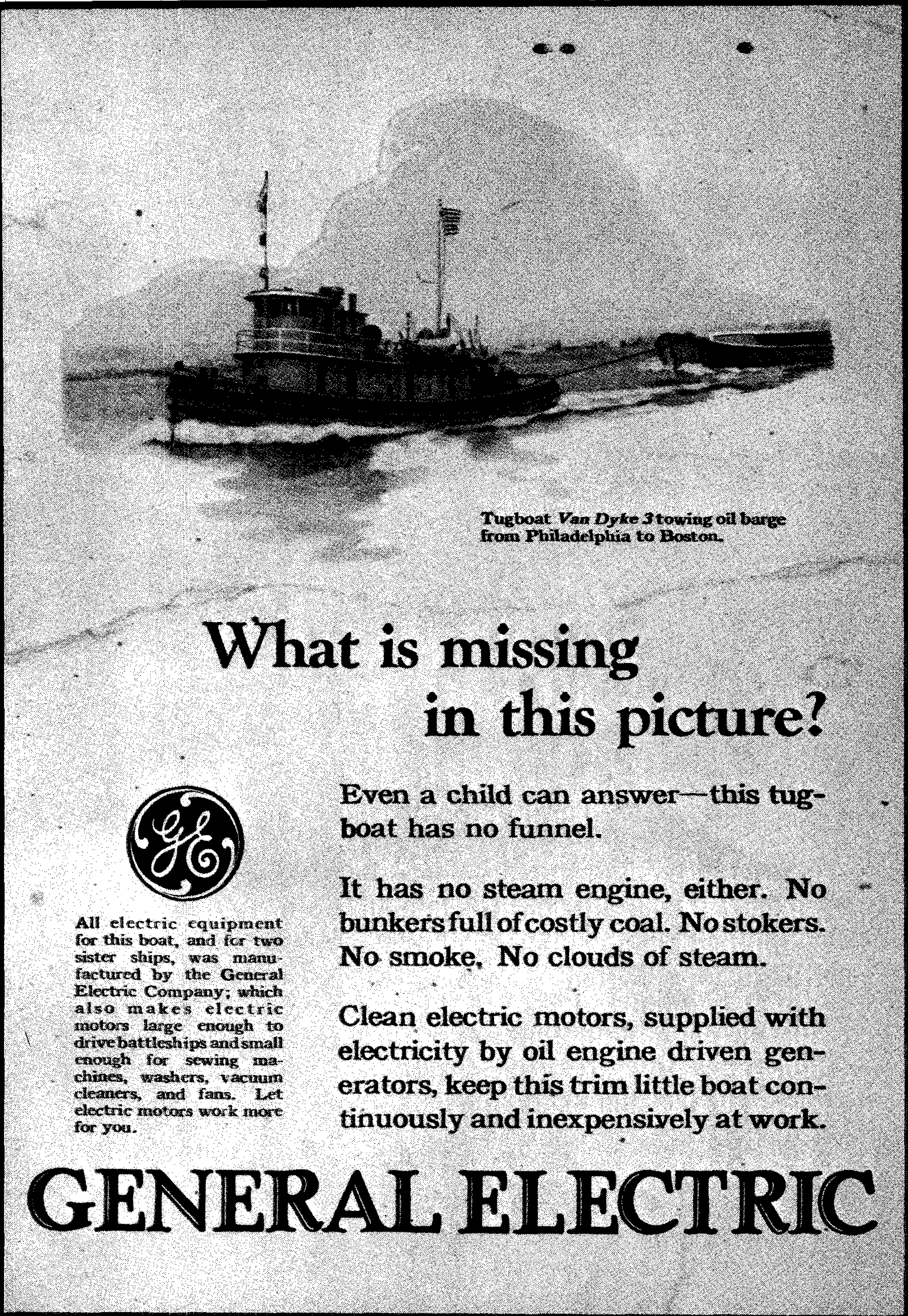
Clearing the air.

A lot of people are surprised that there have been companies concerned about pollution for many years. One of those companies is General Electric.

Take the ad at right. It tells the story of a tug that didn't smoke. Another ad on these pages talks about trains that didn't smoke, either. Throughout industry GE was developing ways for electricity to take over from steam.

Today, GE is still at it. With better ship engines, trains, motors. With nuclear power plants that put less smoke in the air than a match. And jet engines that leave no black marks in the skies.

And in the years to come, GE will continue looking for ways to keep smoke out of the skies.



Tugboat *Van Dyke 3* towing oil barge from Philadelphia to Boston.

What is missing in this picture?

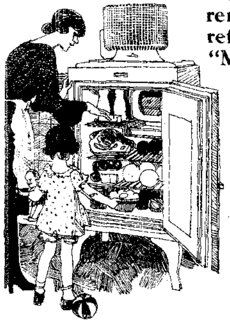
Even a child can answer—this tugboat has no funnel.

It has no steam engine, either. No bunkers full of costly coal. No stokers. No smoke. No clouds of steam.

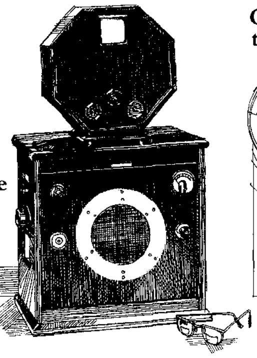
Clean electric motors, supplied with electricity by oil engine driven generators, keep this trim little boat continuously and inexpensively at work.

All electric equipment for this boat, and for two sister ships, was manufactured by the General Electric Company; which also makes electric motors large enough to drive battleships and small enough for sewing machines, washers, vacuum cleaners, and fans. Let electric motors work more for you.

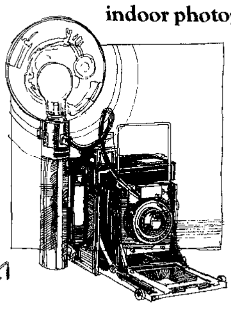
GENERAL ELECTRIC



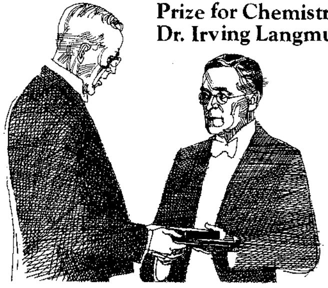
Many Americans remember their first refrigerator as this "Monitor Top," introduced by GE in 1927.



Only a few were lucky enough to have this GE TV set. It received the first TV broadcast ever…in 1928.

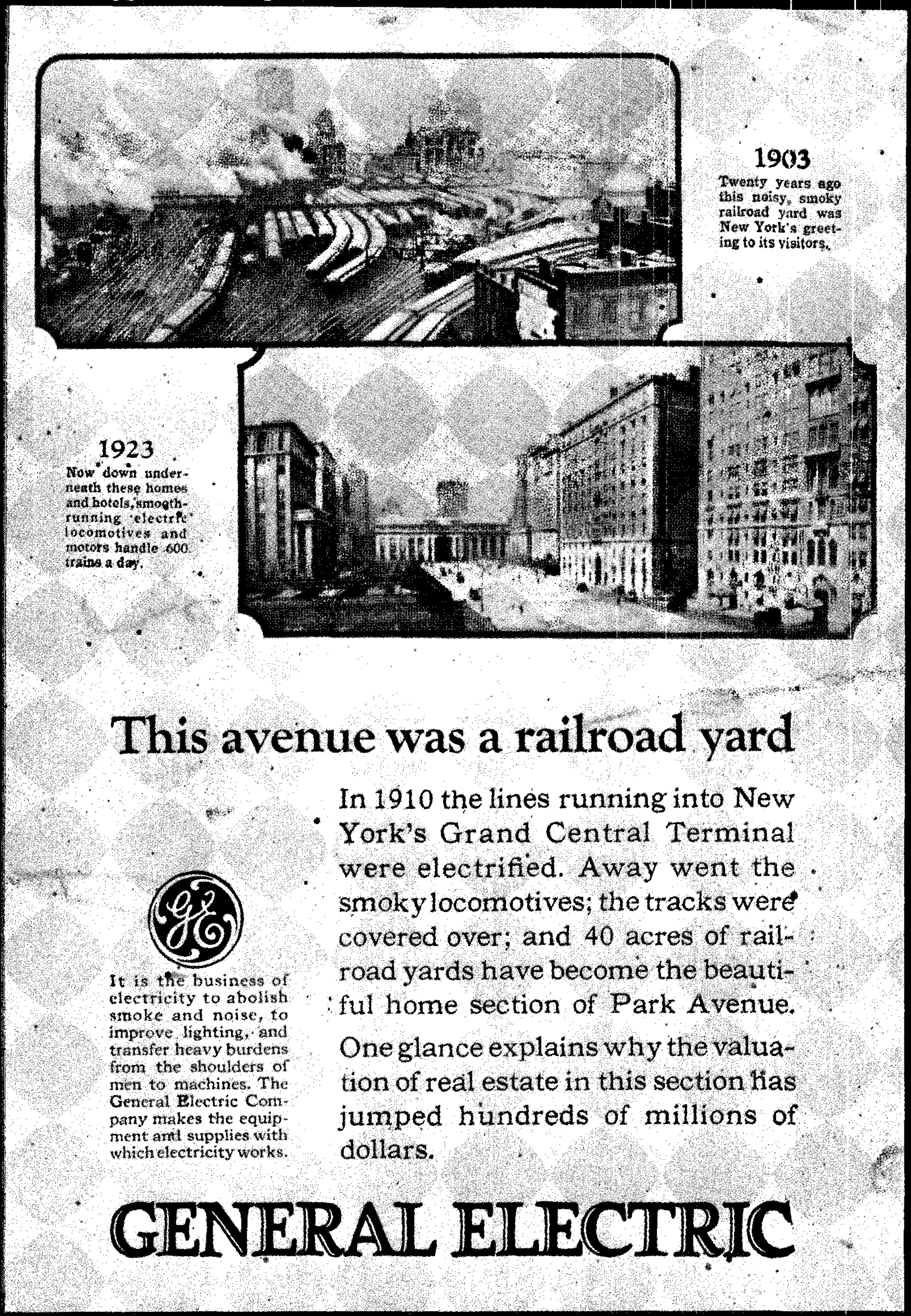


GE introduced the photoflash bulb to the U.S. in 1930. It revolutionized indoor photography.



King Gustavus V of Sweden presents the 1932 Nobel Prize for Chemistry to Dr. Irving Langmuir of GE.

This ad appeared in September, 1923.



1903

Twenty years ago this noisy, smoky railroad yard was New York's greeting to its visitors.

1923

Now down underneath these homes and hotels, smooth-running electric locomotives and motors handle 600 trains a day.

This avenue was a railroad yard

In 1910 the lines running into New York's Grand Central Terminal were electrified. Away went the smoky locomotives; the tracks were covered over; and 40 acres of railroad yards have become the beautiful home section of Park Avenue.

One glance explains why the valuation of real estate in this section has jumped hundreds of millions of dollars.

It is the business of electricity to abolish smoke and noise, to improve lighting, and transfer heavy burdens from the shoulders of men to machines. The General Electric Company makes the equipment and supplies with which electricity works.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

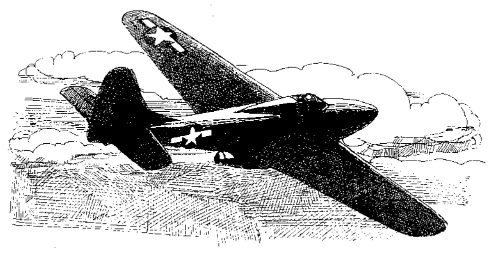
Getting people moving

Just about every city in the country has had a face-lift over the years. The ad at left talks about one of the most dramatic ever. The transformation of a grimy railroad yard into choice real estate.

The yard built up as more and more travelers poured into New York City. Then came the non-smoking GE locomotive. So tracks and yard could be covered over to become famed Park Avenue.

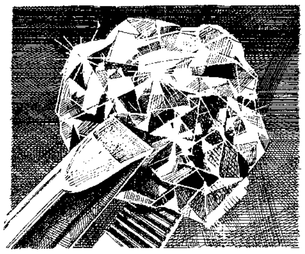
Today, cities are still tackling the problem of getting people into their centers. And electric mass transit again offers the solution. Swift, comfortable, clean-running trains that carr hundreds at a time.

Tomorrow? Trains may look totally differen but GE will be working on new ways for electricity to do the job.

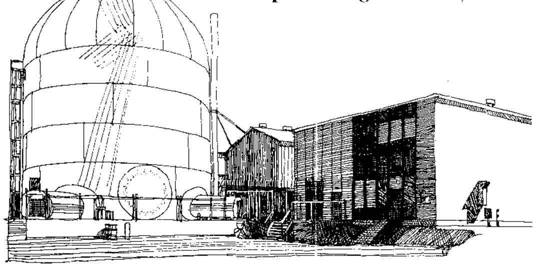


America's first jet took to the air on Oct. 1, 1942. Jet engines built by General Electric sent it aloft.

Closest thing to alchemy ever achieved by man: the turning of graphite into Man-Made™ diamonds by GE research in 1954.



World's first licensed nuclear powe plant, built by GE in California. It started producing electricity in 195



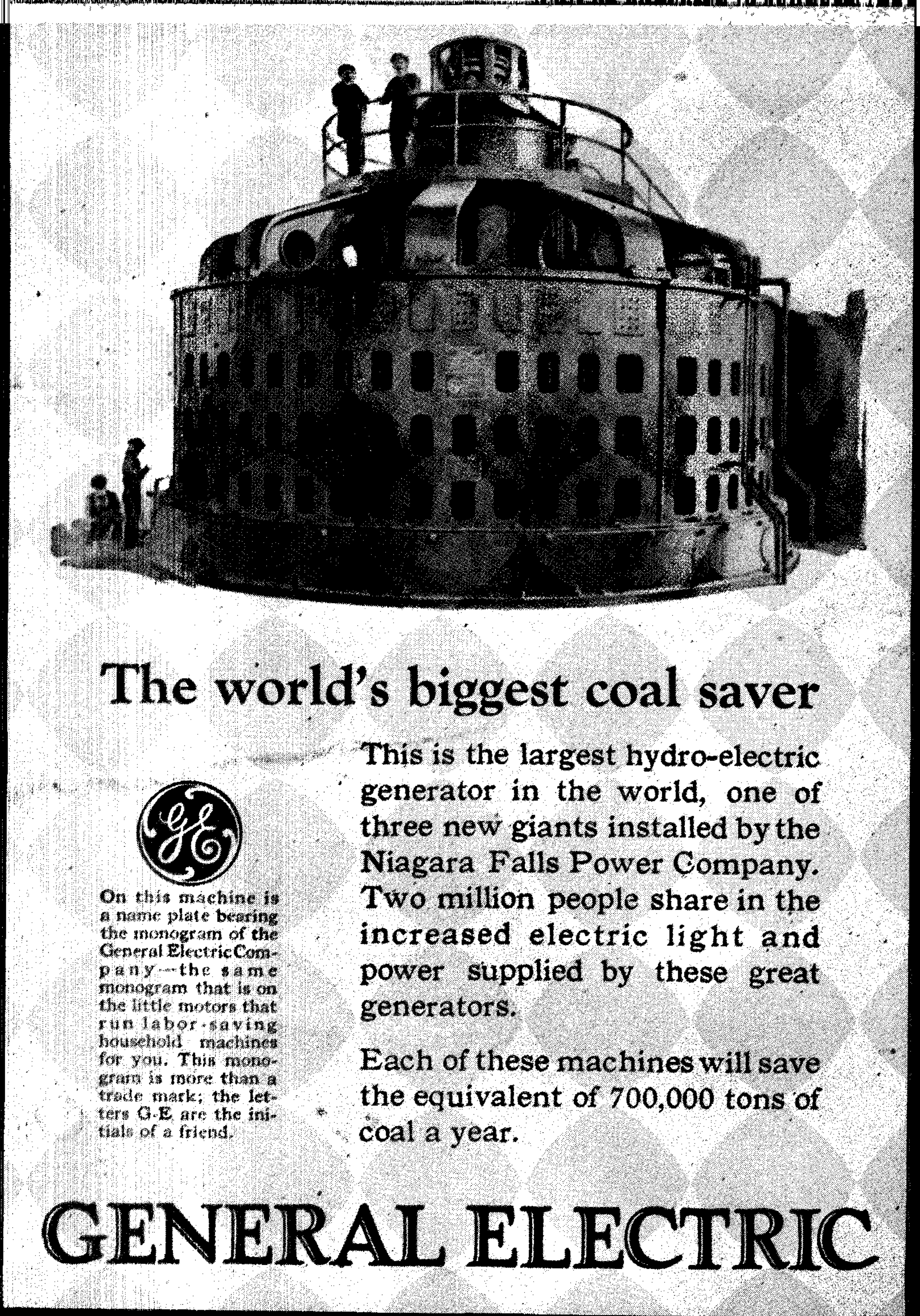
Using your resources.

As you can see here, GE was worried about saving natural resources a long time ago.

Today, U.S. supplies of coal are the largest in the world. But GE is still working at ways to make them last longer. One is through a process called "coal gasification" which allows low-grade coal to be efficiently used to make electricity.

But that isn't all. GE is also developing other sources of energy to make electricity... sources that are almost limitless. The atom, the sun, the winds.

Everybody relies on electricity to do so much. And you can rely on GE to find new ways to keep making the electricity we need.



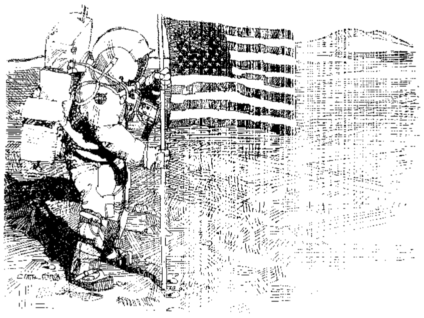
The world's biggest coal saver

On this machine is a name plate bearing the monogram of the General Electric Company—the same monogram that is on the little motors that run labor-saving household machines for you. This monogram is more than a trade mark; the letters G-E are the initials of a friend.

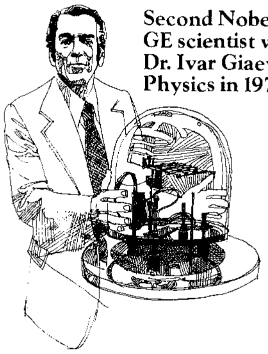
This is the largest hydro-electric generator in the world, one of three new giants installed by the Niagara Falls Power Company. Two million people share in the increased electric light and power supplied by these great generators.

Each of these machines will save the equivalent of 700,000 tons of coal a year.

GENERAL ELECTRIC



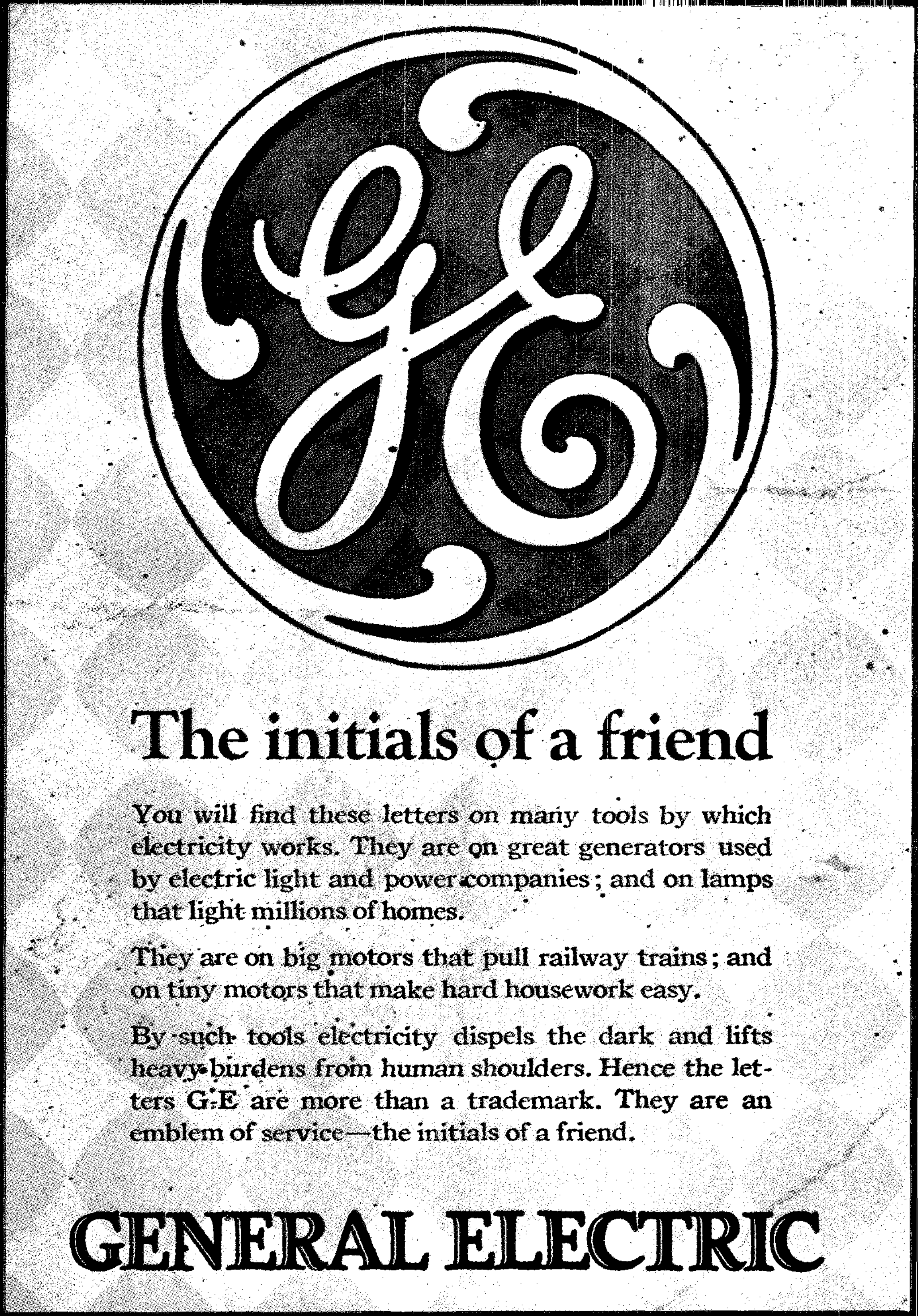
1969. Man first stepped on the moon. GE contributions to the Apollo program included computerized system that checked out 3000 valves and switches in 1/12 second.



Second Nobel Prize for a GE scientist was won by Dr. Ivar Giaever for Physics in 1973.

1878 - 1978

This ad appeared in September, 1923



The initials of a friend

You will find these letters on many tools by which electricity works. They are on great generators used by electric light and power companies; and on lamps that light millions of homes.

They are on big motors that pull railway trains; and on tiny motors that make hard housework easy.

By such tools electricity dispels the dark and lifts heavy burdens from human shoulders. Hence the letters G-E are more than a trademark. They are an emblem of service—the initials of a friend.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Some things never change.

This ad has long been recognized as one of the best of the past 100 years. It stated a philosophy of doing business — to make not only good products but products that could help human progress.

When General Electric first started, there was no way of knowing that the GE trademark would eventually be found on refrigerators, air conditioners and TV sets. Those items just didn't exist. Even today, people are surprised to find the GE trademark is also on such things as space satellites, radar and plastics.

Who knows? 100 years from now, those initials might be found on a space vehicle carrying colonists to another planet.

The GE trademark will continue to be "an emblem of service — the initials of a friend."

100 Years of Progress for People

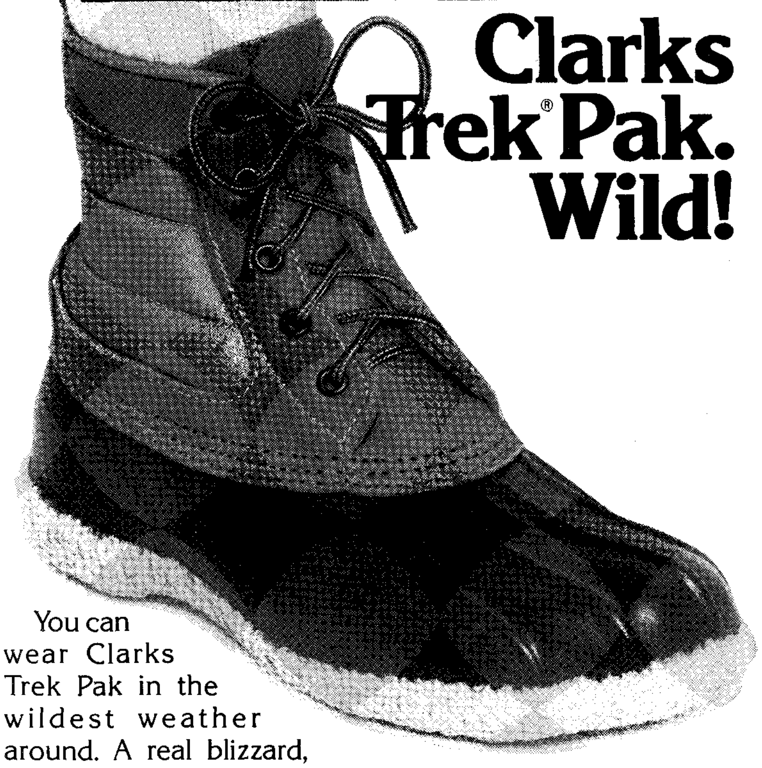
GENERAL ELECTRIC

order to make a speech to the Outdoor Advertising Association of America tomorrow morning. He isn't enthusiastic about making the speech, but it helps him supplement his income. The way our national legislators are compensated is very hard on those who, like Culver, are not wealthy, and popular sentiment is making it harder. Senators are paid a salary of fifty-seven thousand five hundred dollars a year, which, after taxes, leaves someone like Culver with between thirty and forty thousand dollars. Currently, they are also allowed to earn up to twenty-five thousand dollars in honorariums, and, in addition, other income from business and the practice of law, but next year their total annual outside earnings, with minor exceptions, will be limited to eight thousand six hundred and twenty-five dollars. (After taxes, they will have only about half those amounts.) Unearned income—income from trusts, stocks, and bonds—is not counted, and therefore people who have family fortunes or who made a great deal of money before being elected to the Senate do not have a problem. The requirements for financial statements this year are so vague that only seventeen senators listed themselves as millionaires, while it has been reliably estimated that the actual figure is closer to over a third of the Senate, and that a substantial number more have considerable wealth. It is very difficult for those who, like Culver, want to play it straight—who have avoided such things as practicing law on the side or being in some way on the take. Senators must maintain two homes—one in Washington and one in their state; if they have children (and Culver has four), they must consider how they will put them through college. (Walter Mondale, also not a wealthy man, has joked that he took the Vice-Presidency for the money.)

As Culver gets increasingly near Chicago this evening, he gradually gets wound back up for returning to Washington tomorrow and managing the debate on the endangered-species bill. A representative of the Outdoor Advertising Association who meets us at the airport and takes us into town by limousine (Culver hates limousines) cannot tell him what time he is to speak, or where, or whether he will be able to make an early plane to Washington. Culver doesn't explode, but it is clear that he is on the verge.

•

MONDAY, JULY 17TH: Culver has made his speech and caught the ten-o'clock plane to Washington—the



Clarks Trek® Pak. Wild!

You can wear Clarks Trek Pak in the wildest weather around. A real blizzard, say. Because there's nothing like Trek Pak to keep your feet high and dry. Warm, too.

On the soles, you get all natural rubber. And in the tops, genuine bull hide. It's the toughest leather a shoe can have. Perfect for fending off the roughest elements or terrain.

Trek Pak's thick, fleecy lining adds even more comfort. Of course, if you're hardier than most, you might prefer the unlined Trek Pak. With the same rugged all-rubber and bull hide construction.

Either way, and in either men's or women's styling, Clarks Trek Paks are like sunshine for your feet—in the worst weather. You'll be wild about them!

Clarks®
OF ENGLAND
Made by skilled hands the world over.
Clarks shoes priced from $25.00 to $55.00. For the store nearest you write
Clarks, Box 92, Belden Station, Norwalk, Ct. 06852-Dept. TPNY-918

one he hoped to catch—and now, on the plane, he studies a thick black notebook that his staff has put together for the endangered-species debate. The morning papers indicate that the Senate may be caught up in a small filibuster on an energy bill, and this would mean that Culver's bill might not come up today after all. But he can't know now. "That's always the way," he says. "All the uncertainty. You don't know what's coming up when. But you have to be ready." He studies the notebook, making marginal notes and questions. The intensity has returned. He explains the "cross fire" that he is worried about: that the more he stresses, in rebutting Nelson, the fact that his proposal will not dilute the Endangered Species Act, the more the people who oppose the act as it stands will try to weaken or kill his proposal, or the act itself; on the other hand, the more he stresses, in rebutting those who want to weaken the act, the fact that his proposal makes it more flexible, the more the environmentalists will be opposed.

Culver reaches his office shortly after one o'clock and is told that the endangered-species bill will come up sometime between four and six o'clock, and that this afternoon there will be only opening statements, with the real debate and the offering of amendments to begin tomorrow. He asks Dick Oshlo to call a man he saw at the Cutlers' in Waterloo who wanted some information on pollution problems. He gives Pat Sarcone, his personal secretary, a copy of the program of "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum" and suggests that she draft a letter for him to send to each of the members of the cast, telling them how much he and his family enjoyed the play, and also asks her to draft letters to the Cutlers, to John Chrystal, and to some of the other people he saw over the weekend. After he is given mail and memos that have accumulated, he tells the staff a couple of stories from the trip, and asks them if anything else has come up. Pat Sarcone tells him that he has been invited to a breakfast meeting at the White House at eight o'clock on Wednesday with the President, Defense Secretary Harold Brown, Clark Clifford—a Washington attorney who has been advising the Administration on the Cyprus dispute—and Warren Christopher, the Deputy Secretary of State, on the question of lifting the embargo on the sale of arms to Turkey. Culver says that he will go.

"Senator," Dick Oshlo says, "I

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"When was the last time you had Reindeer with lingonberries?"

"In 1789."

The 1789 Restaurant, in historic
Georgetown, serving superb French cuisine.
1226 36th St., N.W., 965-1789.

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The American Express® Card. Don't leave home without it.

The English Wine Table

$19.00

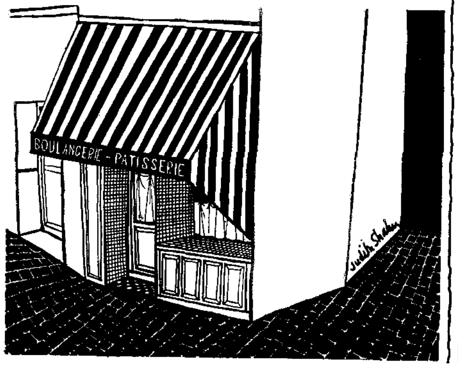
Our English wine table (c. 1784) is an authentic reproduction of a fine old English antique, hand crafted of mahogany with soft detailed leathery top. A traditional favorite in England for over 200 years. Priced directly from our factory at an astonishing $19. $38 for two. Please add $3 each for shipping and handling. Dimensions: 20" high, 13" diameter. Naturally your satisfaction is guaranteed. To expedite your order, telephone us or send check or money order or charge MC/BA-VISA. Please incl. your exp. date. Send $2 for our full color product publication.

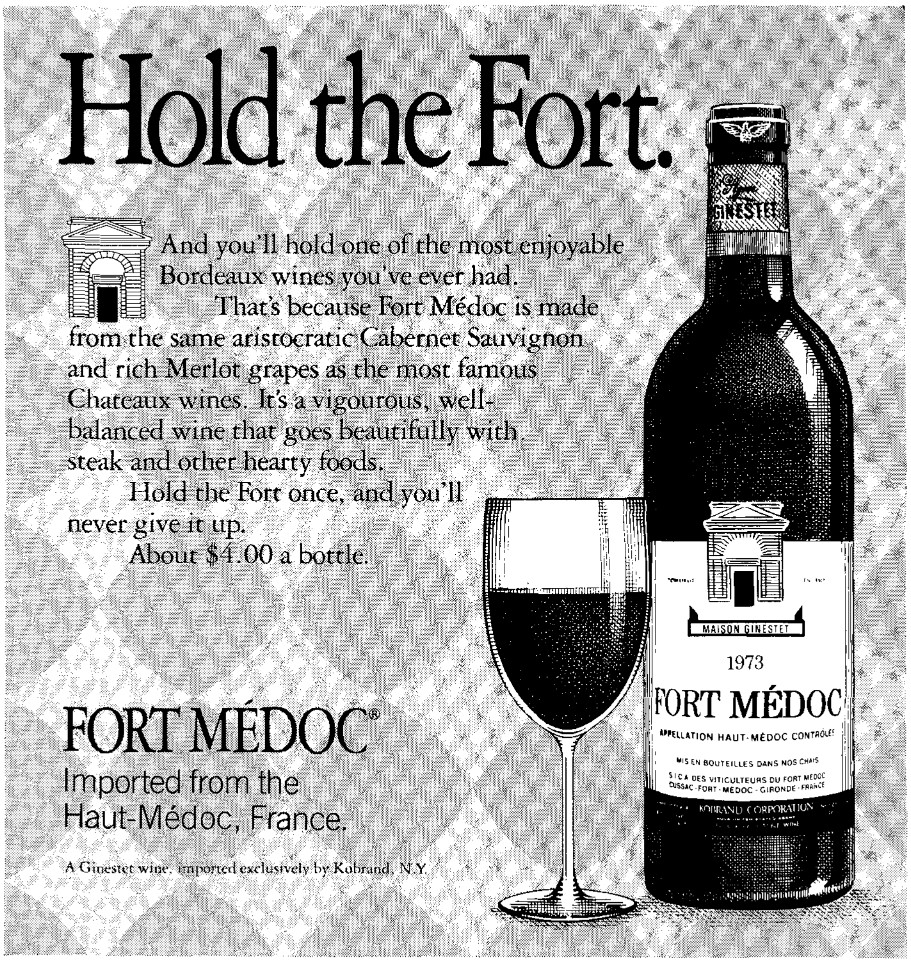
The Bombay Company

P.O. Box 53323—Dept. NY
5256 Magazine St., New Orleans, Louisiana 70153
Telephone: 504/891-4405

think you should meet with Howard Baker this afternoon." Baker, Republican of Tennessee, is co-sponsor of Culver's compromise. Oshlo also tells him that Nelson wants to meet with him and that the National Audubon Society has endorsed Culver's proposal. Oshlo says that he now thinks that Nelson's threat to move to kill Culver's proposal is a bluff—that what Nelson really wants is for Culver to accept some minor amendments. Oshlo goes over some of the amendments that Nelson is expected to propose; Culver says he can't accept some of them, raises questions about some others, suggests compromises.

Culver tells Oshlo that what he wants to do this afternoon is read some of his opening statement and put the rest in the *Congressional Record*, saving time he has been given for general debate, under the unanimous-consent agreement on the terms of the floor consideration of this bill, and using it for the debate on amendments. (Over the weekend, we talked about the controversy over the fact that members of Congress put statements in the *Record* which they do not deliver. Under a recent change, statements that are not delivered at all are preceded by large black dots, but statements that are read in part can still appear as if they had been read in their entirety. A few members insist on reading their entire statements, in the interests of purity. "I put statements in the *Record*," Culver said. "It's no big deal. I just put my position down. It's there for people to see. After all, what's the point in taking everyone's time and boring everyone by reading it?") Culver tells Oshlo that the opening statement that has been prepared for him needs to be revised. Oshlo says that it already has been. Culver continues, "Ask them to come up with the best answers to each argument, with specificity. Some of the background material has some pretty good information that hasn't been used. Pull together the best arguments from the basic materials. Nelson's going to get up and say that there have been




GINESTET
MAISON GINESTET
1973
FORT MÉDOC
APPELLATION HAUT-MÉDOC CONTROLÉE
MIS EN BOUTEILLES DANS NOS CHAIS
S.I.C.A. DES VITICULTEURS DU FORT MEDOC
CUSSAC-FORT-MEDOC-GIRONDE-FRANCE
KOBRAND CORPORATION

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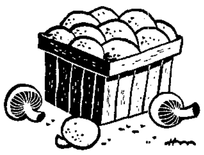
forty-five hundred consultations where questions have arisen over whether a project will harm an endangered species, and there's been only one problem.” Culver is referring to consultations that the Endangered Species Act requires between the agencies that are to build a project and the Fish and Wildlife Service, which administers the act, and to the one instance in which a project had to be stopped; in June, the Supreme Court ruled that the construction of the Tellico Dam, in Tennessee, had to cease because it threatened the existence of a three-inch fish called the snail darter. Culver had begun to try to work out a compromise on the Endangered Species Act before the Tellico case became celebrated—not only was the case moving through the courts but it was clear that the act would cause a number of other controversies and come under increasing attack. He continues, “We should be able to point out that the great majority of those consultations involved telephone conversations and didn't represent real problems. We should point out that the number of species listed as endangered is going up, so we're going to have twenty thousand consultations in 1979 alone. We should say how many endangered species were listed in 1973 and how many this year and what the percentage increase is. We should have a very specific, step-by-step explanation of how the new process would work. Some of that is ambiguous in the working papers.” Then he asks some precise questions about the process. All this is a result of his reading on the plane. “We have to clarify these things,” he says. “I just think we've got to be able to walk through that process very tight. The problem I sense in the material I have here is that it's intellectually flabby—it's just scattered all over. It says here that more than one governor might be involved. What if the governors can't agree? I think we've got to have all the facts on one card. I mean, we've got a hell of a lot of numbers floating around here.”



Culver goes on, “The other thing I want to get straight is the money. Why do we need more money for that new commission?” He is referring to the interagency committee that his proposal would establish to resolve disputes under the Endangered Species Act. He continues, “You know, every time we turn around we're asking for another commission. We're going to get asked what the money is for, how many high-level employees the committee will have, what their work load will be. We've got to anticipate those questions.” He asks Oshlo some more questions, and says, “O.K., I want to see all that typed out.” Oshlo tells him that Gary Hart and John Chafee, Republican of Rhode Island and, like Hart, a member of the Environment and Public Works Committee, as well as a strong environmentalist, are going to stick with him. Culver is pleased. Oshlo says that the prospect of Nelson's moving to kill the Culver compromise has alarmed some of the environmental groups—if it succeeded, it would leave the old act intact and so more vulnerable to its opponents—and that they have gone to work to shore up support for the compromise.

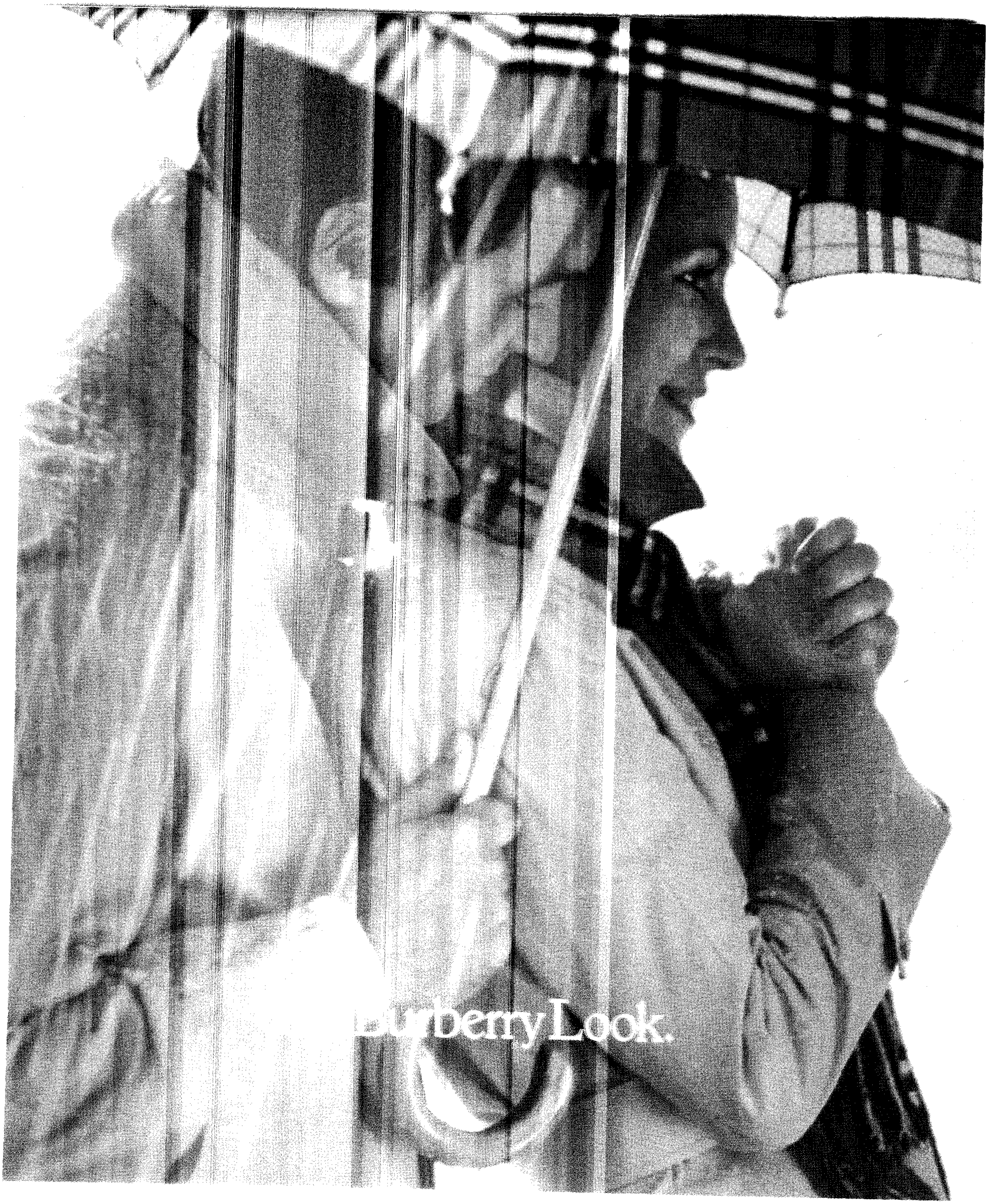
At two-twenty, Culver calls the Democratic cloakroom to see what the legislative situation is, and then he goes over his schedule with Jim Larew—giving him responses to invitations and to requests for appointments that have come in (he says he'll try to meet today with Iowa's two representatives to Boys Nation and go to a reception for Mrs. Anatoly Shcharansky, the wife of the Soviet dissident who was recently convicted of treason, but that he might not be able to do either one, because he'll be managing the bill)—and reads some more material on endangered species.

Shortly after three o'clock, he gets ready to go to meet with Baker and with staff members of both senators. As Culver is about to leave for Baker's office, Fred Holborn, one of Culver's senior assistants, comes in and, smiling, tells him that he must have done great work at the Linn County Juvenile Detention Center—that three of the young men escaped the day after we were there. Culver laughs, and says, “I'm sitting there like Father Flanagan, and the next thing is they're going over the wall.”

I ask him if he is concerned that people will say that this shows he is “just another bleeding heart.”

He is silent for a moment, and then says, “Hell, I didn't build the place.” Then he says, “Those kids' lives are just as bad as when they went in. They aren't going to change in a couple of days—if ever.”

AT eight minutes past four, on the Senate floor, Culver calls up S. 2899, the Endangered Species Act Amendments of 1978. He is standing behind the desk where bill managers are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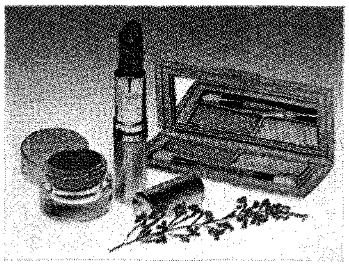

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stationed—in the front row, just to the left of the center aisle. Malcolm Wallop, Republican of Wyoming, who, as the ranking minority member of Culver's subcommittee, will manage the bill for the Republican side, but who supports Culver's proposal, is at the desk on the opposite side of the aisle. The bill was reported unanimously by the full committee. George Jacobson and Kathi Korpon, who work for Culver on matters before the Environment and Public Works Committee, are seated beside Culver. Because Culver is managing the bill and must frequently refer to notes, he uses one of the small lecterns that senators sometimes put on top of their desks when they speak. Culver reads, fairly routinely, from his opening statement. His purpose now is simply to establish some legislative history. There are few senators on the floor; these opening moves are just shadowboxing. The real debate begins tomorrow. Under the unanimous-consent agreement for this bill, there will be two hours for general debate—time that will be equally divided between the majority and the minority. In addition, an hour and a half will be devoted to debate on an amendment to be offered by John Stennis, Democrat of Mississippi, to weaken the bill—equally divided between proponents and opponents—and a half hour for debate on each of the other amendments, also equally divided. Stennis was given extra time because he was until recently chairman of the Public Works Subcommittee of the Appropriations Committee (and is its ranking member) and, in general, is an important senator, and he had submitted the major amendment against the bill. Nelson is still asking for more time for his amendment to kill Culver's compromise, and Culver is concerned that other members who have amendments will also want more time, and then the unanimous-consent agreement under which the bill is being debated will come undone. (Anyway, one can always gain more time by offering an amendment to an amendment.)

Now Culver, reading his statement, says, "The Endangered Species Act was a recognition—and a woefully late one—that our developmental activities were responsible for destroying forms of life which were present as a result of processes which began with the first appearance of life on earth three and a half billion years ago." He talks about the "sharp acceleration in the rate of extinction, to the point where the natural process may be increased by a factor of hundreds or even thousands." Then

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he explains the problem that has arisen under the act, which requires that "all federal agencies undertake necessary precautions to assure that actions or projects authorized, funded, or carried out by them do not jeopardize the continued existence of an endangered species or its critical habitat." He points out that this provision has prevented the completion of the Tellico Dam, and he adds that "it appears likely that a growing number of other projects will not be completed because of this section." He says his subcommittee has been told that the Fish and Wildlife Service sometimes refrains from putting a species on the endangered list for fear that doing so might provoke a member of Congress to vote against the act. He explains what his amendment to the act would do: establish an Endangered Species Committee, to be composed of seven public officials, including the heads of six federal agencies and the governor of the state affected by the specific conflict, to arbitrate conflicts that arise over whether projects should be completed. He points out that the proposal was approved unanimously by the Environment and Public Works Committee, and says that "we are satisfied that it does preserve the integrity of the Endangered Species Act and yet provides the flexibility which will be needed in the coming years." This is not a real Culver speech—that will come tomorrow. He adds, returning to a theme that runs through much of his thinking, "Most importantly, it is an attempt to get ahead of foreseeable problems and be prepared for them in a rational way."

Wallop speaks, complimenting Culver, whereupon Culver rises and says that he was remiss in not complimenting Wallop. Nelson comes over to Culver while Wallop is talking, and asks if Culver will accept any of his amendments. Culver says that he, Baker, and Wallop discussed the matter in Baker's office but didn't reach any decisions. Then Nelson asks him about the time problem. Culver would like to establish a situation in which Nelson would feel that he has had time to have his objections to the compromise aired and would then withdraw his amendment to kill it, whereupon Culver would accept some of Nelson's minor amendments. In the course of these discussions, Culver and Nelson kid around. They are, after all, close friends; Culver is going to the Nelsons' home for dinner tomorrow evening. "I never thought you'd do it to me, Gaylord," Culver says. He sits behind the desk, looking like a schoolboy in a classroom. Some senators—Henry Jackson, Democrat of Washington, and Claiborne Pell, Democrat of Rhode Island—come along to discuss with him amendments they want to offer. Jackson and Culver could well end up in a brutal battle over a SALT treaty, and both men must know it, but now Jackson has his arm around Culver and the two of them are smiling. There is a lot of arm-grabbing, shoulder-hugging, and backslapping in the Senate; it is noticeable that Culver, though he is one of the friendliest of senators, does less of this business than many of the others.

William Scott, Republican of Virginia, is speaking. Scott has a number of amendments to weaken the bill. There is a kind of expectancy when Scott speaks: people figure he can be counted on to say something inadvertently amusing. "One can only be thankful that dinosaurs don't exist today," Scott says.

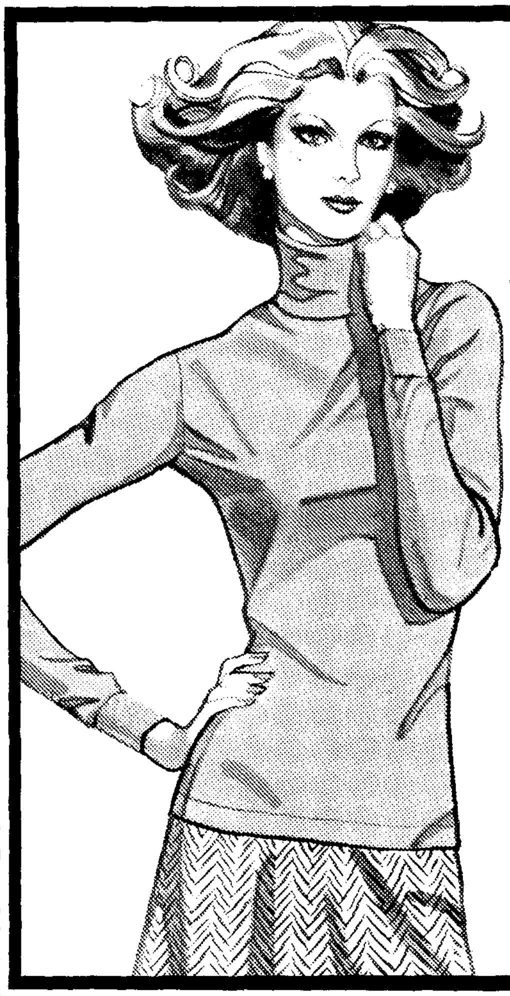
Nelson speaks, saying, "We are left with the Tellico project as the sole basis for a sweeping attack on this landmark legislation."

Shortly after five-thirty, this preliminary debate is ended. Culver has yielded his colleagues as little of his hour for general debate as he could, within the bounds of Senate courtesy; Wallop, too, has saved as much time as possible. They figure that they may need this time to oppose some amendments.

Culver runs into Nelson at the subway from the Capitol back to the Senate office buildings. Nelson says to Culver, "You'll be there tomorrow night?"

Culver replies, laughing, "That depends on how acrimonious the debate is."

At the end of the day, Culver gives his staff some more assignments and gathers some more materials to study for tomorrow's debate. He also tells me that he has just learned from Charles Stevenson, the chief legislative assistant for Culver's work as a member of the Armed Services Committee, that the Central Intelligence Agency has agreed to declassify and release a report by the intelligence community on Soviet civil defense, as Culver has been urging for two years, and that he plans to hold a press conference on it on Wednesday. Tonight, he wants to prepare for his own speech tomorrow and to think through his strategy on the amendments. He tells me, "I think it's important to win the first one in a situation like this, so that the committee stays in control. Stennis has a major amendment; Nelson has a major



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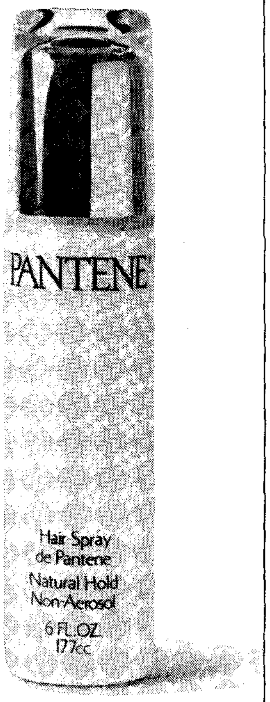

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amendment; others have amendments. So the question is which would be the best one for us to have brought up first. I haven't figured that out yet. Of course, if Nelson wins, it's all over for us."

•

TUESDAY, JULY 18TH: *At nine-thirty, Culver is working in Room 244, a nicely furnished conference room near the Senate floor, which is part of the office complex of Stanley Kimmitt, the Secretary of the Senate. George Jacobson is sitting beside him, hard at work making notes on a yellow legal pad. Culver has a large number of papers and documents spread before him. Beginning early this morning, Culver has studied the endangered-species material, and has had breakfast in the Senate dining room with Dick Oshlo, George Jacobson, Kathi Korpon, and Fred Holborn. At eight-thirty, the group adjourned to this room. Culver gave the various members of his staff more assignments, talked over with them which of the various pending amendments might be acceptable, and asked them to get more information on some of the amendments.

He tells me now, "The major thing is to try to get quality rather than quantity ready. It's like a college exam, and there's a C-plus answer, where you're spewing back information that you've read in the books and there is no evidence you've really digested it." He continues, switching metaphors, "The challenge here is to get the material through the eye of the needle—to match the information with the specific amendments and to organize it. I expressed my displeasure with the limitations of the material that was here. It was all spread out in a disjointed way. It's a question of organizing the material and anticipating the debating points you're going to need. George, here, is working on a point-by-point rebuttal to Nelson. I've asked him to list Nelson's best arguments on one side of the page and our best arguments on the other." Culver now has fact sheets about the amendments, and about the sequence of events under the new process he is proposing. He has had the black notebook reorganized. "There are about thirty amendments that will be offered that we know of," he explains. "So the idea is to get them clustered in the notebook by subject, because we'll be in the middle—having things coming at us from right and left." He tells me that in the discussions he and his staff had earlier this morn-

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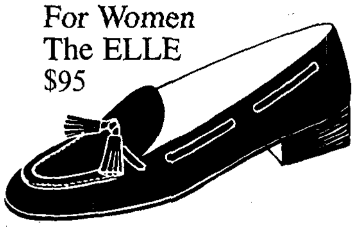

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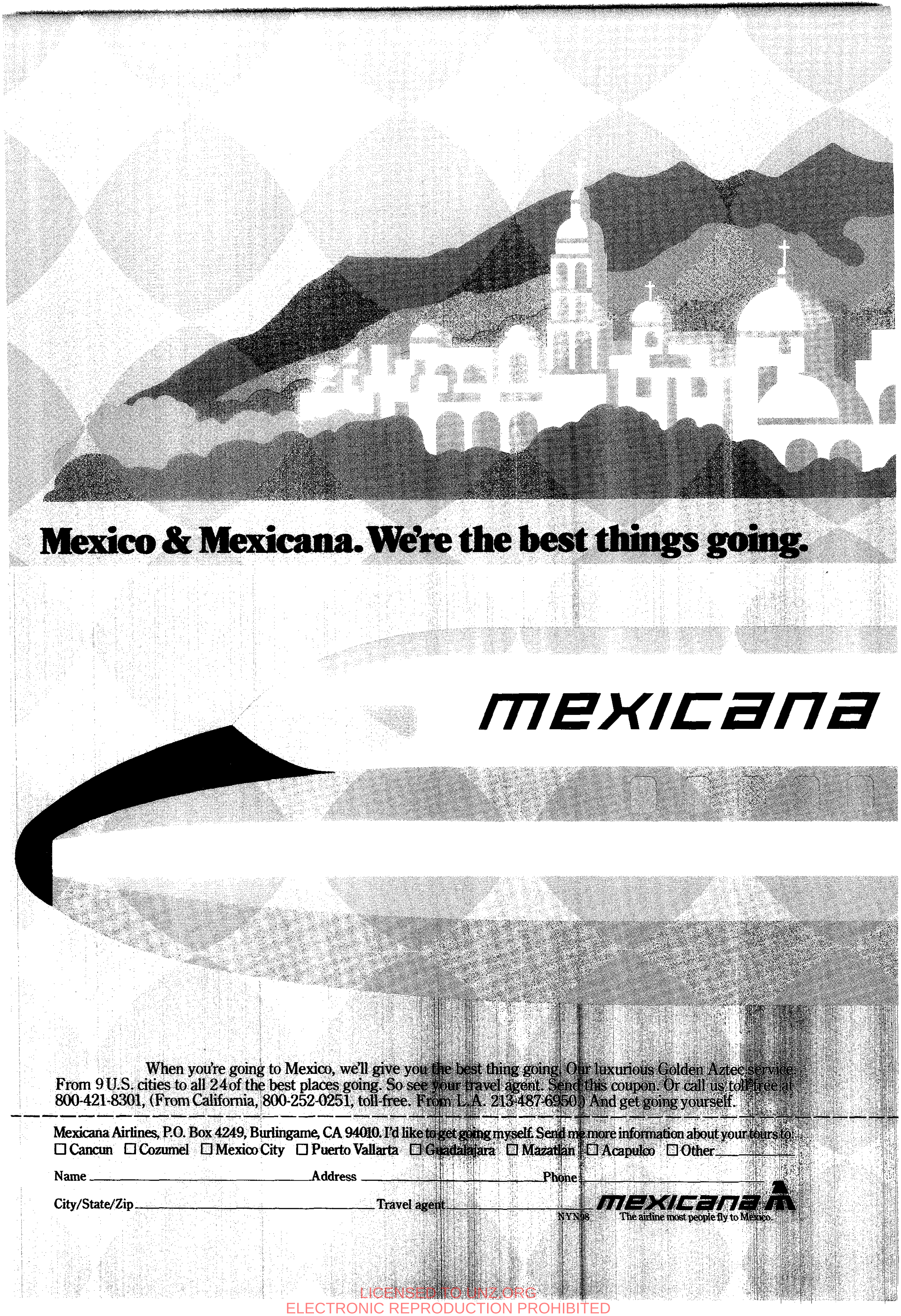
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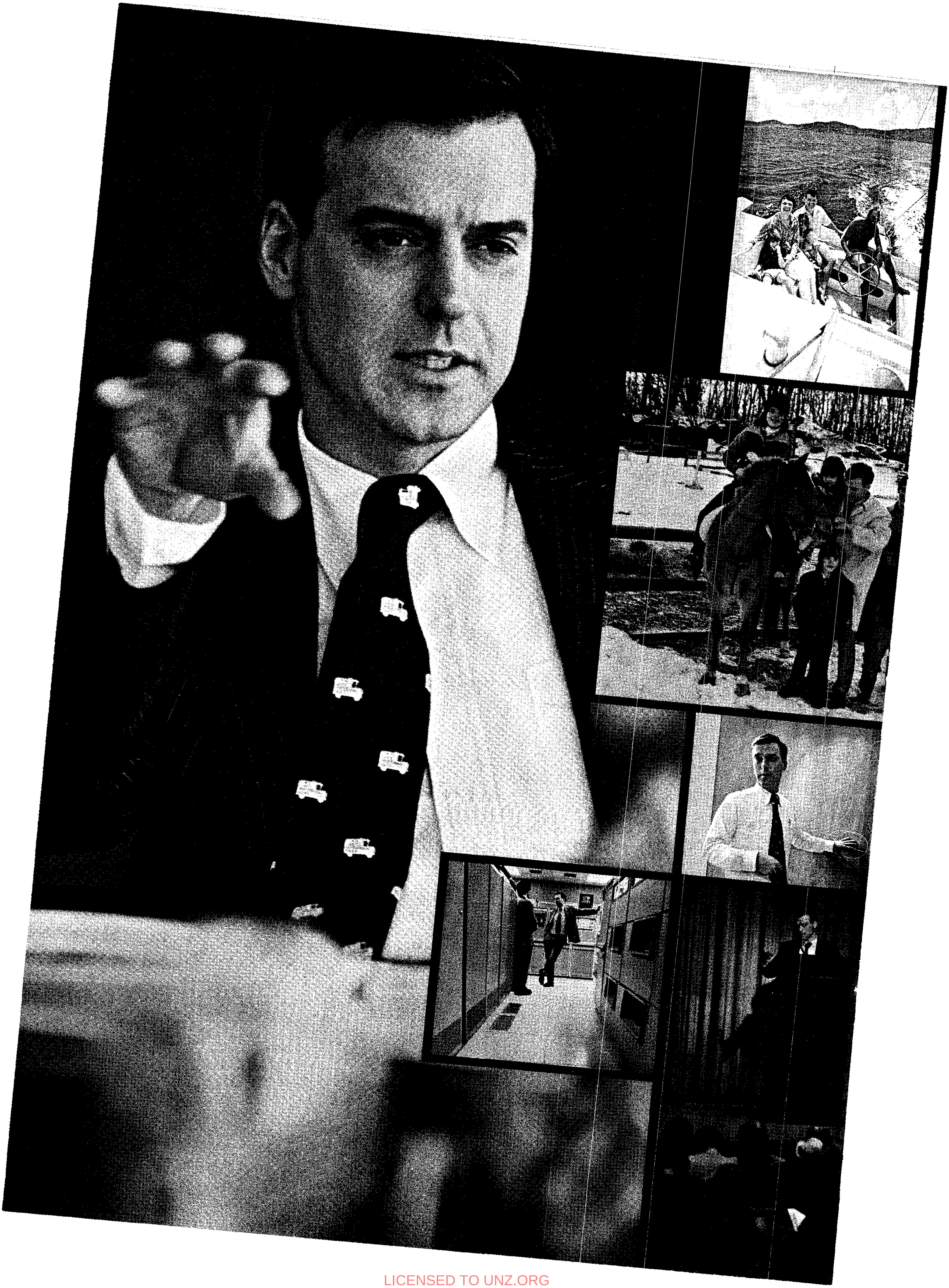

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Reed is also an active participant in the general business community. He is a member of the Board and Executive Committee of Memorial Hospital for Cancer and Allied Diseases, and he is on the Board of Directors of Russell Sage and Philip Morris Inc.

Despite a very hectic schedule, Reed manages to spend the month of March in St. Croix with his wife, Sally, and the children, Traci, Timothy, Tefford and Tenley. On winter weekends they ski in Vermont and there's a summer place in New Jersey where the family can enjoy the beach and John can play golf and read.

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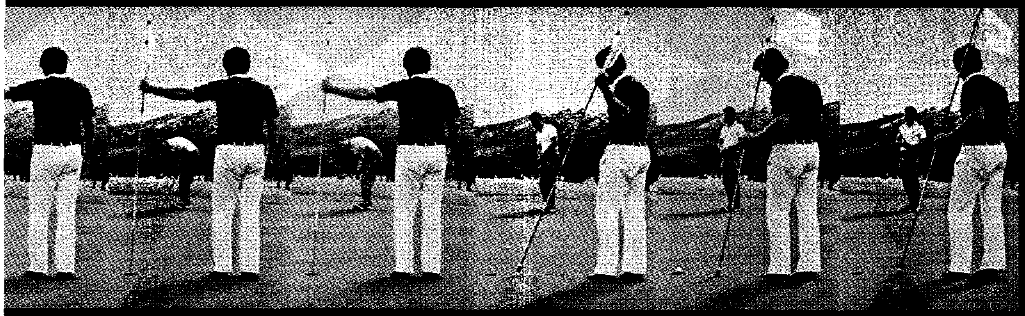

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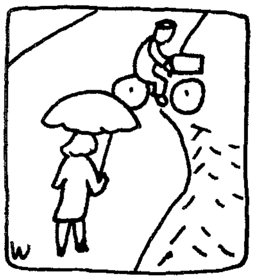
ing "it was generally concluded that the best approach would be to have the Stennis amendment brought up first, and I'll informally ask the chair to recognize him first—because so many of the arguments I will use against Nelson about how our amendment will strengthen the Endangered Species Act could then be used by Stennis and company to show why our proposal should be weakened. So if I make a major argument against Stennis and defeat him, then I can take on Nelson and make the other arguments at that point."

Culver says that what he will do now is study the fact sheets that the staff has prepared for him on all the amendments that can be expected to come up. He has asked Fred Holborn to find some quotations for him to use in the debate. Culver wants the specific wording of one by Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., which he particularly likes: "All rights tend to declare themselves absolute to their logical extreme. Yet all in fact are limited by the neighborhood of principles of policy which are other than those on which the particular right is founded. . . ." Kathi Korpon is scouting around for answers to a number of new questions he has raised. He has a great deal of material to absorb—quickly. This will be the largest and most complex piece of legislation he has managed in the Senate. He wants to do well not only because that is in his own nature but also because of the nature of the Senate. It is a competitive place—made up of people whose competitiveness got them there to begin with. Culver is well aware that through one's performance the esteem of one's colleagues and one's position in the pecking order—and future influence—are established. And even within this context Culver—the former football star—is one of the more competitive people.



As Culver sits at the table, he outlines on a yellow legal pad the arguments he wants to make in his opening speech. He says, "I want to get down what I'll be talking about in a more general way than I did yesterday—about the whole mystery of the universe, and the process of extinction, and what's natural and what's unnatural, and what's the best way to organize ourselves, given the mysterious nature of these things, the best way to try to cope. I want to explain in simple, lay terms what we're trying to accomplish with our proposal." He has been looking through some general articles on the subject, and has brought in a book, "The Challenge of Man's Future," by Harrison Brown. "Gaylord Nelson gave this to me," he says. "It was published in 1954, and it triggered his interest in these questions. It might be useful to turn it back on him."

The Senate has taken time out from the debate on the endangered-species bill to consider a nomination to the Small Business Administration. Culver says, "I just hope the opponents of the nomination are sufficiently indignant to keep the debate going until at least two o'clock." (He has received a memorandum from his staff on the S.B.A. nomination to look over before he votes on it.)

Culver and Jacobson tell me that they still are not sure whether various environmental groups will back Culver or Nelson. "It's not an atypical situation," Culver says. "You have the private views of the leaders versus organizational constituency purism—the leaders don't communicate the political realities." This is a common phenomenon in Washington: the leaders or representatives of an interest group may understand the political "realities" but take an uncompromising public stand, not only as a bargaining position but also as a way of protecting themselves with their own constituencies. These people are paid to wring as much as possible out of the government on behalf of their clients, to make the worst-case analysis of the alternatives to what they seek. They recognize that they are subject to challenge from within the ranks on the charge that they were not sufficiently true to the organization's professed goals, that they "sold out." In the process, they can end up preventing a resolution of a conflict, and thus fail to represent their groups' true interests. Culver continues, "And the developers are against the act. It's the old cross fire. You don't have the choice of having a utopian king work these things out. Is Congress going to do it? Is some agency going to do it? Is the President going to do it? That's what we have to decide—how to work out these conflicts."

Culver still does not know whether Nelson is going to put the proposal to kill Culver's compromise to a vote. He explains to me that the environmental-

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ist groups might not want such a vote: if they see that it might lose by a substantial margin, and then the House, as it might do, weakens the Endangered Species Act, Culver will not have much bargaining power in the ensuing Senate-House conference to try to strengthen the act—which some of the provisions of his proposal would do. Moreover, if the Nelson amendment should be soundly defeated, that would indicate political weakness on the part of the environmentalist groups. At eleven o'clock, Culver steps into the next room for a cup of coffee, and on his return he says that he has just learned from Kimmitt that the vote on the S.B.A. nomination will take place at twelve-thirty, and that he will have to be ready to resume the debate on the endangered-species bill right after that. The Environment and Public Works Committee's Environmental Pollution Subcommittee, on which Culver sits, is holding a meeting now. One of Culver's aides is covering it for him and will let him know if he is needed there for any votes. The Senate-House conference on the military-procurement bill, which the Senate passed last week and to which Culver, in committee and on the Senate floor, succeeded in attaching some amendments, including one designed to make the large aircraft carrier provided for in the bill the last one, will begin this afternoon, and Charles Stevenson will cover that for him. Now Culver puts his hands on his forehead, concentrates very hard, and from time to time makes notes on the yellow pad. It is as if he were a lawyer preparing a very important argument. Occasionally, he asks Jacobson a question; for example, exactly how to define a "gene pool." His face grows redder as he applies pressure on himself. He asks Jacobson to be sure he has handy the examples of problems in working out conflicts over a project, and asks him, "What is the best answer to the argument that this act has had a five-year shakedown cruise and now there is a heightened sensitivity to avoiding conflict, and therefore our amendment is premature?"

Jacobson replies, "Senator, there is no way around the problem that a project could be well along and they will find a species in trouble."

He asks Jacobson to be sure to have a list of species that could be jeopardized by Stennis's amendment. As he studies the material, he finds a mistake in one of the fact sheets he has been given ("God, you've got to proofread this stuff," he says) and finds a gap

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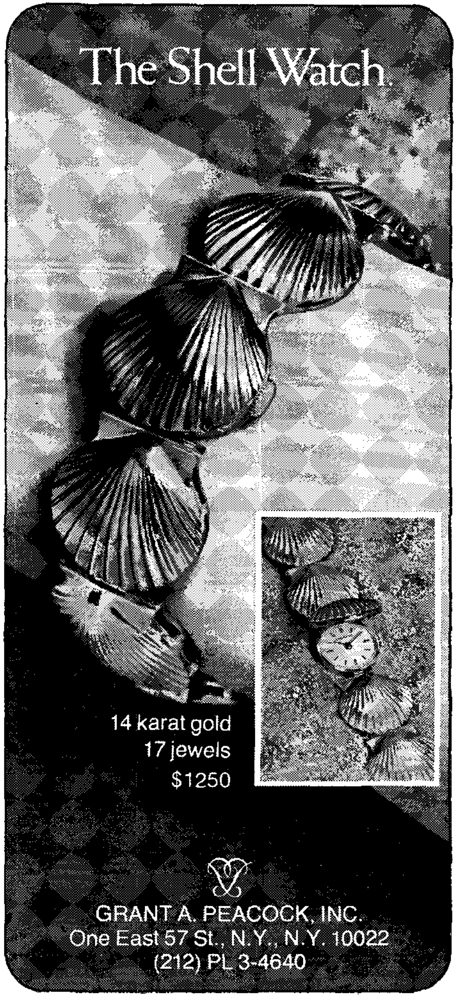
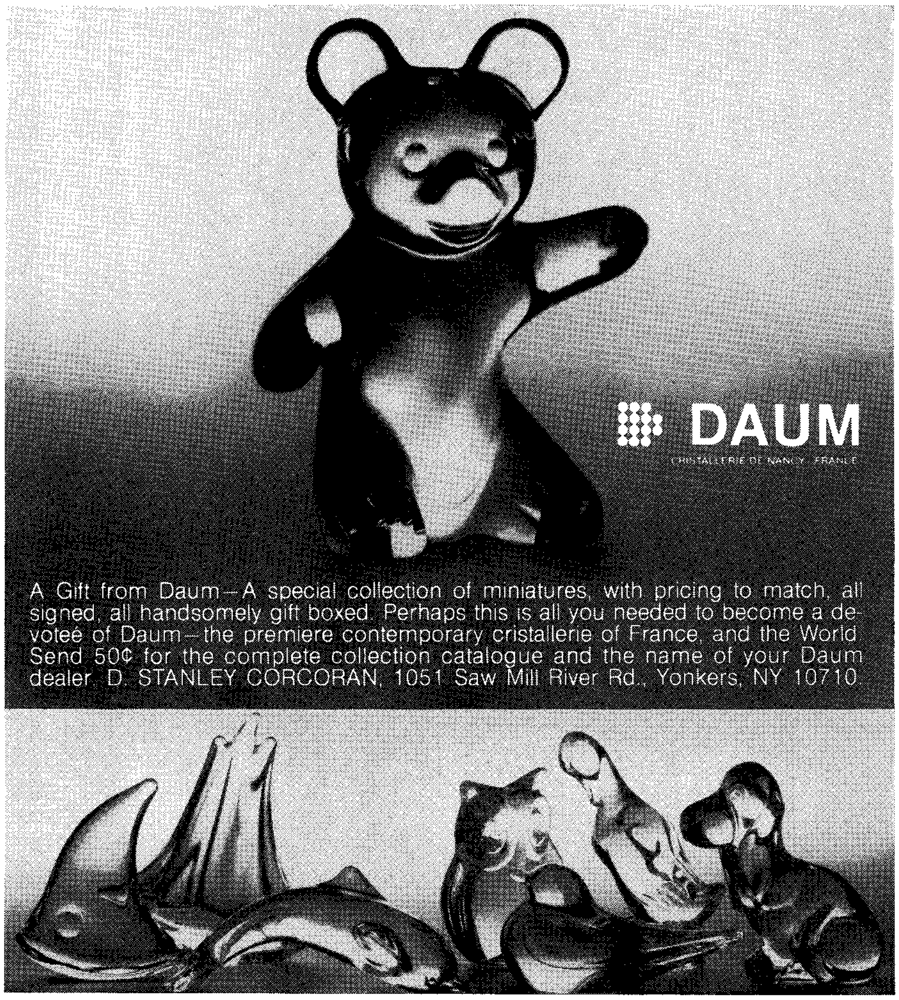


in the chronology he has requested on how his proposal would work. He is clearly perturbed.

All this began as a duty for Culver: he heads the Resource Protection Subcommittee; the Endangered Species Act needed to be reauthorized, because otherwise it would expire this fall. In taking up the bill, Culver found himself amid highly charged competing interests: the environmentalists, who wanted to preserve the act, and the builders (who include a large number of business and political interests), who wanted to weaken it. Both sides were pursuing serious purposes. Culver took on the job of trying to mediate, to construct a world in which both could function. Moreover, he had to find a solution at a time when there was an increasingly strong public mood against government programs—particularly programs such as this, which impose regulations, can increase costs, and are seen to impede "progress." Almost by chance, he ended up grappling with an issue much larger than the particulars of the bill before him: the question of finding mechanisms for resolving the increasing number of conflicts between competing interests in our society. That is what this issue is really about. Typically, Culver worked toward a solution that could win a consensus in the committee, and it has come to the Senate floor with the committee's unanimous approval. Now he must try to preserve the compromise he has wrought.

At noon, Steve Rapp, one of Culver's aides for his work on the Judiciary Committee, phones and tells Culver that in fifteen minutes the Judiciary Committee will vote on a bill, sponsored by Birch Bayh, Democrat of Indiana, giving the Attorney General the authority to sue, and to intervene in suits, to protect the rights of people in non-federal institutions—one of the issues that were put over from a meeting last week—and that Culver's vote is needed. Culver gathers up some of the papers he has been working on and heads for the Dirksen Senate Office Building to attend the committee meeting. On the subway, Culver talks briefly to a reporter from the Des Moines *Register*. Rapp meets Culver as he reaches the committee room, briefs him on where things stand, and hands him some memorandums about the Bayh bill, amendments to it, and other matters before the committee. In the course of the meeting, Culver alternately studies the memorandums and the endangered-species material, making more



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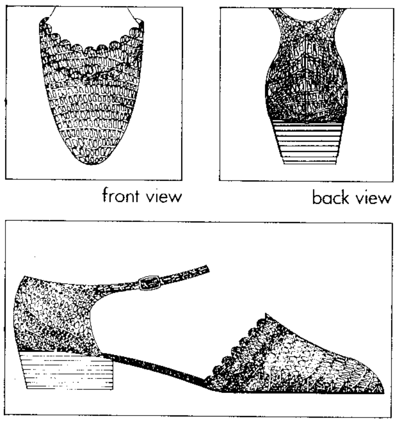

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marginal notes, and casts his votes. Bayh's bill is approved.

At twelve-forty, as the Judiciary Committee meeting is about to end, the buzzers sound, signalling a roll-call vote on the S.B.A. nomination. Culver collects his material to go to the floor, and as he makes his way there he is met by a constituent, a woman who has been a supporter.

"How are you?" Culver says. "Great to see you!"

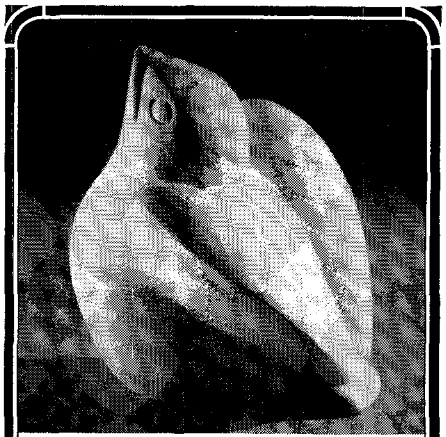
She walks along with him and he chats with her as if there were nothing else on his mind.

"If you want anything in Dubuque, holler," she says as she leaves him.

"Thanks," Culver says, smiling. "You're sweet."

Culver goes to the floor to vote and then returns to Kimmitt's office, where Fred Holborn, Dick Oshlo, and Kathi Korpon have rejoined George Jacobson. "All right, what's up?" he asks. Holborn hands him some cards with quotations on them. Culver reads one aloud. " 'A man who prides himself upon acting upon principle is likely to be a man who insists upon having his own way without learning from experience what is the better way.' John Dewey. That's great," Culver says, and he adds, smiling, "Hate to do it to you, Gaylord." He reads another one aloud—this one also by Holmes—"To have doubted one's own first principles is the mark of a civilized man." He has a lot to do now, but he's interested in the quotations. He reads a third—by John Gardner: "Political extremism involves two prime ingredients: an excessively simple diagnosis of the world's ills and a conviction that there are identifiable villains back of it all." Other staff members give him more memorandums, and he discusses with them which Nelson amendments they might accept, and the group agrees that it still seems best to begin with the Stennis amendment. "I'd better get out there now and make sure Stennis is the lead," Culver says.

At one o'clock, Stennis calls up his amendment. Culver is sitting in his chair in the front row. Stennis's amendment would exempt from the Endangered Species Act any projects that are half completed, or that had been contracted for at the time the act became law, in 1973. It would also allow the agency in charge of the project to determine whether it should be completed. The amendment is supported by the United States Chamber of Commerce and the National Forest Products Association. As Stennis argues



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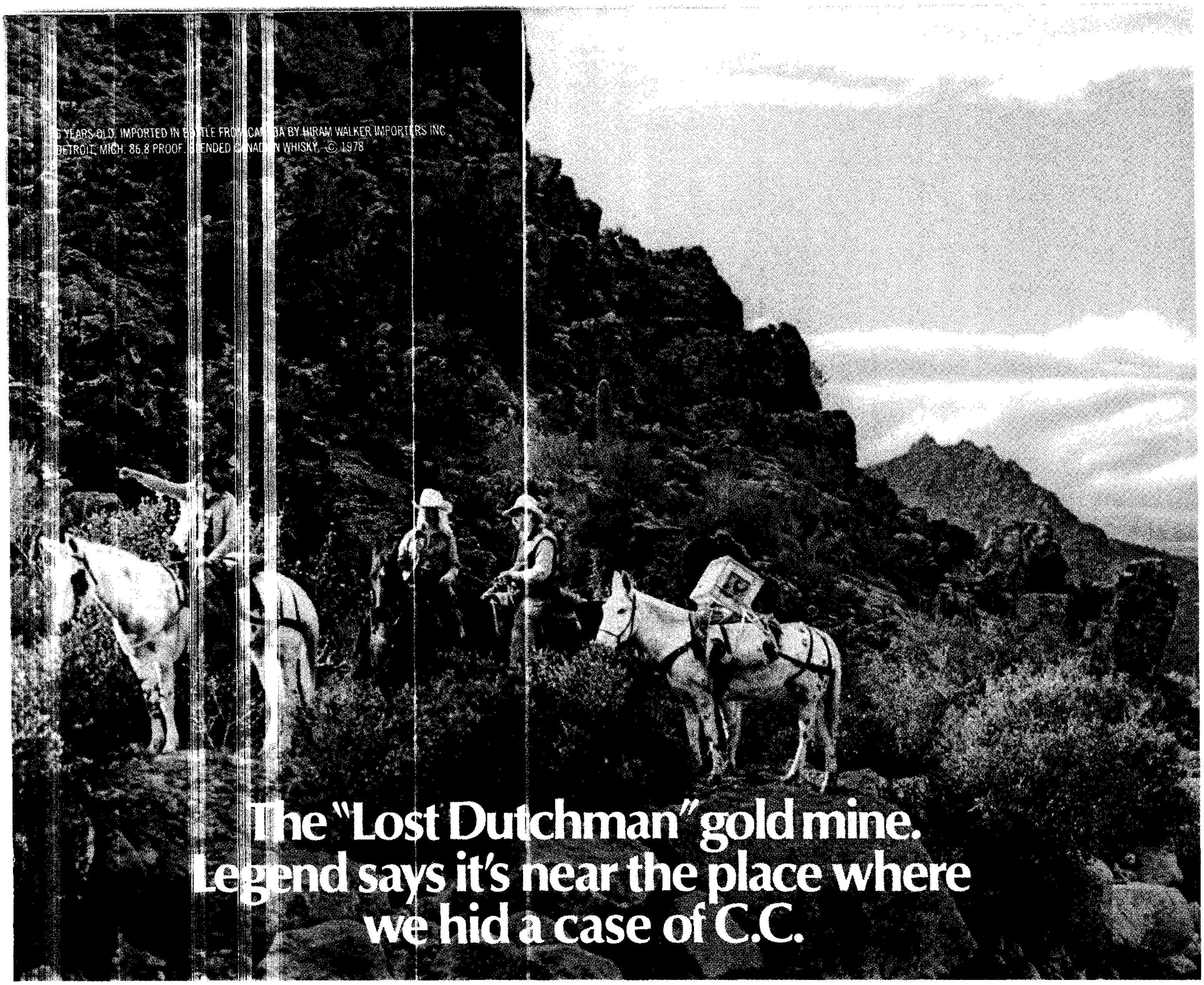
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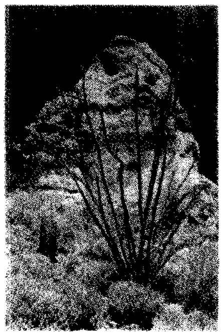

C.C. and mountain stream water.

With nightfall, we pitched camp below the needle-rock, and toasted our saddle sores with C.C. Next day we rode northwest to a well-traveled "Indian trail" and soon buried the Canadian Club. To find it, seek a place on that trail where the needle-rock is in sight, then head for lakes that weren't here when the Dutchman was.

A strange rock, an abandoned camp.

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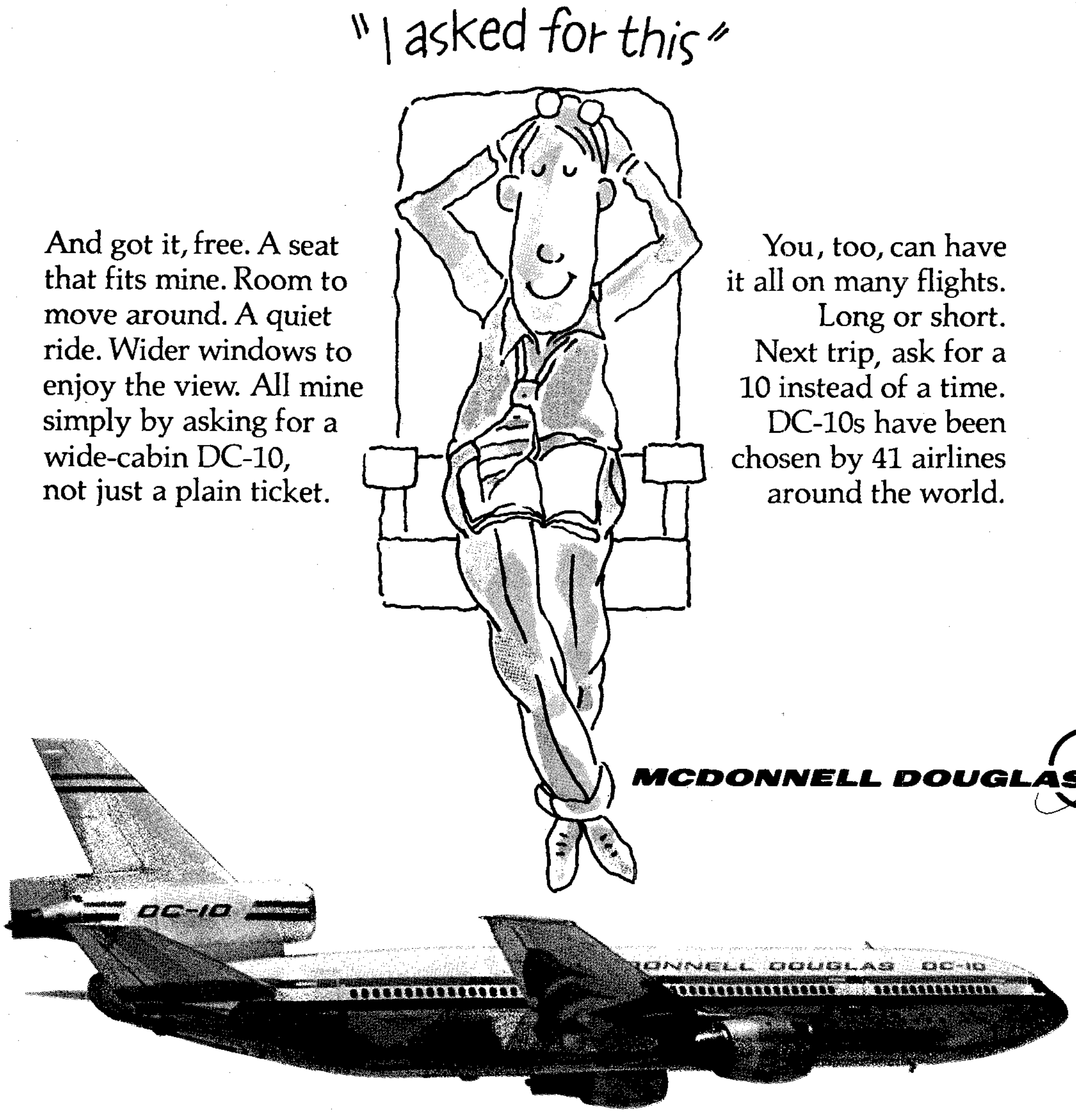

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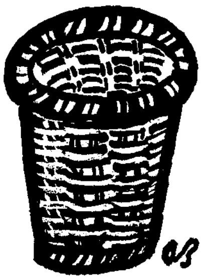
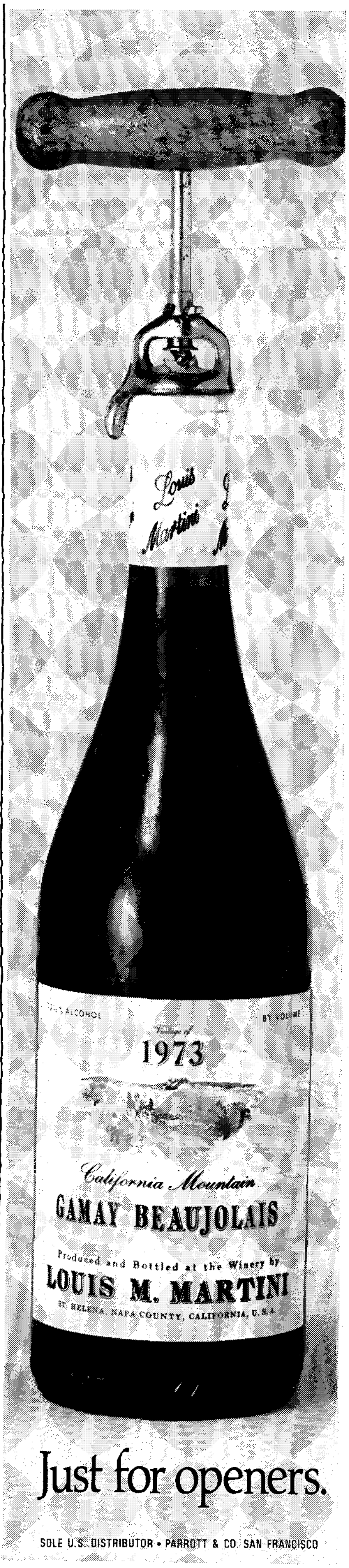
EQUAL OPPORTUNITY IN PROFESSIONAL CAREERS. SEND RESUME: BOX 14526, ST. LOUIS, MO. 63178 for his amendment, Culver listens; thinks; sorts the materials before him; talks with Jacobson, who is sitting beside him; makes more notes; studies his yellow sheets. Stennis argues that the Tellico Dam had been ninety per cent complete, and about a hundred million dollars had been spent on it, when it was halted. He points out that a right-of-way for a highway that was being built in Mississippi had to be rerouted because it was going to go through the habitat of the sandhill crane—"a rather attractive-looking bird with a red top notch." He says that forty-six cranes were involved, and explains that to deal with that problem cost two years and four million dollars, and that eighteen million two hundred thousand dollars more was spent to find an additional habitat for those birds—for a total, Stennis says, of around four hundred and eighty thousand dollars per crane. One of the largest new public-works projects, the Tennessee-Tombigbee water project, goes through Mississippi and might encounter several endangered species. As Stennis speaks, Culver catches him in a small mistake and politely asks him to yield for a correction. Stennis thanks him for the correction.



At one-twenty-three, Culver rises to speak, ostensibly in opposition to Stennis's amendment but actually to address himself also to what he knows that Nelson is going to argue. His yellow pages are on the stand in front of him. For his speech today, in contrast to the one he made last week in behalf of his aircraft-carrier amendment, he uses a lapel microphone. It is not that he needs one to be heard but that the lapel microphones at the senators' desks are attached to the speaker system by which the debates are broadcast back to the Senate offices, and some offices complained last week that they could not hear his speech on the carrier amendment. "Mr. President," Culver says, starting at the heart of the matter, "today, in 1978, the members of any elected representative body, as well as public officials and those chosen for leadership responsibilities anywhere throughout the world, are increasingly challenged, intimidated, and, in fact, frustrated by the ever-increasing complexity and enormity of the public-policy problems that they are called upon to address." He says, "Our resources are not infinite but finite . . . our margin of error is no longer what it was at an earlier day. The consequences of our own fallibility are much more serious in their implication to perhaps even the survival of human life through decisions of each and every one of us individually and collectively as a body." Warming up, his voice rising, he says, "In my judgment, no issue—no issue—more starkly poses that situation than the one that we are addressing ourselves to today, because this question goes to some of the most difficult, unfathomable questions that have always confronted mankind." He says, "They go to the nature of our universe. They go to the nature of our ecosystems, and our biosphere. They go to basic questions of 'What does it all mean.' " He quotes from Winston Churchill and from a Nigerian chieftain. He talks about the cycles of life and death—"whether we speak of mankind, whether we speak of animals, whether we speak of the Furbish lousewort." (The Furbish lousewort is a wild flower that was found in Maine in the path of a proposed hydroelectric project. Culver knows that the name has a funny ring to it.) He gives figures on the increasingly rapid rate by which species are extinguished. He says that, of the two million species of plant and animal life in the world, "biologists estimate some two hundred thousand, *two hundred thousand*"—and his voice booms through the chamber—"may be endangered or rare today." He is addressing himself to Nelson and the environmentalists, showing that he shares their concerns. He refers only infrequently to his notes. He is doing what he prefers to do when he speaks, and what gives him his reputation as one of the most effective orators in the Senate—winging it, on the basis of having studied and thought through and organized the arguments he wants to make. He talks about the things that have contributed to the extinction of species: commercial hunting and fishing, industrial poisons, the destruction of our forests, the alteration of our water tables—"and, yes, even our shopping centers and our suburban development." He has worked himself into a passion now. His face is red. He shouts as he says, "What is the responsibility of those of us who have an obligation, as stewards of this land during our own short cycle on this earth, before we, too, are extinct? What is our responsibility to those generations yet unborn, and why should we be concerned about toxic pollutants in the air and in the water? What difference does



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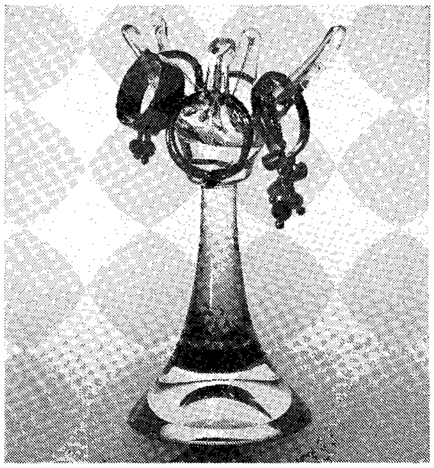

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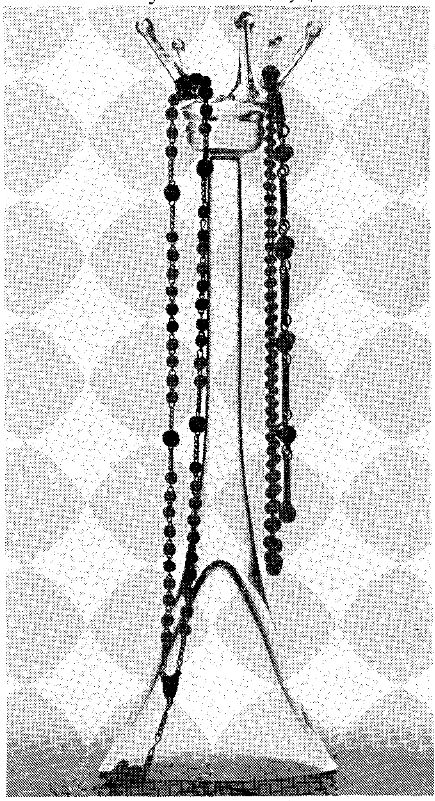

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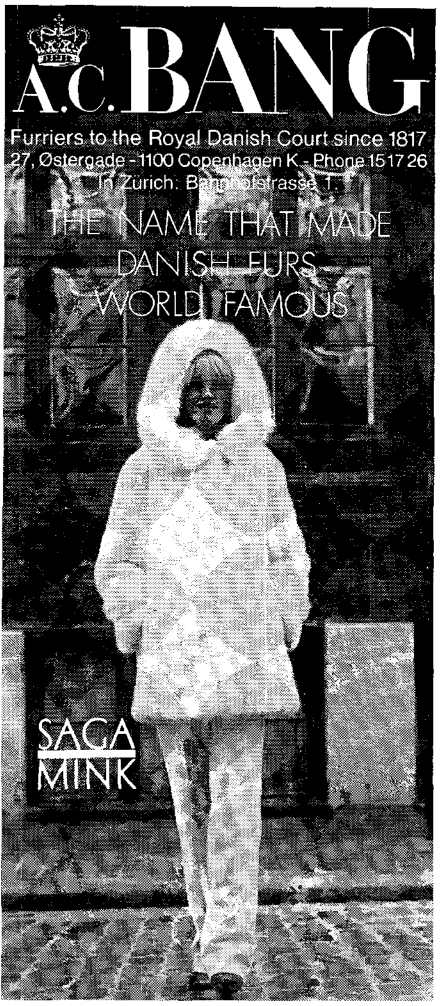
it make? Why should we be concerned about it? It may cost us. We may waste ten million dollars in appropriations. We may have to stop a dam. We may have to stop a highway. We may have to alter the course of a flood-control project. What difference does it make?" He goes on, at full steam now, and, referring to Stennis, he says, "Mr. President, as the distinguished Senator from Mississippi has said, it does on the surface seem stupid to save something like a snail darter, some crazy bat, some crayfish, something called a Furbish lousewort. So you may ask, when you are talking about Tellico and a hundred and seventeen million dollars, Why worry about the snail darter? When push comes to shove, who should win? Which species has the votes in the next election?"

Then he answers his own question. "Aside from aesthetic or ethical considerations, aside from the understandable and natural desire to have diversity and beauty in our world and in our environment, and aside from the continued preservation and existence of these rare and exotic species, it is also true, in my judgment, that we have the ethical and moral responsibility to pass on to future generations, in as pristine a state as possible, what we in turn have inherited, and to increase our knowledge, our awareness, and our sophistication in making discriminating determinations that are informed as to who lives and who dies and what are the consequences." He doesn't address himself specifically to the Stennis amendment; his plan is to have Wallop, a conservative, do that. His major purpose now is to "crowd" Nelson, as he has put it, by talking about the larger points at issue and demonstrating his own concern for the species. From time to time, his husky voice gets hoarse. He points out that there are six hundred species that are designated rare and endangered and another two thousand that are waiting to go on the list. He says that, while Tellico is the most celebrated case, there are at least twelve other major projects over which conflicts have yet to be resolved.

Nelson interrupts to state that he has received a letter from the Fish and Wildlife Service saying that it does not foresee any problem with these twelve cases.

Culver has anticipated this, and he tells Nelson that he has his own letter from the Service, "which I think puts a little different slant on things." He doesn't stick with the point; he doesn't want to get into this now. He returns to one of his recurring themes. "The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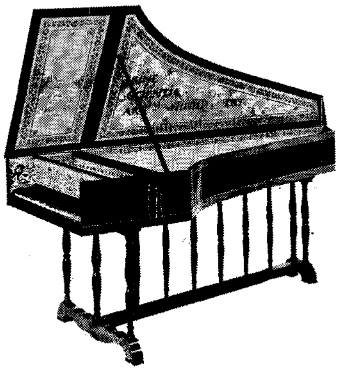

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Congress," he says, "is always being criticized for not getting out ahead of problems, for not anticipating, for not positioning ourselves so we can responsibly and rationally deal with the problems before we are blind-sided and overwhelmed by events." He points out that there have been forty-five hundred consultations between federal agencies in charge of projects and the Fish and Wildlife Service in the last five years, and says it is estimated that there will be twenty thousand consultations in the next year alone, and that "the potential for conflict is inevitable and unavoidable." He says, "Mr. President, we have proposed this mechanism, which in my judgment represents the most responsible and rational balancing of interests. . . . I say, as one who is fervently and devotedly committed to the most powerful protection of our environment and the need to preserve and protect these species, that it does not defy our power of reason to develop a mechanism which, in my judgment, gives us the flexibility we need, and gives it within a context that insulates it from the political pressures that inevitably are going to overpower any other approach."

It is now one-forty-five, and Culver is going strong, but the Senate is scheduled to take up a conference report (a report on a bill that has been passed by both chambers and has been negotiated and approved by conferees representing the Senate and the House) at this time, and so he stops. He sits down, wipes his brow with a handkerchief, and drinks from a glass of water on his desk. During the roll-call vote on the report, he talks with Nelson and with James Sasser, Democrat of Tennessee. He is arranging for Sasser to get some statements on record which deal with the politics of the endangered-species issue in Tennessee. Then Culver comes off the Senate floor, perspiring, and, as is his wont, he questions his performance. "Did I go on too long?" he asks someone. "Was it all right?" He goes to the cloakroom briefly to talk with his staff members about what will be coming up in the course of the afternoon. He does not take time for lunch, and returns to the Senate floor.

After the debate is resumed, Jake Garn, Republican of Utah, who is a conservative, speaks in behalf of the Stennis amendment. He talks about Culver's speech: "In his usual eloquent, articulate manner and with great moral fervor, he interjected such morality into this debate that I feel almost ashamed to rise and offer any changes whatso-

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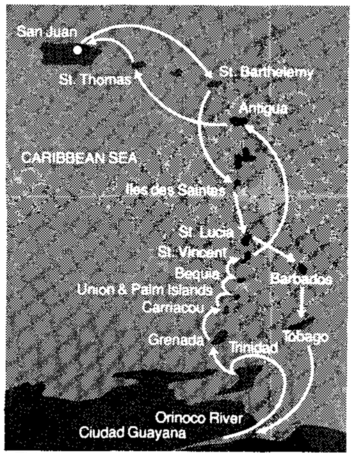

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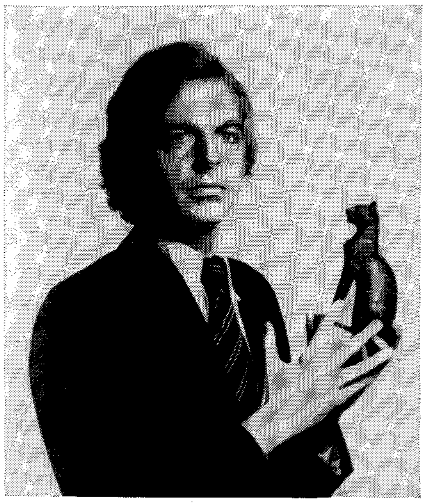

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ever to this great act." He continues, "Nevertheless, I have overcome that."

Culver smiles. He and Garn serve on the Armed Services Committee together, and though they agree on almost nothing, they have an amiable relationship. Garn complains about putting "the rights of a Furbish lousewort over the rights of man." While he speaks, Culver goes over his notes and his quotation cards, and speaks to Gary Hart and to James Pearson, Republican of Kansas.

Then, while Wallop speaks against the Stennis amendment, Culver listens carefully—out of courtesy but also to make sure that all the points are covered. He has told me that when one manages a bill it is essential to watch all the time—for mistakes on the part of allies, for someone who might get the floor and offer a surprise amendment. He carefully doles out time for others to speak.

Then Culver briefly argues against Stennis's amendment. He says that it would "eviscerate" the Endangered Species Act, and he refers to the list, which he has asked his staff to obtain, of the projects that were initiated before 1973 and would be exempted under Stennis's amendment, saying there are roughly six hundred and fifty of them. And then a roll-call vote is taken on Stennis's amendment.

During the vote, Culver "works the floor." He stands at the front, at a desk where a clerk has written a short description of Stennis's amendment, and, as his colleagues file in and come to see what the amendment is, he talks to them about it. He has already seen to it that the description is accurate—sometimes, because the descriptions are so brief, they can be misleading. "It's very important to stay on top of your vote," he has told me. "People may have told them something about what the vote is on when they came in the door and they may have more questions."

During the roll-call vote, Robert Byrd comes up to Culver and tells him that he thinks he will support Stennis. Later, he comes back, puts his hand on Culver's shoulder, and says, "I'll vote with you, but there's something I want to talk to you about."

At this point, it is clear that the Stennis amendment is going down to defeat. Culver smiles, and replies, "Well, not right now, Bob. It looks like Stennis is going to get about twenty votes on this. I'll talk to you when I really need you."

Byrd, a dour man who does not laugh very much, laughs, and says,

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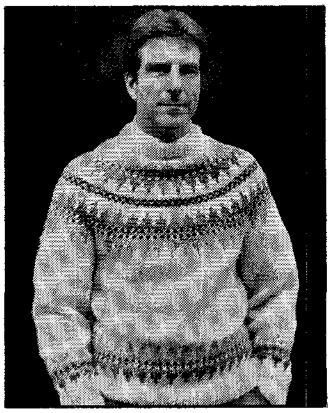

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"That's so good I'll give you one." And he votes against Stennis.

The Stennis amendment is defeated, twenty-two to seventy-six. The first part of Culver's strategy has worked.

Culver's intention is to accept as many amendments as he can without undermining the purposes of the bill, in order to build the broadest possible consensus behind it. He signals to the presiding officer who should be recognized, thus keeping control of the sequence in which things happen. Now he accepts a minor amendment by Pell and two minor amendments by Nelson. While this is taking place, a representative of an organization called Monitor, a consortium of conservation, environmental, and animal-welfare groups, tells me that there are several other amendments it wants, and that "we are with Nelson all the way." He claims that the Audubon Society "wavered" toward Culver but is now headed back toward support of Nelson.

At four-forty-five, Nelson, speaking from behind his desk, at the rear of the chamber, calls up his amendment to strike the Culver compromise and leave the Endangered Species Act intact. Nelson, ribbing Culver, says, "I have been assuming all afternoon, after listening to that magnificent speech, that at some stage the Senator from Iowa . . . would be so persuaded by what he said that he would get up and withdraw his amendment to the Endangered Species Act. Perhaps the distinguished Senator from Iowa intends to do that at some later moment."

Culver laughs, and rises and asks if Nelson will yield, and Nelson does. Culver says, "I just hope he is not holding his breath until that opportunity presents itself."

Nelson replies, "No, I had not been holding my breath, but I had been waiting breathlessly." He goes on, "I have not before heard, in any forum, a more magnificent defense of this law. . . . I just wanted to endorse what the Senator said and add to his speech just a few words in support of what really adds up to a compelling argument why the law ought to be left alone." And then he makes the arguments that Culver has anticipated: that the act has worked well, that only one project, the Tellico Dam, has been stopped—and he adds that it should not have been begun in the first place.

While Nelson speaks, Culver goes to work on his rebuttal. He asks Nelson to yield again, and inquires what Nelson is worried about "if this act has worked so wonderfully for the last four years." He adds, "Clearly, by his

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assessment of the situation the committee will never have any work to do, and next year will come back to us and say, 'We tried but couldn't even spend that money, because there were no conflicts.'. . . So I would wait to worry. I would wait to worry."

Nelson says that he worries that the Culver proposal "punches a big hole in a very good law" and authorizes a group of people to decide to destroy a species.

Nelson has run out of time, and Culver offers a technical amendment (to change the word "procure" to "obtain"), in order to give Nelson a chance to go on. He has had several such amendments prepared for this sort of contingency. He hopes that if he gives Nelson ample time to make his case Nelson will be satisfied and withdraw his amendment.

Now Howard Baker asks Nelson to yield. Although Baker is co-sponsor of Culver's amendment, he has taken little part in the debate, and his appearance is brief. He makes an argument for providing flexibility in the law.

It is after five o'clock now, and Culver is clearly wearying. After Nelson has spoken for a while, they get into a snappish exchange over how much time each has consumed in the debate—a moment of tension between friends, each of whom is trying hard to make his case and is under strain. Moreover, as is not always the case in Senate debates, both men are arguing from deep beliefs. The debate on Nelson's proposal was to have been briefer, but both men have been drawn into it by their beliefs. Culver's staff has told him that there is reason to believe that Nelson might withdraw his amendment once it has been debated, but Culver can't be sure that he will. And if tempers get out of hand anything can happen. The moment passes, however, and Culver says that he will arrange for Nelson to get as much time to speak as he needs.

After a while, Culver rises to speak against Nelson's amendment. He begins by recognizing "the sincerity and integrity of the statements by the distinguished Senator from Wisconsin," and praises Nelson's leadership in the area of environment. Culver does respect Nelson for having been a leader in the field since long before it was a fashionable one. Then he answers a charge by Nelson that the compromise is a result of "panic." He argues that his own amendment strengthens the act—he can do this now that, as he planned, Stennis has been defeated—by requiring good-faith efforts to resolve

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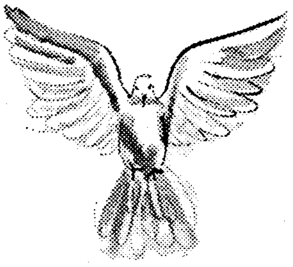

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conflicts and by requiring that a project be halted as soon as there is a realization that it might harm an endangered species. (Under the existing law, a project can be continued, as the Tellico Dam was, and thus a greater burden is placed on stopping it.) Culver rebuts Nelson on the facts, saying that it is probable that there will be an increasing number of conflicts under the act. As is his habit when he speaks, he paces back and forth within a small circle near his desk. He talks again about what he considers to be a major shortcoming in the way Congress addresses national questions: "If there is a problem with regard to the legislative process, given the nature of our current public-policy problems, it is our inability to anticipate problems and to get out and position ourselves responsibly and rationally in a way that, when the political pressures come, we will not do a shortsighted thing." He is clearly preoccupied with this problem; it is a rare legislator who even thinks about it. Now his emotions—and his voice—are rising again, and it is late in the day, and he lets go with some other things that are on his mind. He asks, "What is a cheaper vote than to stand here in the Senate chamber and say, 'Nothing needs to be done'?" He begins to shout, his voice growing hoarse again: "There is no political constituency for common sense; there is no political constituency for standing in the middle of the cross fire and getting it from the right and getting it from the left." He warns that if a resolution of the issue is not agreed upon now, the act will be weakened in the future by bureaucratic, economic, and political pressures. Then his frustration with some of the environmental groups—including some whose representatives are sitting in the gallery—spills out, and he says some things that politicians seldom say. "I would speak as someone who is really interested in the preservation and integrity of this act. We have had a number of environmental groups privately come in and whisper and wink and nod that this is what they want—'We think this will be very helpful'—but they know if they are going to get their dues every year they have to keep demagoguing to their constituency." He continues, "Well, I do not care how the votes fall on this one, but I say one thing: I hope they get the message. I am sick and tired of that kind of politics. I am sick and tired of it. I would like them, if they are worthy of representing these outstanding groups, to have the integrity to tell them the same thing they

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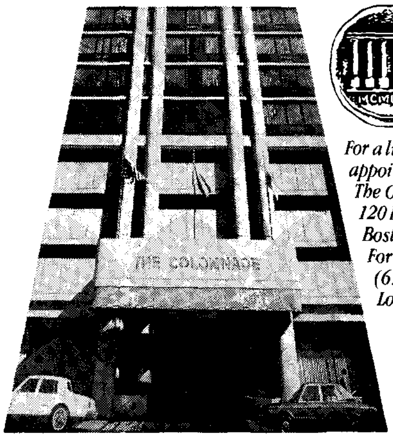

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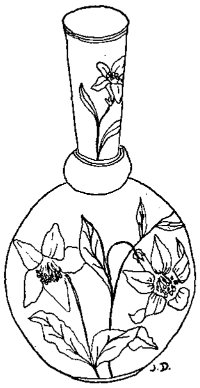
tell me. Unless and until they do, I am not interested in what they tell me." And, as if he realizes how far he has gone, he adds, "Very much." He praises the Audubon Society. (The Audubon Society has sent him a letter endorsing his approach and also saying, "We are aware of some of the heavy pressures that have been brought upon you from both sides and we want to commend you for your statesmanship and courage in trying to achieve a resolution that protects all aspects of the national interest.") Culver says, "That is one group that has put their money where their mouth is. They put their mouths where their constituency's money is. They have been honest and responsive and they follow the political climate. I think they know what is in their best interests." He returns to the subject of groups that are insatiable in their demands on even those politicians who are trying to help them—by doing the hard work of mediating. He says, "How long do they think we should walk the plank? How long can we have people who can possibly survive trying to do the right thing if they know we are doing the right thing and they speak out against us?" And he concludes by citing the quotation from John Dewey—"A man who prides himself upon acting upon principle is likely to be a man who insists upon having his own way without learning from experience what is the better way."



Nelson, knowing that his amendment would be defeated, withdraws it. He goes to Culver's desk, and the two men shake hands and joke with each other.

Now Culver's two greatest obstacles are out of the way, but he still has a number of amendments to deal with, and he cannot be sure that he knows about all that will be offered, so he cannot relax until the bill is put to a final vote.

At six-ten, William Scott calls up the first of a number of amendments he plans to offer. This one, Scott explains, is to provide that "the welfare of the human species be considered." It is this sort of amendment—which appears harmless but could do damage to the legislative history—against which managers of legislation have to be on guard. Fortunately for Culver, it is being offered by Scott, whose standing in the Senate is such that he attracts few votes for his proposals.

Culver responds to Scott, "The Congress and the U.S. Supreme Court have stated that the protection of endangered species is consistent with the welfare of the American people," and he adds, "The goals of the American people . . . are variable with time, and they often are not the same from person to person or . . . from senator to senator. What constitutes a proper goal for the welfare of the American people is a matter of constant debate." Scott's amendment is defeated on a roll-call vote of ten to eighty-six. He offers another one, specifying that an endangered species would be protected only if it was determined that it was of "substantial benefit to mankind."

In the course of Scott's remarks on behalf of this amendment, a young man in the gallery begins shouting. He has a superabundance of hair that flies in all directions, he is wearing a black T-shirt, and he has a rather wild look about him. "But that doesn't make any sense!" he shouts at Scott. "You can't tell what kinds of species are important to man!" The rest of the chamber is hushed. Interruptions from the gallery are not tolerated, and as the young man starts to go on some guards rush over and hustle him out.

Culver, rising to rebut Scott, looks down at the notes his staff has prepared for him on this amendment and sees that they suggest as his first argument, *in effect, that Scott's proposal doesn't* make any sense, that you can't tell what kinds of species are important to man. He hesitates, and begins somewhere else.

During the roll-call vote that follows, on Scott's amendment, Culver gleefully goes about the floor telling his colleagues the story on himself. "I figured that either I should get that guy down here to debate Scott, or the guards were going to come down here and haul me out," he says. Each time he repeats the story, he laughs harder, sometimes doubling over. Scott's amendment is defeated, two to eighty-seven.

At seven-thirty, the Senate recesses for the evening, and will resume the debate at ten tomorrow morning. There was some thought of trying to complete action on the bill tonight, but too many amendments are still pending. Moreover, Scott has raised a couple of issues that have Culver worried. One is that Culver's proposal requires the presence of all seven members of the

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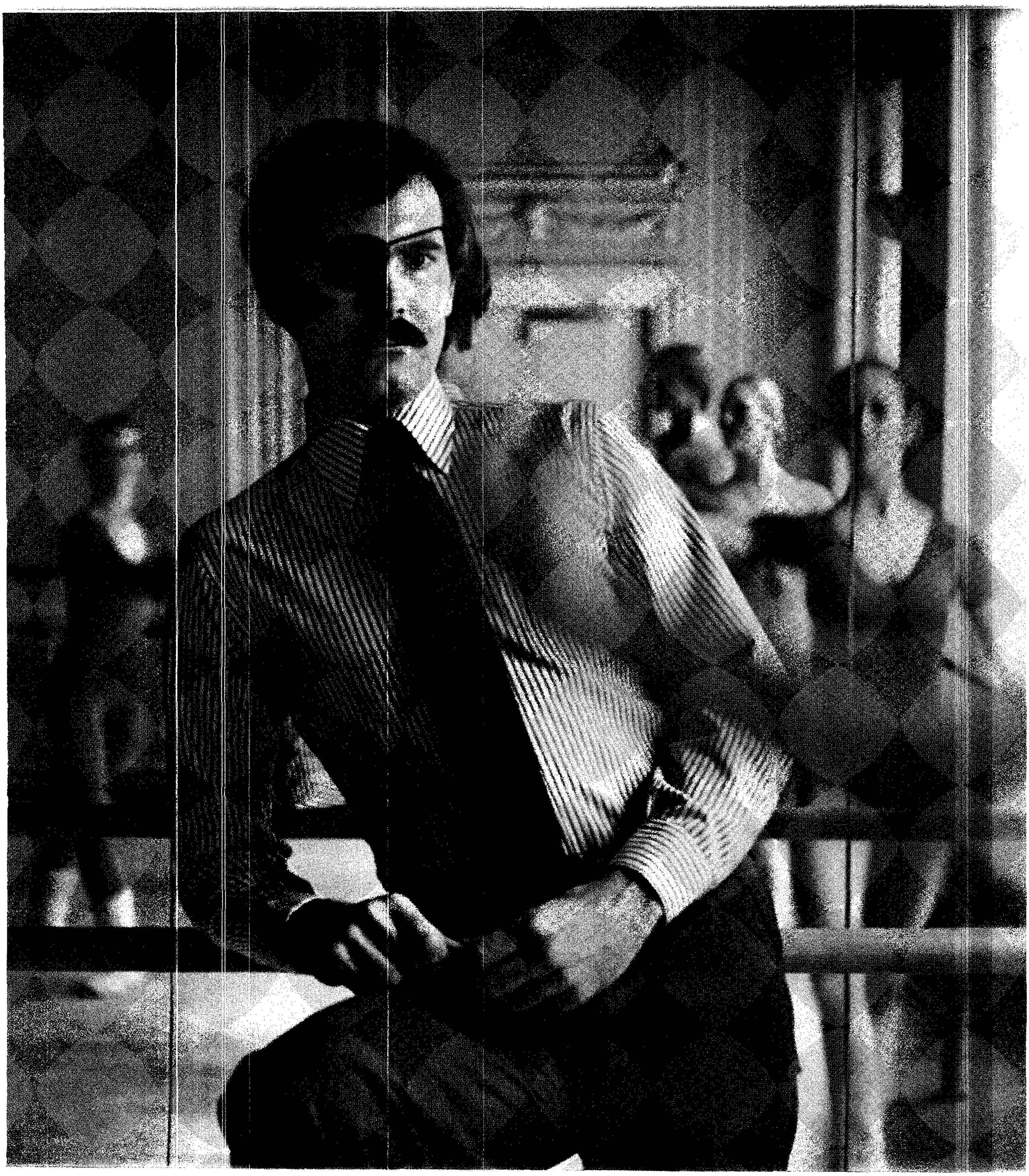

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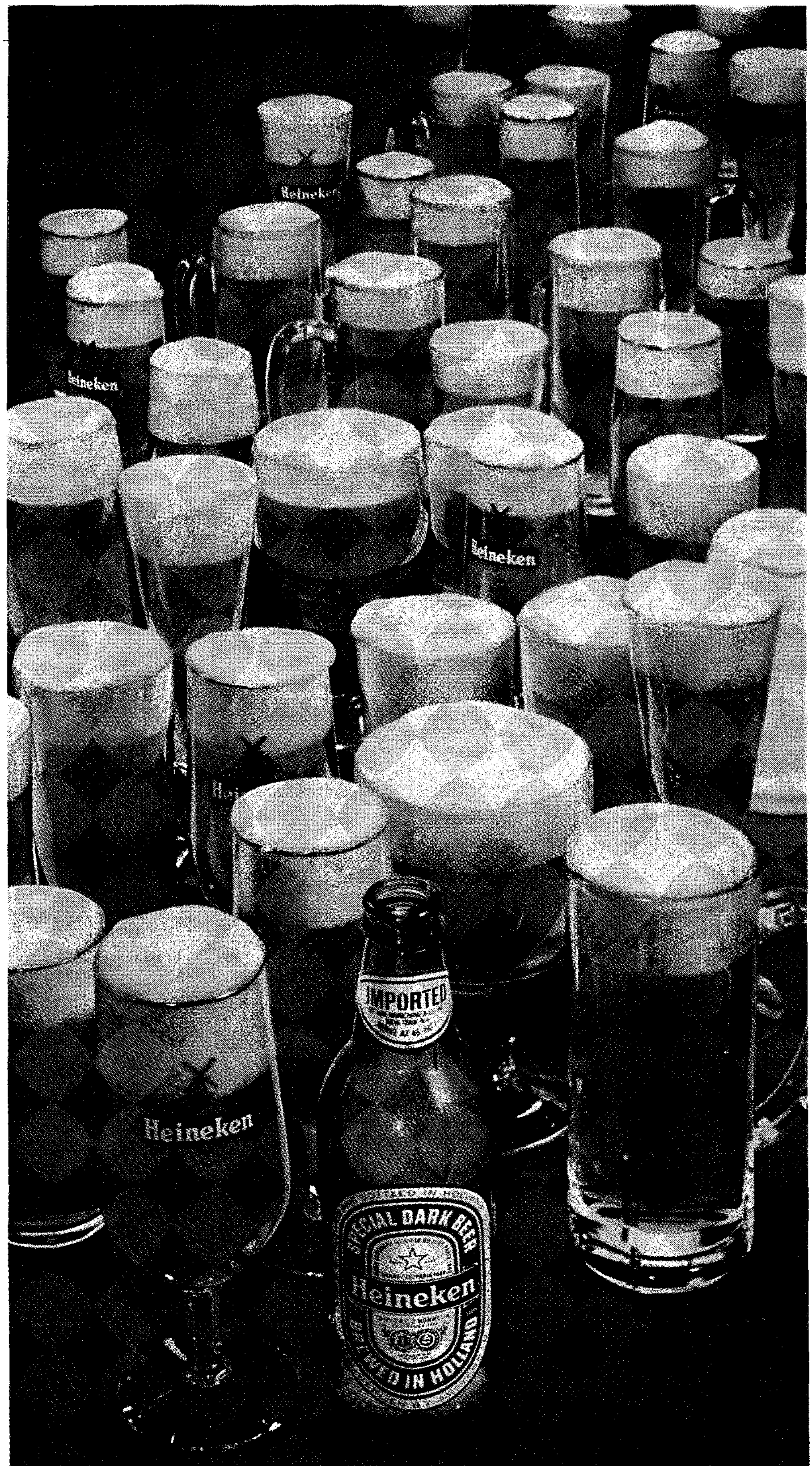

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interagency committee for a quorum. On this, he thinks Scott has a point—the absence of one member could keep the committee from functioning. Also, Scott wants to amend the section of the bill which requires the votes of five of the seven members of the committee to exempt a project from the act; his amendment would require that only a majority is necessary. "Scott has opened something up," Culver says after he comes off the Senate floor. "There could be lots of amendments on the question of the quorum and how many votes are necessary. We deliberately loaded it so as to give the heavy presumption to the species. It's important to hold that. I've asked the staff to check for precedents for requiring a five-out-of-seven vote; they're not sure they can find any. I wish we could have kept the momentum going. There's a lot of momentum to these things. That's why it was important to defeat Stennis early. But it's harder to achieve momentum on this bill, because it's such a cross-quilt—so many amendments, coming from every direction. That's why we're trying to work out as many as we can informally."

Charles Stevenson meets Culver in the reception room off the Senate floor to go over the press release and give Culver materials for his press conference tomorrow on Soviet civil defense; when it was scheduled, Culver thought that the debate on the endangered-species bill would be over, or at least that the Senate would not be meeting in the morning. But it is getting toward the end of this year's session—it is an election year—and the legislation is piling up, so morning meetings are becoming frequent. Culver reads a note saying that William Hathaway, Democrat of Maine, wants his proxy for a vote in the Small Business Committee tomorrow. He asks Dick Oshlo to talk it over with Fred Holborn and Park Rinard, Culver's other senior staff member. Two people, representing the National Wildlife Federation and the Citizens Committee for Natural Resources, congratulate Culver on the job he did today, and Culver tells them that he appreciates their "constructive efforts." Neither of these is one of the groups that Culver was referring to on the floor this afternoon.

He thanks a representative of the Audubon Society for the letter. She tells Culver, "We took a lot of flak on it."

Culver replies, "I really appreciate that."

A staff member hands him a clipping from today's Des Moines *Register* which says that a rare clam—the *Lampsilis higginsi*, or Higgins' eye—has been found in the Mississippi River, near the site of a proposed bridge outside Dubuque.

This evening, Culver goes to Nelson's home for dinner. (He does not have time to stop by, as he hoped to, at a fund-raising reception for an old friend of his in the House.) Nelson and his wife, Carrie Lee—a woman much admired for her frankness—are hospitable people, and tonight they have gathered a number of senators and other friends. Nelson and Culver kid each other a good bit during the evening. Nelson teases Culver about how long his speech was early this afternoon; Culver tells the story on himself about the young man in the gallery. Nelson lobbies Culver on some amendments he will offer tomorrow, telling him they will strengthen his hand when he goes to conference, and then he kids Culver again about his speech. "You son of a bitch," Nelson says. "You used my arguments." Nelson and Culver laugh.

•

WEDNESDAY, JULY 19TH: Culver has gone to the White House for the eight-o'clock breakfast meeting on lifting the embargo on the sale of arms to Turkey (he asked the President to what extent the policy of lifting the embargo, in the interests of strengthening NATO, had anticipated a negative reaction in Greece, which could have consequences that would weaken NATO); at nine-thirty, he met on the Senate steps with 4-H Clubs from three counties in Iowa; at nine-forty-five, he met with Charles Stevenson to go over some questions he had on the material, which he had read early this morning, for the press conference on Soviet civil defense; and then he met with George Jacobson and Kathi Korpon on amendments that will come up today on the endangered-species bill.

Now, at ten o'clock, the Senate resumes debate on the bill. S. I. Hayakawa, Republican of California, offers a minor amendment, which Culver accepts, in accordance with his policy of accepting as many as he can in order to build a consensus behind the bill. Representatives of the Fish and Wildlife Service are stationed in the Vice-President's Capitol Hill office, off the Senate floor, and amendments that Culver is giving consideration to accepting are sent out to them for their opinion. He turns the floor over to

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Wallop so that Wallop can engage Hayakawa in a colloquy to establish the legislative history of the amendment. Culver is giving Wallop a larger role than the majority manager usually affords the minority—also in the interest of building a consensus.

Shortly before ten-thirty, Culver leaves the floor to go to the Dirksen Office Building for his press conference on Soviet civil defense. Just before the press conference begins, he goes over again with Charles Stevenson the points he wants to stress. A fair number of newspaper reporters are here, along with reporters from two television networks and one television station in Iowa. Culver enters the room and sits behind a table that has several microphones on it. He is wearing a navy-blue suit, a blue shirt, and a navy-blue tie with small white dots. He reads a statement explaining that "for the past two years I have sought an official but unclassified assessment of Soviet civil defense which could be made available for a better-informed public debate on this issue." The report he has received, and is releasing today, he says, "represents the first comprehensive and authoritative analysis of this crucial topic in unclassified form." He says that "the study indicates that the Soviet civil-defense system, while representing a significant national effort, is by no means sufficiently effective to encourage the Soviets to risk starting a nuclear war." He continues, "While crediting the Soviet Union with a major, ongoing civil-defense program, this report demonstrates that those efforts are not sufficient to prevent millions of casualties and massive industrial damage in the event of a nuclear war. In short, Soviet programs are not enough to tip the strategic balance against us." He is addressing himself to recent alarms that the Soviets are engaged in a new civil-defense effort of sufficient proportions that the strategic balance might indeed be tipped, and to arguments that therefore the United States should also engage in a new, enlarged civil-defense program. Now, also addressing himself to the arguments of critics of SALT, and pursuing his goal, about which he spoke to me earlier, of achieving more understanding in both the United States and the Soviet Union concerning the consequences of a nuclear exchange, he says, "Despite the widespread claims that Soviet leaders might launch a nuclear attack because they expect to suffer only moderate damage and few casualties—and we hear that suggested today in a number of quarters—the professional judgment of our intelli-

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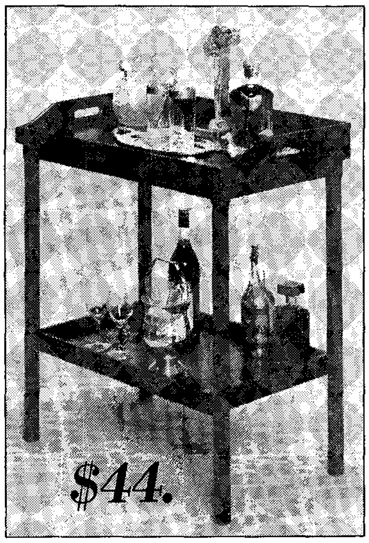

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gence community is that they would not be emboldened to expose themselves and their country to a higher risk of nuclear attack. Even under the 'worst case' assumptions of this study, nuclear war would be a disaster for the Soviet Union." He takes questions, and answers earnestly and with a large number of facts. He says that the estimates of each side's losses in a nuclear attack vary with the targeting plan and the warning time—that the Soviet Union could lose well over a hundred million people, but that that figure could be cut by more than fifty per cent if it had two to three days' warning. "I guess the bottom line in all this," he says, "is that even in the worst case the casualties would be awesome."

When one of the reporters questions his conclusions, Culver becomes annoyed. "We do have a great deal of speculation. It's rampant," he says, referring to the alarms about the nature of the Soviet threat. His voice rises. "We don't need to panic," he says. "There is no surge planning. Since they can't have high confidence—and that's what this report is about—the Soviet Union would not be emboldened to risk a nuclear war." Culver is getting involved, and he just keeps going, making his argument, ranging into the way he thinks about the whole subject. He may have a bill pending on the Senate floor, but now he gives this his all, takes the opportunity to present his case. He says, "We talk so much about military doctrine—that General So-and-So says this, that General So-and-So says that. Soldiers in every country all the time talk about victory. They're not paid to talk about defeat. They are trained with the can-do spirit, and the can-do spirit can lead to nuclear war—holocaust, believe it or not." The passion has come to the surface again. "The political leadership on both sides believe that nuclear war would be a disaster," he says. "Now, whether the troops have got the message is another question." Addressing himself to his questioner, he continues, "The Soviet civil-defense effort, I beg your pardon, is not the coördinated, effective system that some so-called experts have claimed, according to the judgment of the people who wrote this report." He goes on—as he did with me in his office, as he did with the constituents in Des Moines—about both sides having civil-defense signs in their subways, both sides having pamphlets. He says, "If you just like to embrace rumor and innuendo and fear, fine. Some people make a lifetime career of it."

He then tries to turn to someone

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else, but the reporter follows up with a question based on a statement by a Soviet general.

"I could probably provide you with some statements by our highest military or some article they've written," Culver replies. "In that context, everyone's talking about, quote, winning a war, unquote."

He goes on for a while, talking about Soviet history. "I'm not minimizing their effort, and it may be comfortable to characterize my position as 'weak on civil defense,' " he says, "but what I want to do is to get objective information before the public."

In answer to a question about whether he thinks that the United States should proceed to spend substantially increased funds on civil defense over the next few years, Culver says, "I think that we're just going to have to carefully look at it and review it." He adds that he thinks this is an area that should be explored in future SALT talks. "It seems to me that before we all pour a lot of money along this line," he says, "why don't we get together and try to agree, in the spirit of the A.B.M. agreement"—in 1972, the United States and the Soviet Union agreed to limit substantially their deployment of anti-ballistic missiles—"and try to find a way to minimize the threat." This is how he argued in opposing construction of a military base on Diego Garcia, an atoll in the Indian Ocean, and later there were talks on demilitarizing the Indian Ocean; this is how he argued about conventional-arms sales, and later there were talks on that subject. However fruitful the talks may or may not be, Culver considers such efforts worth a try.

Culver concludes the press conference at eleven-fifteen.

In an anteroom, Don Brownlee is waiting with a tape-recording machine, so that Culver can record what are called "actualities" to send out to the Iowa radio stations. As Brownlee holds a microphone, Culver reads two excerpts from his statement. Charles Stevenson tells Culver that he has some questions about provisions that Culver backed which might come up in the House-Senate conference on the military-procurement bill this afternoon—questions about which provisions he might want to trade for what. "We'll have to talk about that more, Charlie," Culver says.

When Culver returns to the Senate floor, an amendment by Nelson is pending. This one would limit projects that could be exempted to those for which "a substantial and irretrievable

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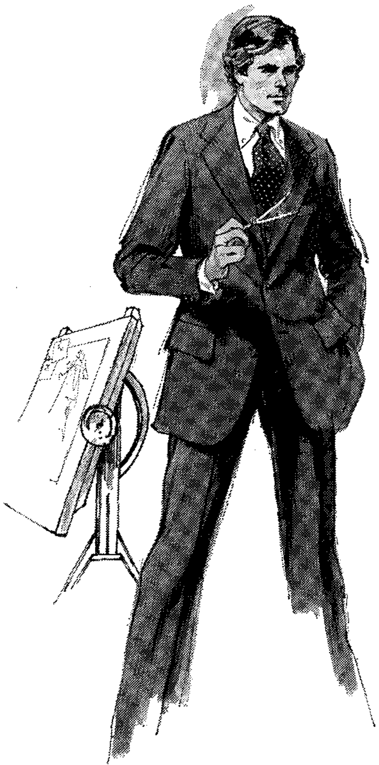
commitment of resources had been made." Culver speaks in opposition, saying that the amendment "does have some superficial appeal" but could have undesirable results—that it could have the effect of discouraging agencies from confronting the problem until a project was well along. He does an imitation, in a prissy voice, of an imagined, unrealistic statement by a representative of the Fish and Wildlife Service in the course of a discussion over whether a project should proceed. He draws an analogy—perhaps because of what he was dealing with in his press conference—between such discussions and the bargaining over SALT. "This amendment could have the force and effect of accelerating the move toward construction," he says. "This amendment says the only way you can have any hope for receiving an exemption is to get in there and build." He cites Nelson's proposed language—"a substantial and irretrievable commitment of resources." He bellows, "What on earth is that? Is there a lawyer in the house? Substantial to whom? Irretrievable to whom?" He returns to the defense analogy, referring now to the current controversy over whether a mobile-missile system should be built. "We may have to dig a hole where the Furbish lousewort lives," he says, and he goes on to say that we should not get into a situation where it would be like saying to the Defense Department, " 'Go ahead and build the damn thing, and if you build it enough to spend thirty million dollars, then we will tell you you should not have done it in the first place.' " Nelson's amendment is defeated by a vote of twenty-five to seventy.

During the roll call, Culver goes over to the Republican side to confer with Scott.

Now Scott offers an amendment to exempt a project that might prevent the recurrence of a natural disaster, and Culver accepts it. Scott previously referred several times in the debate to a flood in Virginia that took the lives of four people, and yesterday afternoon Culver decided to try to reach agreement with him on an amendment to cover natural disasters. Next, he accepts an amendment by Scott to provide that five rather than all seven members of the interagency committee will constitute a quorum. Culver's hope is that if he accommodates Scott, Scott may reciprocate by withholding some of the several amendments he still has pending. "It's like a negotiating situation," Culver has explained to me. "You have twelve amendments, but there are only



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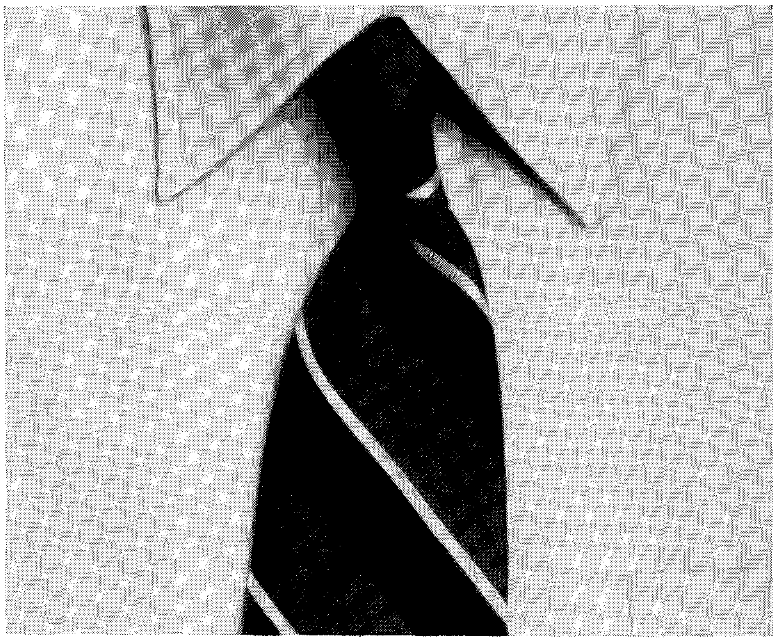

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three or four you care about." Scott, however, is unpredictable. And though Scott has little influence within the Senate, Culver still has to be concerned that, as the day goes on, the Senate might accept something that Scott proposes or an atmosphere might be created in which some surprise amendment would be adopted. When Senate sessions go on until late in the day or into the evening, matters can get increasingly out of hand: tempers rise, a few drinks may have been consumed, and a certain "what the hell?" attitude can take over. "Late in the day gets to be the silly season," Culver has explained to me. "It gets harder and harder to control what happens." For that reason, Culver has persuaded Scott to bring up now the amendment that Culver most fears: the one to require a majority vote, rather than a vote of five of the seven members, of the interagency committee in granting an exemption. He is worried that his proposal is vulnerable here. And he is concerned that if the number of votes required to exempt a project should be reduced to a simple majority many more projects might be exempted. Scott was not enthusiastic about offering the amendment at this point, but Culver has talked him into it. The theory behind having Scott bring up the amendment now is that it is better to have such a proposal come up in the morning—a time when many senators are in committee meetings or in their offices and are more distracted than usual from the business that is taking place on the floor. Also, Culver figures that most of his colleagues will assume that at this point, especially after a long day of taking up amendments—and major ones—yesterday, only routine, "housekeeping" amendments are being considered, and that they will pay less attention to the issue, be less eager to join the fray, than they might be later on. These are the sorts of calculations that managers of bills must make. Culver figures, further, that if an amendment is to be offered on the voting of the new committee he would prefer that it be offered by Scott. And, by a prior arrangement that Culver has made with Nelson, Nelson will ask for a roll-call vote on the amendment. Scott does not want a roll call on it. Culver's idea is to beat the amendment, and beat it good, burying the issue in the Senate once and for all, and also putting him in a position to tell a Senate-House conference on the bill that the proposal was resoundingly defeated in the Senate. "It's a judgment call," Culver has

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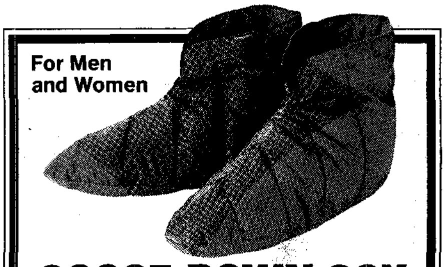

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said, explaining to me the considerations behind whether or not to put something to a roll-call vote. Sometimes, as happened when Stennis, as chairman of the Armed Services Committee and floor manager of the military-procurement bill, accepted Culver's amendment on aircraft carriers, a senator will decide not to press for a roll-call vote, to—as Culver puts it—"God, take it and run."

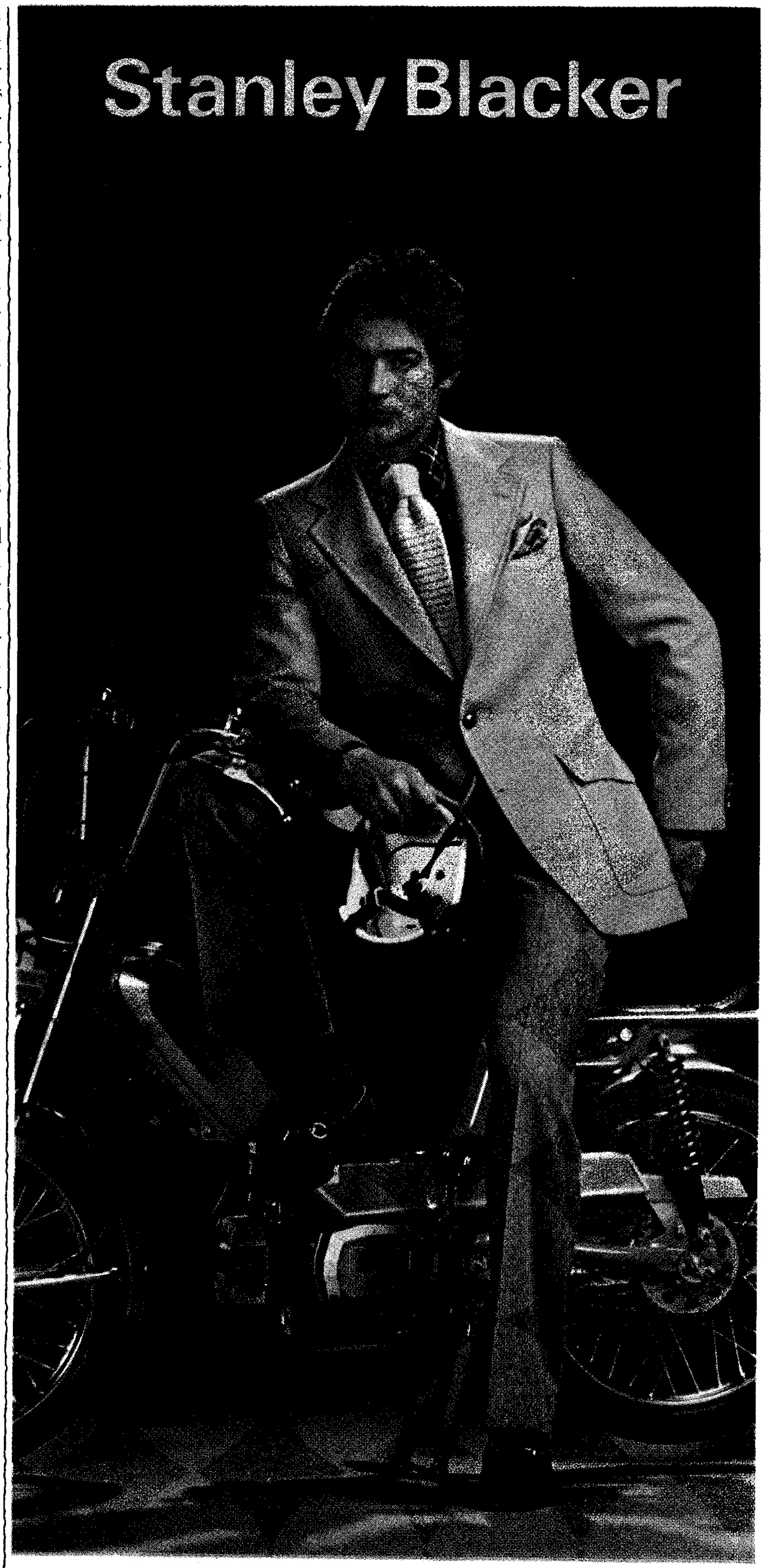
So now Scott calls up his amendment to require that the votes of only four of the seven members of the interagency committee are necessary in order to exempt a project. Culver, speaking in opposition to the amendment, offers some precedents for requiring a "super-majority" vote. Culver wasn't sure there were any precedents, but his staff has been imaginative: he uses the example of jury trials in criminal cases—which require unanimity—and he cites the Senate rule that a filibuster can be cut off only by the votes of sixty members, or three-fifths, of the Senate. Scott's amendment is defeated on a roll-call vote, twenty-three to sixty-nine.

Now Culver accepts a number of other amendments offered by Republicans. He has told me, "You can take a couple of amendments you know you are going to drop in a spittoon on the way to the conference." Nelson had some other amendments, too, but by one-thirty he and the environmentalists backing him have decided to give up.

Off the Senate floor, a Democratic senator talks to me about Culver. "He's doing a real good job of managing the bill," the senator says. "It's a controversial issue; he's picking his way through the amendments, and working some out, and fighting and defeating others, and establishing his control over the floor. That's very important: others will follow your lead if they feel that you're being sensible and you have control."

This afternoon, Culver—he has skipped lunch again—works to keep that control. He quickly moves against a senator who has asked for more time than was permitted under the unanimous-consent agreement and who wants to offer a non-germane amendment.

While another senator is speaking, Culver leaves the floor briefly; he has received a card of the sort that visitors send in when they want to see senators, this one telling him that a delegation of forty-one Catholics from Dubuque would like to see him. (He has turned down a number of other requests today



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to meet with people off the Senate floor.) He goes over to the Rotunda of the Capitol and meets with the group for five minutes, explaining to them that he is managing a bill on the Senate floor, and adding, "I figured if I didn't come out to see you, you'd fire me, but if I don't get back in there the Majority Leader will fire me."

When Culver returns to the Senate, Wallop is sitting next to Scott's seat, in the second-to-last row, talking to Scott, and Culver goes back to join them. After he accepted Scott's amendments this morning, Culver told him that he hoped that that would take care of matters and that Scott would offer no further amendments. Scott said then that he wanted to go back to his office and look over his other amendments. This afternoon, he returned to say that he had four more he wanted to offer, and Culver asked Wallop to go back and talk to Scott and see what he could do. Now Culver finds that they haven't got very far; Scott is insisting that either he be allowed to offer four amendments or he will ultimately offer twelve. Culver has asked for a quorum call—a device used from time to time during a debate in order to gain time to get a senator to the floor, or to regroup, or to work out an amendment, or to negotiate—and the clerk calls the roll, slowly. At one point during the negotiations, Culver puts his head in his hands, seeming very weary. Finally, at five minutes to three, Culver comes back to his desk and asks that the quorum call be ended. He has talked Scott into offering just one more amendment. Now Scott offers one providing that if the National Security Council determines that any interference with a critical military installation on behalf of an endangered species "would have an adverse effect on the security of the United States," it is authorized to notify the interagency committee in writing and that "the committee shall give immediate consideration to such determination." In the preceding negotiations, Culver has succeeded in getting Scott to modify this amendment; in its original form, it would have allowed the National Security Council to grant an automatic exemption, and it would have been invoked to prevent an adverse effect on any installation, not just one deemed essential to the national security. Culver's objections were that anything might be found adverse to an installation and that granting an automatic exemption was contrary to the spirit of the bill.

Now Scott says, "Suppose a bird or

some endangered species was in front of an intercontinental ballistic missile. They could not release that missile." He goes on to say that he thinks "any commander worth his salt" would go ahead and fire the missile, but that, under the Endangered Species Act, the commander would then "be subject to a fine of twenty thousand dollars and imprisonment for up to a year."

Culver, who appears to be struggling to keep a straight face, commends Scott, saying that his amendment "is extremely important and is acceptable."

Then, just as the debate is nearing its end, the Senate sets aside the endangered-species bill to take up the Quiet Communities Act of 1978—the noise-control bill that Culver had talked about in Des Moines, and that he must also manage. Culver is waiting for a certain senator to reach the floor to offer an amendment to the endangered-species bill, and he knows that the noise-control bill is noncontroversial and will take little time, so he and Byrd have decided to bring it up now. Arrangements of this sort are made from time to time, both to accommodate senators and to move legislation along. After Culver reads a statement explaining the provisions of the noise-control bill, it is adopted by voice vote, and the Senate returns to the endangered-species bill, and the last pending amendment is offered and withdrawn.

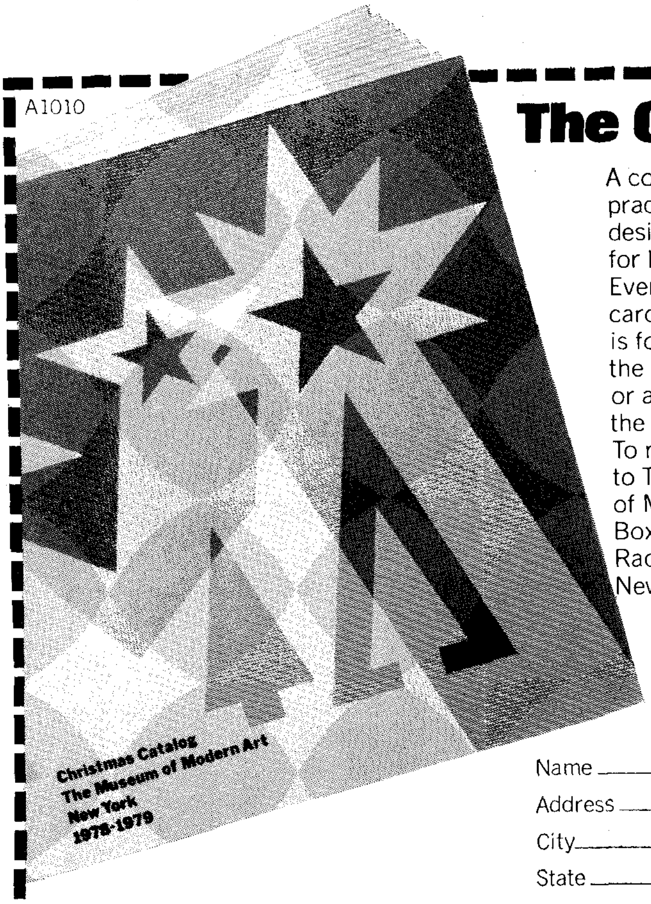
Now Wallop and Culver commend each other, and their own staffs, on the work on the bill, a few other senators make brief statements, and the roll is called on final passage.

It is clear that the bill will pass, so during the roll call Culver leaves the floor. Don Brownlee has asked him to meet on a grassy spot in front of the Capitol with Dean Norland, a television correspondent from Cedar Rapids. Norland has to have his film at the airport by four o'clock in order to get it on tonight's news.

It is one of those hot, humid Washington summer afternoons. "Hi, Dean," Culver says to Norland. "Can we do this before your subject melts?"

Norland asks him what this bill will do for Iowa, and makes specific reference to the problem of the Dubuque bridge and the Higgins'-eye clam.

Culver explains that the bill would require a consultation process. He stands with his hands folded in front of him, and has his sombre look; he talks firmly and with composure. There is no sign of how hot and tired he is. The bill, he says, "represents a responsible and rational balance of competing



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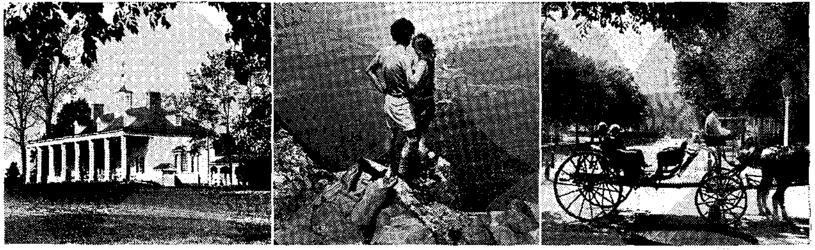

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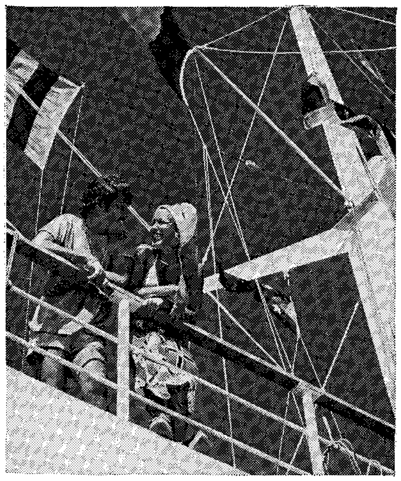

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needs, with a strong presumption in favor, whenever there is doubt, of the endangered species." He talks a bit longer, says, "Thank you, Dean, 'preciate it," and then says, "I think I'll go see how my vote is."

On the way back, he glances at his schedule card and notices that he was to meet a constituent for a handshake at three o'clock. He asks Brownlee, "What happened to that constituent?" Brownlee isn't sure. Culver reads a memorandum Brownlee has given him about phone calls that have come in for him: James Schlesinger, the Secretary of Energy, has called him, and so has Patricia Harris, the Secretary of Housing and Urban Development.

When Culver reaches the Senate floor, the roll call is just about completed, and in a few moments Adlai Stevenson, who is presiding, gives the final tally. "On this vote," he says, "the yeas are ninety-four and the nays are three." Culver allows himself a smile of satisfaction, but quickly suppresses it and accepts the congratulations of his colleagues.

It is now shortly after four, and, after going into the cloakroom to talk with some of his colleagues and unwind for a few minutes, Culver goes to the President's Room, a small room behind the Senate floor, to meet Bill Griffee, an Iowa state representative from Nashua, who has been attempting to obtain funds from the Department of Energy to revitalize an old power-dam system. "What would you like me to do at this stage, Bill?" Culver asks.

Griffee replies, "I would like you to keep track of the people in the Department of Energy." Jim Larew, who has accompanied Griffee here, takes notes. Griffee continues, "It just helps if they know a United States senator is darned interested."

Culver offers to make calls when Griffee thinks it would be helpful, and Griffee asks whether he has any objections if when he talks to the press he says that he has spoken with Senator Culver about this project. Culver says, "No, that's all right," and he adds, "I'm not familiar with all the feelings about the project." Don Brownlee takes a picture of the two men standing together.

It is now four-twenty. Jim Larew gives Culver a memorandum from Mike Naylor, Culver's legislative director, telling him that tomorrow the Administration will announce its position on product-liability insurance for small businesses, and that it will fall short of what Culver has proposed. He suggests

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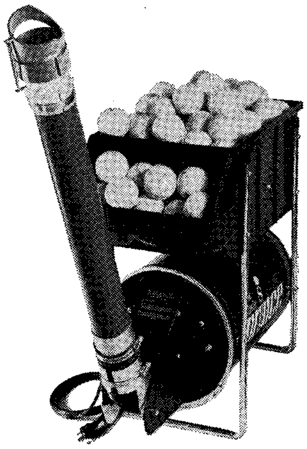

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that Culver get ready to respond to the Administration's announcement, and asks whether, if Culver does not have time to receive a briefing on it this afternoon—he doesn't—Naylor may tell Commerce Department staff members that Culver has asked that Naylor be briefed on the details. Culver writes "Yes" on the memorandum. An aide sends word that today the Agriculture Appropriations Subcommittee has approved one hundred million dollars for Culver's soil-conservation, clean-water program. Brownlee gives him a note saying that a certain part of the military-procurement bill is coming up in conference at four-thirty. Culver decides that if it is important enough one of his colleagues will send word asking him to come.

Now Culver proceeds to the Radio and Television Gallery to talk about the endangered-species bill. This is routine for major figures in a legislative battle. Culver goes into a room containing a set that consists of a mock office. He sits at a desk, with rows of maroon-bound volumes of the *Congressional Record* behind him. There are blue drapes on either side, and Culver pops a cigar that he has been smoking—the cigar is one small way to relieve the tension—on a shelf behind one of the drapes. ABC and CBS are here, and so are several radio reporters.

The first question is "Senator Culver, why did you find it necessary to weaken this act?"

Culver replies carefully—and evenly, under the circumstances—"I don't think we've weakened this act. I think we effected a compromise that would enable it to continue at all. Our subcommittee's hearings indicated that either it would be compromised or it wouldn't be reauthorized at all or it would be emasculated." He explains the bill. This is his best opportunity to explain publicly what it is about. He hasn't had lunch, and he's very tired—he hasn't stopped going all day—but now he states clearly and with energy why the bill was necessary. He draws on his capacity for discipline one more time. He tells how the inflexibility of the existing law had inhibited the Fish and Wildlife Service in carrying it out, and says, "So if you're really concerned about endangered species you've got to be concerned about inflexibility in the law." He stresses the point that through the requirement for five out of seven votes in the committee "the presumption is heavily in favor of the species."

A reporter says that he has had trouble with his tape recorder, and asks

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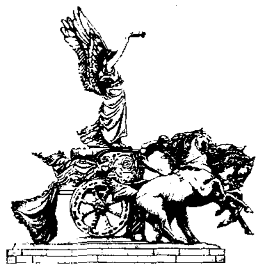

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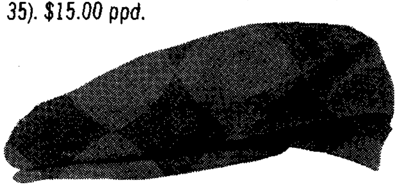

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Culver if he will explain it all again.

Culver's eyes roll upward, but he coöperates. Then he says, "I hope what we've done is get out ahead of this problem a little bit."

He takes a few more questions, and ends the press conference and retrieves his cigar.

Over coffee in the Senate dining room, Culver talks about the day and goes over some of the messages he has been given. A State Department official is trying to reach him in connection with the proposal to lift the embargo on the sale of arms to Turkey; Howard Metzenbaum, Democrat of Ohio, is trying to reach him in connection with a torts bill that is pending before the Judiciary Committee. Culver looks at a memorandum about the torts bill. "Doesn't it all just defy belief?" he says to me. It is now six o'clock. The Senate has taken up the authorization bill for the Department of Housing and Urban Development and is still in session. Later, Culver will go to a fund-raiser for a friend of his who is running for attorney general of Iowa. Tomorrow, he is scheduled to go at eight o'clock to a breakfast seminar on SALT; and then attend a hearing of the Environmental Pollution Subcommittee; and meet with Dr. Norman Borlaug, who is from Iowa, and who received a Nobel Peace Prize for his development of high-yield grain (the "green revolution"); and then meet with Josy Gittler about bills pending before his Juvenile Delinquency Subcommittee; and then have lunch with his two daughters who are in Washington (this weekend, he will go back to McGregor); and then attend the House-Senate conference on the military-procurement bill and also a meeting of the Environment and Public Works Committee on a bill that is part of the President's economic stimulus program (these two meetings will overlap); and meet with a constituent for a handshake; and, of course, go to the Senate floor to vote.

—ELIZABETH DREW

(This is the second part of a two-part article.)

•

Some members of the board asked whether guaranteeing courses, regardless of the number of students, would be costly.

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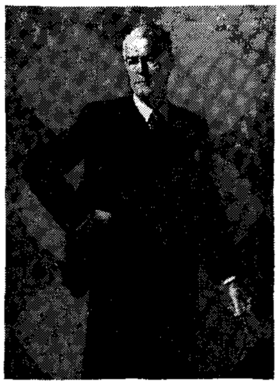

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TERRORISM

PARIS

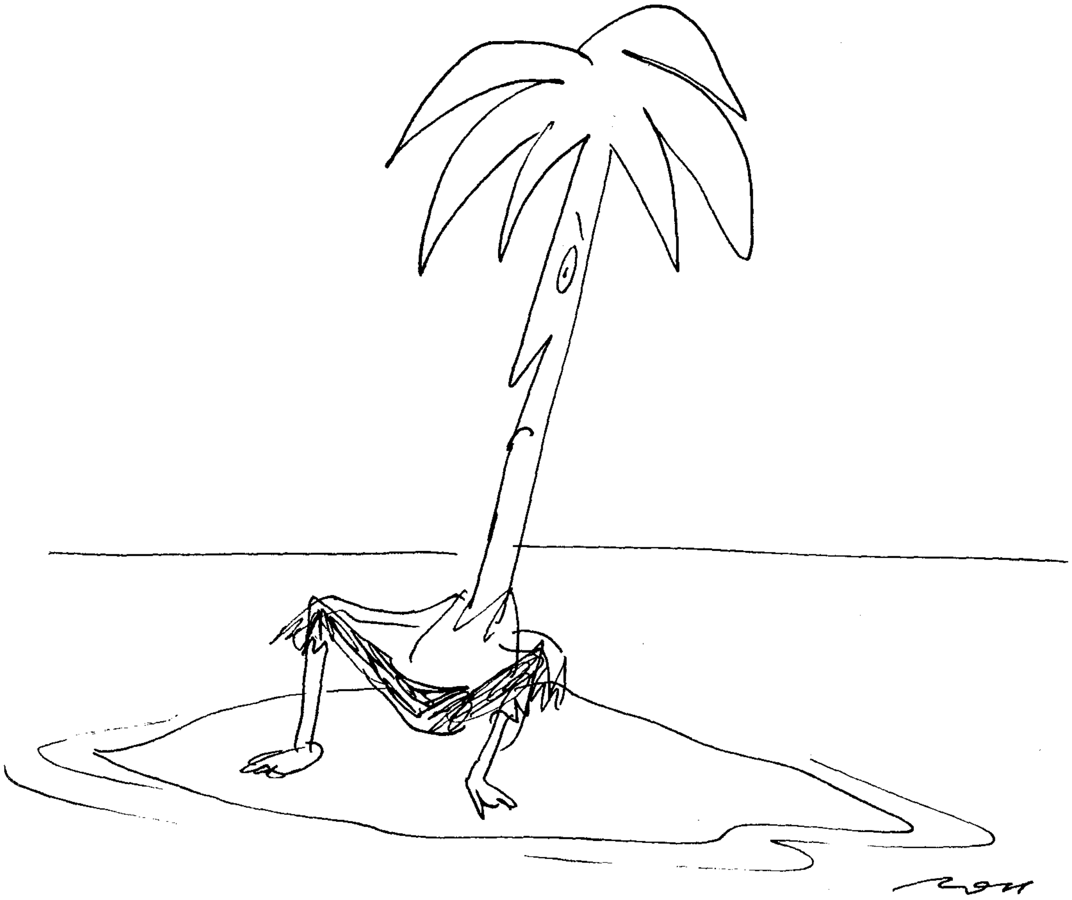
"I AM used to being thought a monster to be struggled against. That doesn't bother me. I am a combatant. When one is a revolutionary, one needs to accept the idea of bestowing death and receiving it. To kill or be killed is the simplest thing in the world." Thus Renato Curcio, "historic leader" of the Italian Red Brigades, tried and convicted in Turin this spring.

Another man speaks of the "sublime effect . . . of destructive power," and adds, "Whatsoever is fitted in any sort to excite the ideas of pain and danger, that is to say whatever is in any sort terrible, is a source of the sublime." But this is not an ideologically intoxicated terrorist speaking; it is the great conservative Edmund Burke, describing a psychological reality—a reality at the core of romanticism, motivating the romantic subordination of thought to feeling. And, of course, the practice of revolution is usually a romantic activity. Bakunin, the theorist of anarchism, remarked that "the urge to destroy is also a creative urge."

It was Marx who brought rationalism to revolution, and that is why the orthodox Marxists in Western Europe oppose, and are even frightened by, the Red Brigades, Baader-Meinhof gangs, and Red Army Factions. It also is why the Italian Red Brigades have made the Italian Communist Party their principal enemy. The rational and expedient maneuvers of the Communists, their calculating compromises in the pursuit of power, the old contempt of Lenin for "infantile" adventurism make them the natural enemy of the new terrorists. Thus, while it is imaginable that an Eastern intelligence service might be involved in manipulating and supporting the Italian terrorists, as a Roman rumor persistently has it, this does not mean that the Red Brigades would be thought other than dangerous and ultimately dispensable. They would be those psychopathic killers cynically used from time to time by criminal organizations, political parties, and governments—killers who, when their job is done, have to be disposed of as too dangerous to live. In any case, the rumor of East-bloc involvement is no better supported than an equally popular Italian rumor that we Americans have been behind all the Italian terrorism, so as to provoke a government of the Right.

But who are these violence-haunted apostles of a revolution that still refuses to come about? These set-lipped German pastors' daughters and brilliant, pious Catholic youth activists—worker-priests of revolution, as a French journalist has described them? The first thing that must be said is that they are not originals, even in fairly recent European (and American) history. Their accomplishments scarcely match those of a few disorganized anarchist terrorists at the end of the nineteenth century. In the years between 1890 and 1901, those men managed to kill the Empress Elizabeth of Austria, President Carnot of France, King Umberto I of Italy, a Spanish Prime Minister, and President McKinley of the United States. They bombed theatres and cafés in Lyons, Paris, and Barcelona; the Chamber of Deputies and the Stock Exchange in Paris; police stations and courts and officials' homes.

The anarchists of the turn of the century seem nearly all to have come from social and economic groups that had been undermined by the industrial changes of the period. Members of anarchist groups (not necessarily terrorists themselves) were very often artisans who worked alone—watchmakers, shoemakers, tailors. There was also a significant poor-peasant anarchism, chiefly in Spain and Russia. These people, intelligent but isolated, were often autodidact idealists who had concluded from reading Bakunin, Proudhon, and the anarchist tracts then in circulation that to attack the men and institutions of power and privilege could cause the structure of the state to collapse forthwith and inspire a great popular insurrection. They believed that man's "natural" tendency to peaceful coöperation would then be liberated, bringing into existence a new society, without oppression, exploitation, or authority. In this respect, the doctrines of the Red Brigades today demonstrate what the modern totalitarian experience has done to darken utopian thought. The Red Brigades do not expect the state to topple forth-



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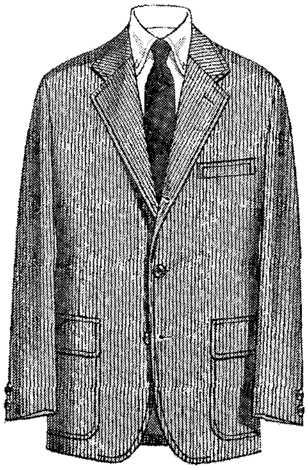

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with. They intend, by attacking state and party power, to force the state to become even more repressive than it already is, thereby making life so unbearable for the masses of people that they eventually will be forced to rise in revolution. Even this, of course, ignores the fact that the only real popular uprisings we have seen in Europe since the First World War—notably the partisan struggles during the Second World War and subsequent Eastern European rebellions—were essentially nationalist, and that lacking aid from outside they failed. (For that matter, was even the Russian Revolution of 1917 other than a coup d'état carried out against an ineffectual reform government?) The contemporary terrorist is irrationally optimistic about the modern state's vulnerability to popular action, especially when the state is provoked to employ the apparatus of repression available to it. But then revolution is always the work of optimists.

WHAT we know of the contemporary terrorists does not suggest a straightforward socioeconomic explanation for their actions. These terrorists might be considered members of a socially displaced class, to the extent that they come from among students maleducated for the society in which they find themselves—a lumpen intelligentsia. But that appears more often true of the Red Brigades' sympathizers than of the activists themselves. Curcio studied sociology at the university and made a brilliant record, but he is also the child of a liaison between a servant girl and the Italian husband of a rich American living in Rome. He was brought up by his mother, who made her living as a chambermaid. Andreas Baader was a common criminal, not a student, before being swept up in politics with Ulrike Meinhof, a successful journalist. Such people—the actual killers and bombers—might more accurately be described as psychopathic or sociopathic personalities, for whom political terrorism provides a vehicle for impulses that would otherwise find another outlet. But the individuals in these movements are less significant than the reasons they give—and society tends to accept at face value—for their acts of terrorism.

Of course, distinctions must be made between terrorists, both past and present, who propose more or less rational and potentially attainable objectives and terrorists who do not. It is not an altogether irrational act to be

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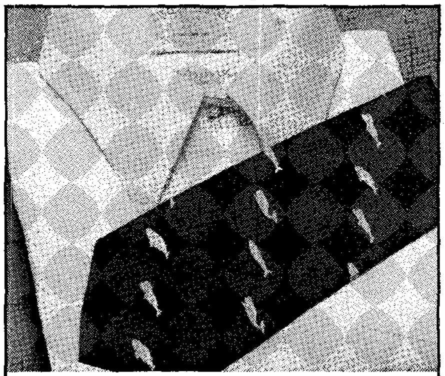

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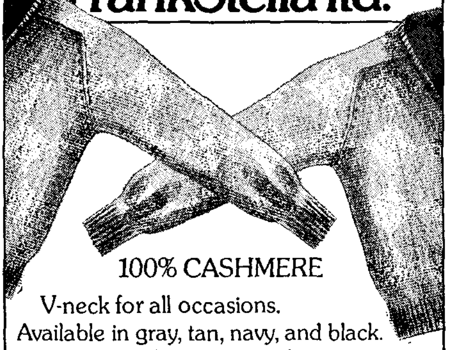

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a Palestinian terrorist, or to have been a member of the Stern Gang, or of the I.R.A., or even of the Provisionals today. What such people want is plainly identified and, given the right circumstances, could come about. British withdrawal from all of Ireland, Israel's establishment, a Palestinian homeland—obviously these have not been fantasy goals. On the other hand, a society of "no more wars, no more quarrels, no more jealousy, no more theft, no more assassination, no more police, no more judges, no more administration" plainly is a fantasy goal. That is the society the anarchist known as Ravachol sought to bring about by a series of bombings that terrorized Paris in the eighteen-nineties.

The three countries, in the present period, that have produced serious terrorist movements of the kind whose goals are essentially unattainable are Italy, Germany, and, in its own way, Japan—the three defeated countries of the last war. Between the kidnapping and the murder of Aldo Moro in Italy, a document was issued by the Red Brigades describing the doctrine and strategy of the Italian movement. It defined the ultimate objective of the Red Brigades as "to liberate man finally from bestial exploitation, from necessary labor, from misery, from fatigue, from social degradation." It also made the following passionate comment on the plight of Italy: "Italy functions as the last province of the [capitalist] empire, as the garbage pail of Europe. . . . The multinationals' division of labor assigns [to Italians] a function anything but exalting . . . that of serving as imperialism's 'white niggers.' "

But that kind of language has been heard before. "The humiliating mediocrity of our nation . . . debased by her acceptance and assimilation of European ideas"—that is the Fascist novelist and polemicist Curzio Malaparte, writing in the nineteen-twenties. "We want to deliver Italy from its gangrene of professors, archeologists, tourist guides, and antiquaries. Italy has been too long the great secondhand market. We want to get rid of the innumerable museums which cover it with innumerable cemeteries"—that is the Italian artist Filippo Tommaso Marinetti, in his original Futurist Manifesto, published in 1909. "Words are beautiful things, but muskets and machine guns are even more beautiful"—that, of course, is Mussolini himself. The theme of national humiliation and revenge was basic to Italian Fascism. But Fascism, after all, was fundamen-

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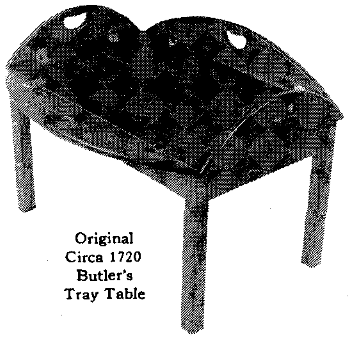

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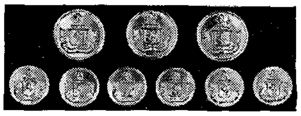

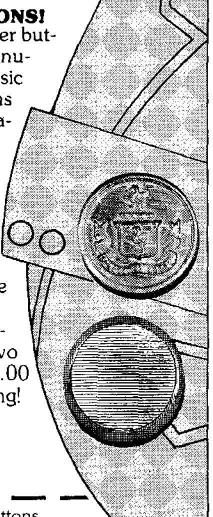

tally a nationalist movement; the Left purports to be internationalist, and a defining assumption of all movements of the modern Left is that international revolution and international fraternity are the ultimate goals of the struggle. The Italian terrorists thus open themselves to questions about their real political ancestry.

The theme of humiliation offers something of a paradox in Italy's case, because a good argument could be made that in crucial respects Italy in this century has been one of the most innovative and original of the Western societies, not the most retarded. To begin with one simple, if unpalatable, fact, Italy originated Fascism, one of the two ideological movements to dominate the first half of this century. It also produced, in Gramsci and his circle, the first and, today, the most important attempt to reconcile Bolshevik Communism with the political mainstream of the Western liberal tradition. The importance of Futurism as an artistic movement has been almost wholly ignored or suppressed, because it anticipated Fascism and provided a Fascist aesthetic, since most of its major figures—including Marinetti, its originator—became Fascists. Aesthetic history, like the other kinds, is written by the winners. Yet between 1909 (before Dada, which Futurism was heavily to influence) and the late nineteen-thirties the astonishingly vital Futurist movement produced painting and sculpture meant to embody motion and energy, skyscraper architecture and city planning, a theatre of silence, abstract cinema, music of both random and manipulated noise, and "photodynamism." It also deliberately manipulated publicity, not merely to *épater le bourgeois* but for aesthetic purposes, and even playfulness. The "post-modern" aesthetic of New York in the nineteen-fifties and nineteen-sixties—Action painting, Op Art, machine and light sculpture, John Cage's music, and Andy Warhol's exploitation of publicity (not to mention the skyscraper skyline that went up in the nineteen-twenties and nineteen-thirties)—bears striking resemblances to what already existed or was anticipated in Italy before the First World War and during the Fascist years that followed. Marinetti sounds like a fool, at best, when he says, in that same 1909 manifesto, "Look at us! We are not out of breath, our hearts are not in the least tired. For they are nourished by fire, hatred!" He is sinister when he says, "What do the victims matter if the gesture be beautiful?" The most fa-

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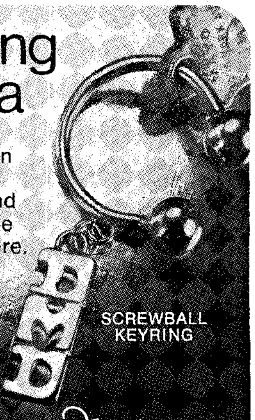

mous of Marinetti's statements of this nature was a demand for a "non-human" model of man, produced through "war, sole hygiene of the world." He lived to 1944, long enough to see it.

But such Nietzschean sentiments were not reserved to Marinetti and the Futurists, or to Fascism; they were a factor in the intellectual and emotional situation of Europe as a whole in the years before and after the First World War. This violence and instinctualism represented a romantic reaction against what the bourgeois order and its conservatism and rationalism had come to. "Our people must suffer, we must suffer; only deep and atrocious suffering, experienced by all, like that caused by famine, plague, or civil war, can transform us"—the Fascist Malaparte again. In Germany, blows against the bourgeois Weimar Republic—a republic that embodied pragmatism, liberalism, and capitalism—were already being struck. The Weimar statesman Walter Rathenau was killed in 1922 by men who justified themselves in language that could have been spoken by a murderer of Hanns-Martin Schleyer or Aldo Moro. "We want a revolution. . . . It is our duty to take the first step, to storm the breach. . . . The task is attack, not government"—these were the words selected by Ernst von Salomon, a novelist, to describe his own and his fellow-assassins' feelings in 1922. There were three hundred and seventy-six political murders in Germany during the four years immediately following the First World War, three hundred and fifty-four of them attributed to Right Wing groups and twenty-two to the Left. According to Peter Gay, the philosopher Martin Heidegger held that the Weimar Republic presented "a revolutionary situation in which men must act," and "whether construction or utter destruction followed mattered not at all." Heidegger could also offer the profoundly romantic assertion that thinking is the mortal enemy of understanding. In Stefan George, Rilke, and Hesse, a powerful modern literary tradition reinforced the tendency in Germany to subordinate rationality to instinct—and toward violence as an expression of instinct. A distinguished German liberal, Count Harry Kessler, commented bitterly in 1933—after Hitler came to power—that his nation "has always been in love with death," and continued, "The tribulation of the Nibelungs is a constantly recurrent basic experience. Germans only feel integrally German when this situation is

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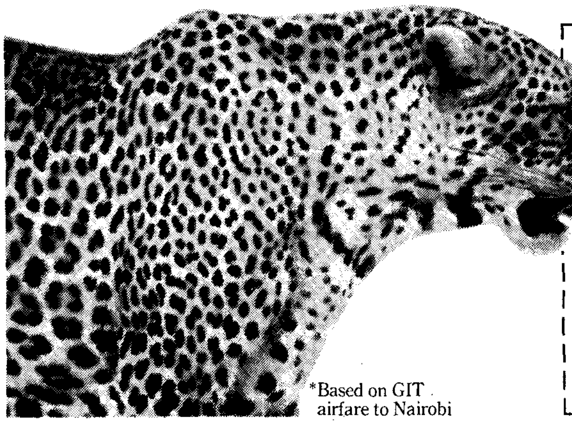

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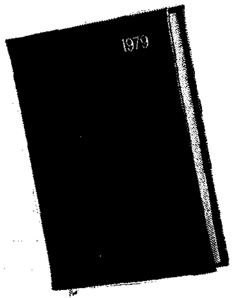

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given; they admire and they desire purposeless death in the shape of self-sacrifice. . . . [It is] their deepest longing. The French or the British want victory; Germans always only want to die." As a comment on the conduct of the Red Army Faction in 1977, dramatized by the suicides in the prison near Stuttgart last autumn, this could hardly be bettered.

Last fall, at the time of the Schleyer kidnapping and the hijacking of a Lufthansa plane, another German liberal, Ralf Dahrendorf, a former member of the European Commission who is now director of the London School of Economics, published an anguished essay relating terrorism in Germany to the unanswered question of West German national destiny. He said that, while his own generation of Germans understood the straightforward task they faced of putting the country together again after the war and setting up a democratic government, "a vacuum" now existed. "Germany is neither a Switzerland that is content with the safe prosperity of its citizens nor a United States that is responsible for the security and prospects of many others—but what is it? What is the *raison d'état* of the Federal Republic of Germany?" Dahrendorf went on, in words that are disturbingly like the words of some Germans in the nineteen-twenties, "In the absence of an entrenched tradition of social cohesion, of values that are accepted without dispute, the country is wavering today between total indiscipline and total discipline, between the destructive desire to violate all rules and the dangerous desire to create rules for every contingency."

The foreign observer might ask why this should be so—why German society must have a political mission, an identified national destiny, in order to accept itself. Dahrendorf himself adds, "One may wonder whether societies are about anything; yet the question [of national purpose] is asked quite often and answered rarely." Gay has made the comment that German poets "in calling for something higher than politics, helped to pave the way for something lower—barbarism." In this contemporary era of terrorism, it is troubling to find that liberal Germans still cannot find the national identity of Germany in the language, literature, music, philosophy, and technological and economic accomplishments of the country. The English, French, and Italian senses of national identity have always had a great deal more to do with civilization as such—the national

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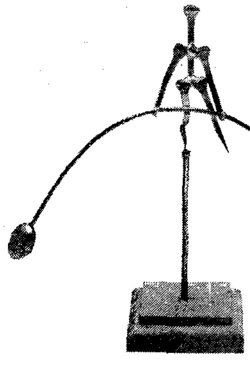

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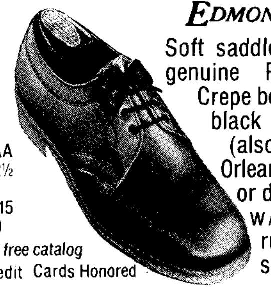

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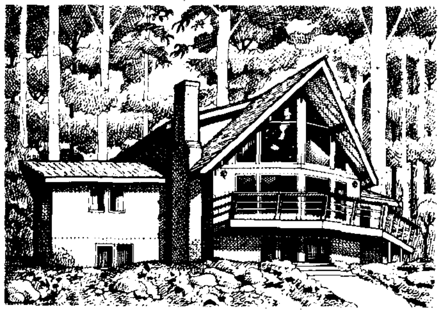

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culture—than with state or political programs. The Italians certainly do not ask Dahrendorf's kind of question. Even when Italian nationalism flourished most strongly, in Mussolini's first years of power, no one agonized over unanswered questions of national meaning and purpose. It was perfectly evident. Mussolini often boasted that Italians had three times given civilization to a barbarian world and now were going to do it again. The essential motivation of Italian policy under Fascism was dispassionately and lucidly set forth by Luigi Federzoni, Mussolini's minister of colonies and later minister of the interior, when he said, "We Italians like to be loved, but prefer to be envied and feared."

THE terrorists of modern Europe are unprecedented neither in the atrociousness of their acts nor in the fundamental romanticism and irrationality of their avowed aims. The world, even recently, has been through episodes of still more sensational peacetime violence. The terrorists' importance lies in what they inadvertently reveal to us about the deep preoccupations and anxieties of the national societies in which they act. And the congruences between nihilist romanticism, Fascism, and the political terrorism of Europe today compel a conclusion that the terrorists are a good deal closer to Fascism in their essential qualities and their political legacy than to any recognizable Left. The Left always has a plan, more or less plausible, by which society is to be remade. The romantic believes that smashing things in order to liberate instinct and nature leads to redemption. The people who do that profess a belief in the exemplary value of their violent and destructive action and are convinced that it will serve to shatter the world that exists and liberate man. No doubt they truly believe these things; but there is ultimately nothing rational about their beliefs, nor is there the slightest reason to think that they might succeed. They are, at best, demented moralists. The anarchist who assassinated France's President Carnot in 1894 had been a candidate for the seminary, turned down because of ill health. He was from Italy and was affected by the plight of the Lombard peasantry. After killing Carnot, he wrote to his mother, "You know how good my heart is, how gentle I was when I was close to you. Today my heart is still the same: if I have committed this act it is because I was tired of seeing the world so wicked."

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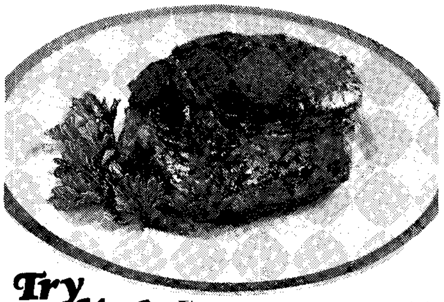

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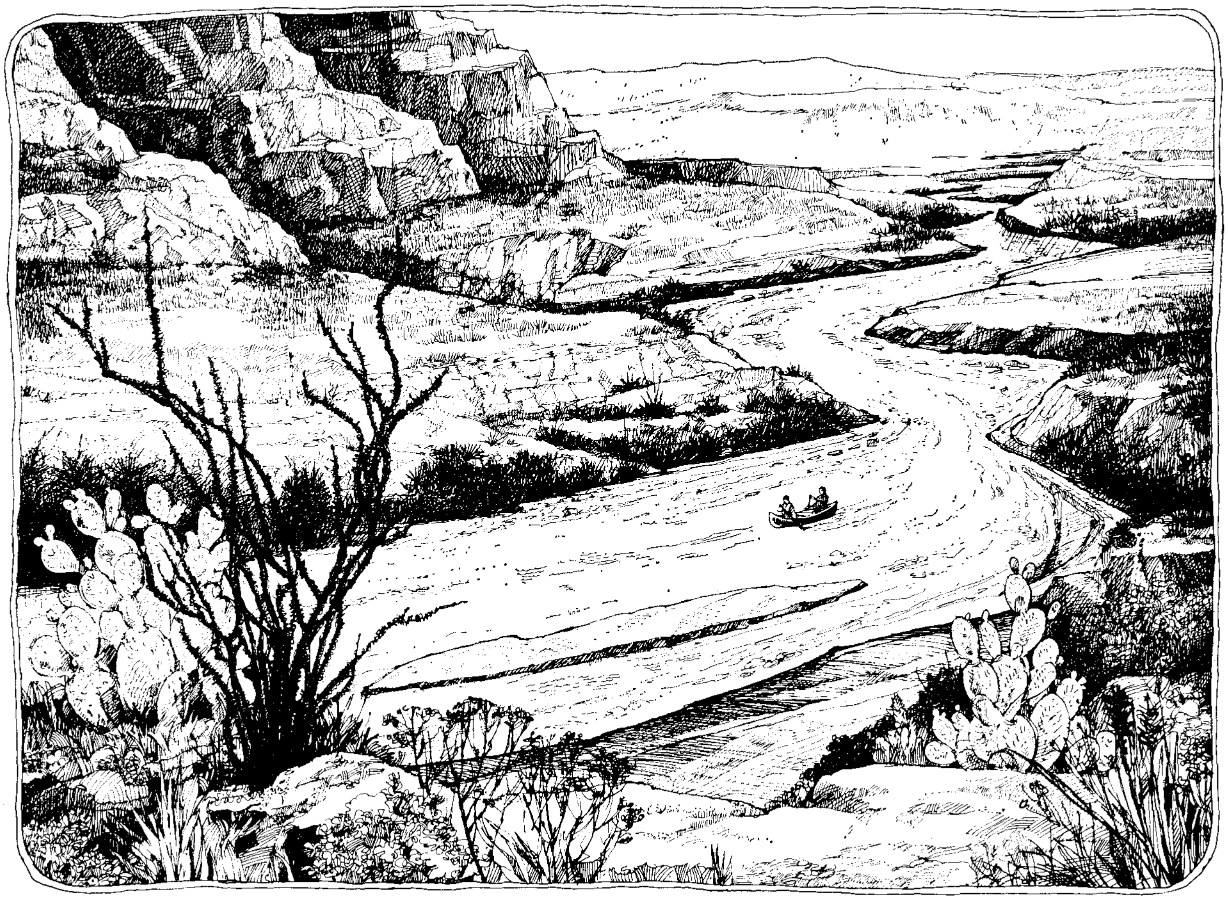

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THE THEATRE

IBSEN IN THE ANTIPODES

"PLAYERS," at the Lyceum, is a pleasant, earnest, workmanlike comedy by an Australian playwright, David Williamson. It has a cast of six, all male, and a single set, which represents the board of directors' room of a long-established professional football club somewhere in Australia. The club is in trouble; for several years now, its coach, Laurie Holden, himself once a leading player for the club, has failed to produce a winning team. His excuse has been that the directors haven't spent enough money on the acquisition of first-rate new players. Within the year, however, a new president of the club has been elected—a not very savory go-getting businessman named Parker, who, though never a player, has been since childhood an impassioned champion of the club; at his urging, and with the help of a substantial contribution by him, the club has recently purchased for a very large sum the services of a single star player, Geoff Hayward. So far, Hayward hasn't lived up to his promise, and he and Holden have clashed repeatedly over matters of discipline. To heighten Holden's difficulties, Parker has sided with Hayward and has attempted to impose his will in the actual coaching of the team. Holden has let his indignation at this state of affairs be known to the press, and, as the play opens, a hastily called meeting of the board of directors is about to begin. At this meeting, Parker will be asking for Holden's resignation, but it soon becomes apparent to us that he will not easily have his way; indeed, his own resignation may well be asked for. Except for Hayward, the players are all on Holden's side. Moreover, a director named Jock Riley dislikes Parker every bit as much as he dislikes Holden, whose job he once held; Riley, a braggart and a bully, seeks the presidency of the club for himself and is prepared to reveal a squalid sexual misadventure of Parker's in order to attain this goal. Meanwhile, the executive director of the club, Gerry Cooper, has his own career to foster; with relish he begins to play the assorted adversaries off against one another, hoping in the end to dominate them all.

Well! From the length of Mr. Williamson's career (his plays began being produced in 1971), I assume he is a man in his early thirties, but he writes like a near-contemporary of Ibsen, taking care that the neatly turned cabinetwork of his plot should open up steadily, secret panel after secret panel, until at last one has penetrated to its very heart—to that inmost drawer which, on being opened, reveals not a pinch of any quality higher than self-interest. These grown men quarrelling so fiercely and so unscrupulously among themselves are like savage children; theirs is the law of the nursery, which is to say that of the jungle. Mr. Williamson shares with old Henrik a dark view of humankind, but I am glad to be able to report that he has more humor than his celebrated predecessor; "Players" is, after all, a comedy, and there are jokes in the capacious closet of the board of directors' room as well as skeletons.

A play that is at first glance so modest in scale and at second glance so portentous in message requires to be superlatively well acted, and "Players" has that necessary advantage. The cast consists of Fred Gwynne as the harrumphing and dim-witted Jock Riley, Rex Robbins as Holden, Michael O'Hare as Hayward (an especially difficult role, especially well acted), Gene Rupert as Cooper, Thomas A. Carlin as Parker, and Tom Flagg as one of the players. The scenery and costumes are by Hayden Griffin, the lighting is by Martin Aronstein, and the sedulous direction is by Michael Blakemore.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Reporter from 70 A.D.

AT the opening of Alec McCowen's solo performance in "St. Mark's Gospel," at Marymount through September 24th, Mr. McCowen walks onto the stage dressed in brown slacks, an open-necked white shirt, and a striped tan jacket, and he addresses the audience directly, telling us that when he was a young actor he waited at the stage door for Ruth Draper (as who didn't?), and that she told him that one of the keys to the mystery of her own enthralling solo performances was that she tried to look at everything "through the eyes of a child." He goes on to talk about St. Mark's Gospel, which was probably written in 70 A.D. and based on what was told to Mark by Jesus' disciple Peter, and is therefore a close record of travels and miracles and of daily encounters with all the disciples ("the nearest we have," according to a program note, "to an eyewitness of the life of Jesus"), and he ends by asking us to remember that the word "gospel" means "good news." During this introduction, Mr. McCowen has subtly and imperceptibly assumed the character of Mark himself—the reporter and narrator full of wonder and enthusiasm and excitement, humorous, and utterly trustworthy—and his characterization is so clear and secure that without blurring it he is able to act out the miracles and parables of the Gospel as if they were anecdotes, imitating starchy, vindictive Pharisees, the questioning disciples, the importuning sick and maimed whom Jesus cured, and, above all, Jesus himself. Jesus becomes as fascinating to the audience as he is to Mark, and so skillful is Mr. McCowen that he makes us feel we are meeting Jesus for the first time—a man of considerable and surprising temperament; tough, ironic, suddenly simple and direct, impatient; and, in the instance of the fig tree in leaf and unable to yield him fruit, downright irascible; brave and strong and firm in his teaching. Mr. McCowen's tone is conversational throughout, yet Mark's passionate conviction of Christ's divine inspiration is pervasive and compelling.

The stage is set with a table and three chairs, and as Mr. McCowen speaks, without a trace of evangelism, never allowing the familiar words to become a sermon or recitation, he walks around, occasionally sits down, and from time to time pours himself a glass of water from a carafe on the table. These breaks in the narration are, needless to say, shrewdly timed, and are one of many examples of the care and thought that have gone into this wonderful performance. The words are from the King James Version. That meeting with Ruth Draper paid off; Mr. McCowen, theatrically speaking, is indeed a disciple.

—EDITH OLIVER

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Clam prevails in Ecuadorean presidential election A6

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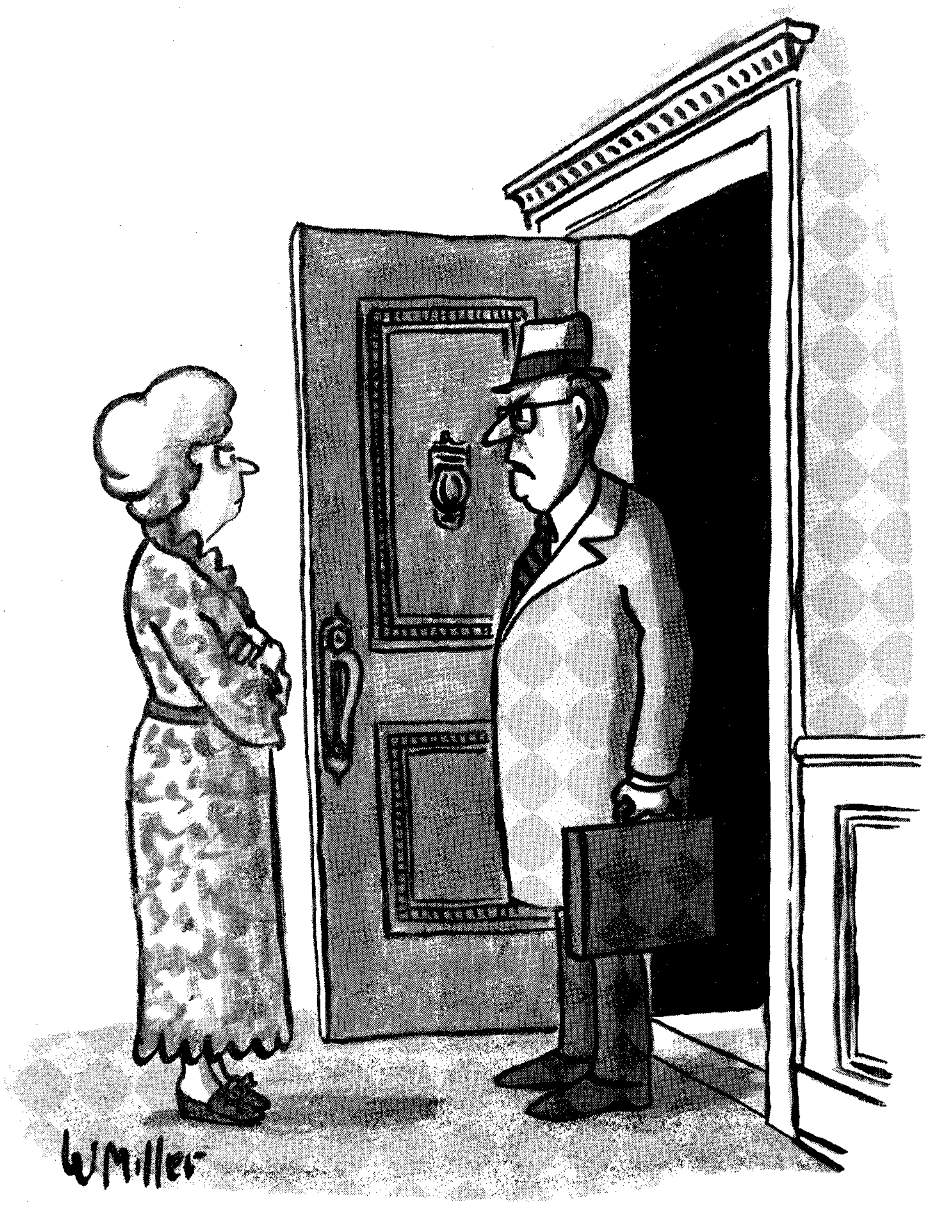
MUSICAL EVENTS

Popular Records

"ON THE TWENTIETH CENTURY" (Columbia 35330) and "The Act" (DRG 6101) are recordings of musical numbers from those shows (the first is still with us; the other has departed) by the original Broadway casts and orchestras. Only the former show has a true theatre score—related to the story. The score of the latter consists of a shrewdly varied collection of songs and song-and-dance pieces making up a Las Vegas-style night-club act (hence the title), and, aside from a wistfully romantic nod or two, it has nothing at all to do with the negligible story line. Both recordings are unsuccessful, to my way of thinking, though for vastly different reasons. "On the Twentieth Century," with a score by Cy Coleman and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green (Comden and Green were also responsible for the book), represents a zealous attempt to treat the extravagant characters and situations of the 1932 farce "Twentieth Century" in mock-opera terms, and thus approaches, though it never truly enters, the domain of comic opera. Instead, the show falls uneasily into the operetta category. "The Act," on the other hand, with music by John Kander and lyrics by Fred Ebb (George Furth provided the book for this one), is a brassy array—relieved here and there by a sentimental interlude—of pieces tailored to the particular skills of its star, Liza Minnelli.



"Edna! How could you think for a moment that I'd be capable of any shenanigans, except at the corporate level?"

We can dismiss "The Act" rather quickly, I think, for, despite the expert craftsmanship shown by Kander and Ebb—they have written the songs for several other Broadway shows, in addition to fashioning genuine night-club acts for various performers—their work here has a glib, synthetic quality that gives the whole thing a cynical tone. For example, all the numbers in "The Act" are designed to evoke either wows or sighs (mostly the former), and I found at least two—the leering "Arthur in the Afternoon" and an odd item entitled "Bobo's," which suggests an Americanization (though by no means a literal one) of the Brecht-Weill "The Bilbao Song"—mildly annoying. The showstopper "City Lights," which opens the second side of the recording, is an unashamed high-stepping audience-milker, which, after a verse and a chorus or two, gives itself up entirely to repetitions of its sock closing bars—walkoff (and return) music employing different sets of rhymes, both exact and inexact. The emphasis here is solely on the star's thrusting, soaring cadences. "City Lights" is, in fact, a typical Kander-Ebb sally, in the same vein as the team's "New York, New York," from the film of that name (also with Miss Minnelli). At this point, it is hardly necessary to add that Miss Minnelli, whose "act" seems to derive from that of her mother, the late Judy Garland, is very accomplished at this sort of thing, and is seemingly at home in such a setting, though her voice lacks the distinction—the purity and the appeal—of her famous parent's. Of inestimable but ultimately insufficient help to this calculated revel are the bright, zippy orchestrations of Ralph Burns, and the orchestra, under Stanley Lebowsky's direction, plays them smartly. As a glittering showcase for Miss Minnelli, this is a cannily assembled and extremely well-recorded act—but that's all.

"On the Twentieth Century"—so full a score that parts of it have had to be condensed or else omitted in order to hold it to a single disc—contains many either lovely or amusing or disarming moments, yet regrettably, considered as a whole, it weighs me down. The very conceit is to blame: it is impossible to compose with tongue in cheek for very long without numbing the creative faculties. Coleman, no doubt following the lead of Comden and Green, has furnished a score that echoes early-nineteenth-century opera (Donizetti, for instance), Viennese operetta, and, I'm afraid, tired old Broadway mannerisms, along with a bit of

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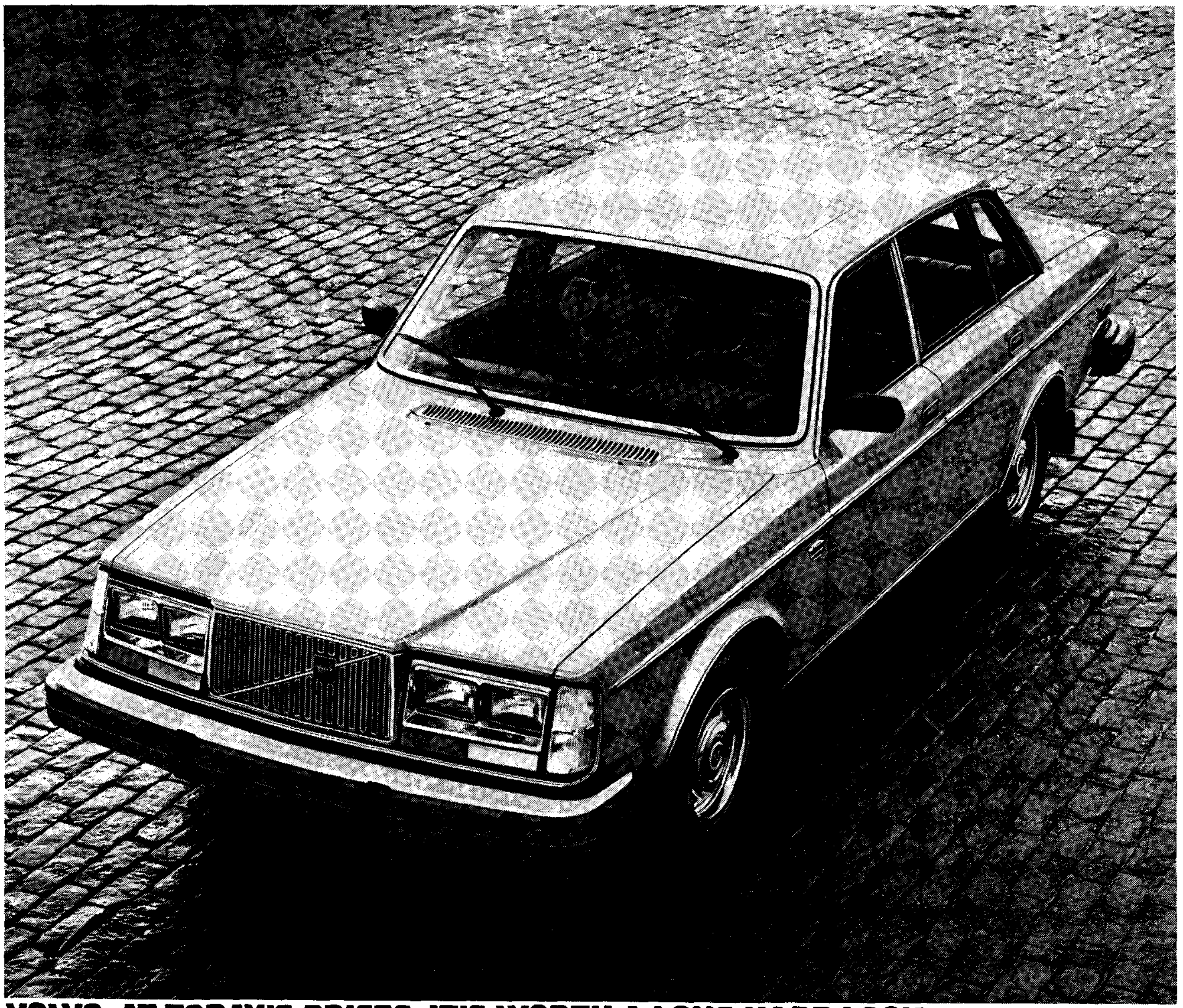

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Wagnerian parody and other elements. It must have been fun in the doing, but, being a pastiche, it has no voice of its own. Further, it falls short of its ambitions in that it does not have the interesting interplay—especially the intricate part-writing for voices—of its models. And, finally, there is a surfeit of the sort of purely functional music, designed to keep things stirred up, that frequently dulls the senses in the world of grand opera itself.

To its credit, the score contains such fetching things as "Our Private World," an expansive duet for the two leads—the glamorous movie star Lily Garland and her discoverer and one-time lover, the conniving Broadway producer Oscar Jaffee—which, though it is a trifle flaccid, in a manner reminiscent of Massenet, has a nice flow, an interesting shift of time for several bars, and, most strikingly, a love lyric composed largely of stage references uttered by the self-centered pair. There are also "I Rise Again," a prototypal Comden-Green sortie harking all the way back to "On the Town" and their "I Get Carried Away" (which had a Leonard Bernstein tune); the saucy "Veronique," an elaborate production number settling with deliberate uncertainty into a near-cancan; and "The Legacy," not a strikingly original melody but an appropriate one for Oscar's listing, in a burst of self-pity, of the worthless articles he'll leave behind to his aides.

Madeline Kahn, who played Lily only briefly but, fortunately, long enough to be included in the recording session, brings both a delightfully wary air and a supple voice to her entertaining work, and John Cullum as Oscar and Imogene Coca as the religious nut and fraudulent millionairess (a male part in the original play) are also engaging. Again, the orchestrations—by Hershy Kay—are of immense value to the enterprise. But, valiant as the writing team's effort, with its special concept, may have been, perhaps—I can venture only a "perhaps," for I'm not at all sure—a more straightforward approach to the brash business of "Twentieth Century" would have produced more exhilarating results.

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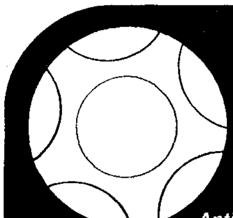

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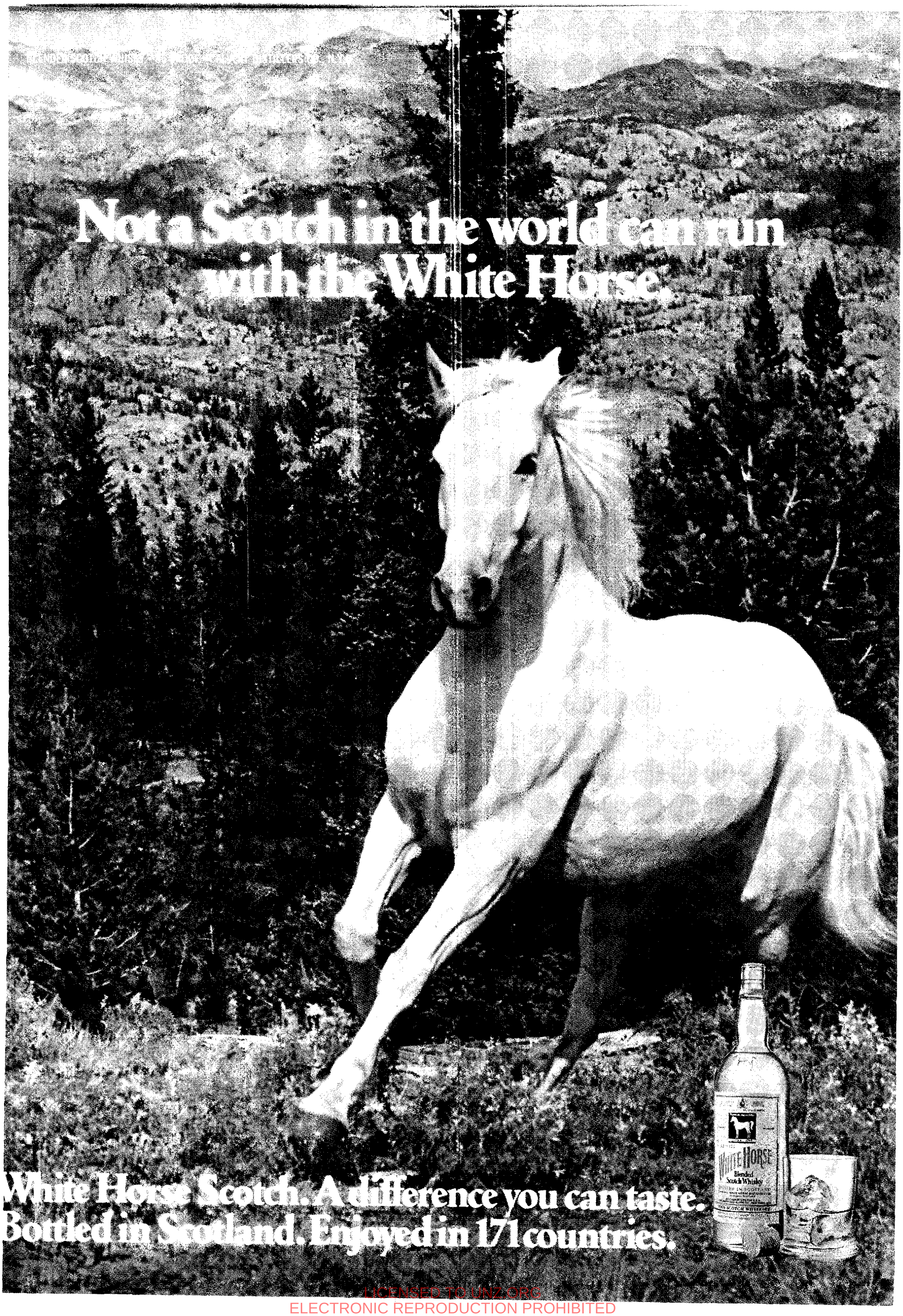
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other musical-comedy writers, too.) The results, despite the support of an attractive small instrumental group under Dennis Deal, are definitely spotty. Part of the trouble lies in the wide, catch-as-catch-can variety of singers and non-singers, most of them well-known figures in the entertainment world, that Bagley assembles for these projects. Some (Estelle Parsons and Anthony Perkins, to name two who appear here) can't really sing, and bring little expression, or not the right kind of expression, to their material. But, beyond that, these records demonstrate that Rodgers and Hart were capable of a good many clinkers, even in their heyday—or, at any rate, numbers that haven't stood the test of time.

When Blossom Dearie, who is to be heard on both records, floats that clear little voice of hers in "We'll Be the Same," a sprightly and not so rare item from "America's Sweetheart," and in such lesser-known works as "Nothing to Do but Relax" (from "By Jupiter") and "Moon of My Delight" (from "Chee-Chee"), the recitals pick up markedly. However, except for those numbers and a medley from "I Married an Angel"—in which Nancy Andrews, with a male group in support, winningly offers "How to Win Friends and Influence People" and "Did You Ever Get Stung?" (for some reason, this last-named piece was equipped by Robert Wright and George Forrest with a new lyric, entitled "Little Workaday World," for the movie version) and Miss Dearie delights with "A Twinkle in Your Eye"—the rest of these new volumes do the superlative team of Rodgers and Hart no great service. —DOUGLAS WATT

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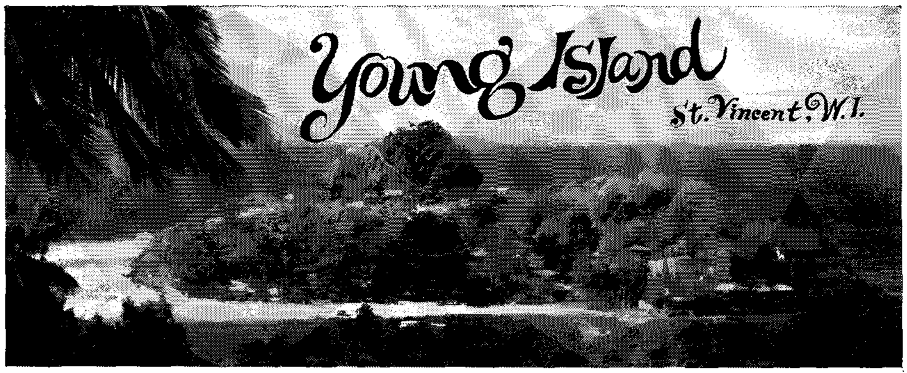

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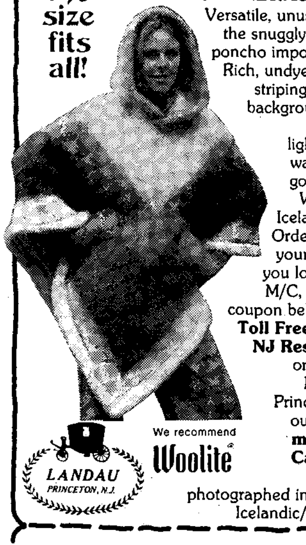

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AIR

THE open windows, huge as sails, rise, tall, white, slender, on both sides of the vast room. Room? Barn, warehouse, hangar, hall, nave—what should it be called? It has been all of them in turn, and passed through them. Outside the windows, the white sail of the sky, with shadows moving slowly along it, crossing the glare of summer. The shrill voices of children playing in the afternoon fly up, fly up. I stop hearing them. They go out. Then I hear them again, those voices. The unseen children must be the age I was when I first thought of making the boat. No, they are older. And the children have changed, and changed, but the voices are the same.

Standing with my head back, looking up to the top of the mast just under the main beams of the cavernous raftered ceiling, thinking to see the masthead move in the wooden sky, as one expects to see a body breathe, I hear them. They echo. When I was a child, the building was a church, and the windows were colored. Pale greens and yellows, enfolding bright flowers and heraldic devices. Panes like maps opened horizontally in summer, pulled by long thin ropes that swung in sunbeams through the vacant singing of hymns, first, second, and last verses inclusive. Stones broke them later, here and there, and they were removed and sold, and replaced with plain glass. Wire netting was rigged below them; and roofs like stairs lying down, with ventilator cowls rising through them, came to occupy the spaces from which the stones had once been thrown. For a while the whole structure was left empty, and considered abandoned—but I would not have thought then of making the boat here. In fact, there were times when I seemed to have forgotten about the boat altogether, but then the thought would be there again, and I would realize that it had never been away. Yet I did feel, at certain periods, that it was impracticable, unreal, unrealizable—as perhaps it is. And the reason for wanting it, the object of the whole enterprise, shifted, dissolved, re-formed, and occasionally, if examined suddenly, was seen to be completely blank.

The building went through an era as a cheap movie house: Grade B films, old Westerns where everything happened in a hailstorm, early serials, strung together. The tickets were sold in a wooden booth brought whole from some other history, painted white, and fitted into what had been the barn door, facing the street. And upstairs, in the back office, in that era, there was a barbershop, with a view of the harbor from the barber's chairs; the customers went up the iron fire-escape stairs, outside. The barber's friends came to pass the time of day with him, up there, sitting on varnished chairs, around the walls, under the yellowed, stained, faded posters showing tall women in tight ball gowns, soldiers with flags, and autumnal vistas of Canadian forests with moose standing in lakes in the twilight. The conversation sank and resumed while the barber stropped and clipped and lathered, and a shrewd eye belonging to neither a friend nor a customer could have told at a glance the friends from the waiting customers by the set of a hat, the angle of a newspaper, the way a spittoon was moved closer with a foot to receive a cigar butt, the way a passage of talk was ignored and then interrupted. Friends, if they chose to, left by the inside stairs that led down into the front of the movie house, through a door marked "Private," and took in a few minutes of the movie on the way out, for the barber, the manager of the movie house, and the ushers were friends as well. The barber retired eventually, for reasons of health, and sat with his friends in other establishments, nearby. The barber's chairs, and some of the varnished chairs and posters, are still up there, with lumber and crates piled around them. One of the barber's friends knew a friend of mine, to whom I spoke, much later, of the old, and still rather vague, plan to construct the boat. And that was how I learned, later still, that the building was available, on terms that I could meet. Behind me, I hear the steady voices of friends of my own, who drop by often in the afternoons and brew coffee among the gluepots on the stove. A few are recent acquaintances. Many of the friends, recent and not so recent, I have met through the work on the boat: a foreman of a lumberyard, an old chandler, a carpenter. Several were friends of the barber's, and have returned to the building through successive stages of its life, to continue the conversation.

They take the whole thing for granted: the building, the boat, the welcome, the time of day, the children. And I? Each of those friends when we met bore some relation to what I imagined

I wanted the boat for, just then. Now I have forgotten those iridescent purposes as though I had wakened from them days ago. Images of moments at sea in sunlight, or at night: waves phosphorescent, dark shearwaters skimming them in moonlight; the seethe of the wake. In some of the images, indeed, remembering this age, this place, the boat unfinished, the sounds at home. At one time I was visited by a recurring sense of being pursued, and nursed fantasies of the boat as a means of flight—but from what, and in what direction, and toward what destination? Constructing the boat by myself, doing everything without prior experience, I have assembled some things, I am sure, in a peculiar order. Today for the first time I have put up the mainsail, slowly turning the winch, stretching the cloth, the ratchet clicks echoing off the ceiling. I had said nothing to the friends, in their chairs tipped against the wall, of this occasion. They are used to my going on with my work on the boat, preoccupied with what I am doing, entering and leaving the conversation without formality. The sail has been ready for weeks. They have seen it, lying on the floor and along the boom. Up on the deck of the boat, above their heads, in a different light from the light they were sitting in, I felt just now that I was turning the winch cautiously. More than that. Surreptitiously. I was sure that the clicking of the pawls, at one click or the next, or the next, was bound to bring their talk to a halt, and then there would be a silence, and then a question, a comment on the sail. Why not? What difference would it make? But as I continued, the opposite seemed as likely: that they did not hear it at all, any more than the children did, outside. Or that, if they heard it, they were paying no special attention to it, not noticing that anything was happening, that anything was different. I watched the sail climb toward the masthead—but not clear to the top. Not the first time. I left it for the luff to stretch, and stood—stand—here in midair, looking up the rest of the way. As long as I look, the masthead appears to move among the rafters. The new sail hangs stiff and breathless, one more white shadow, but above it the masthead itself feels a steady breeze, and the rigging trembles in my hand. I hear the breeze distinctly, and for a moment I catch my breath, afraid that the conversation behind me has really stopped, and that the voices of the children outside the window were long ago. But no, they are both still there. —W. S. MERWIN

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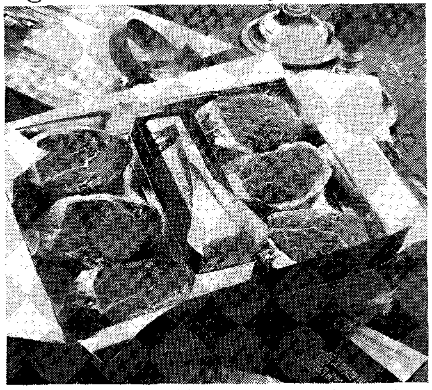

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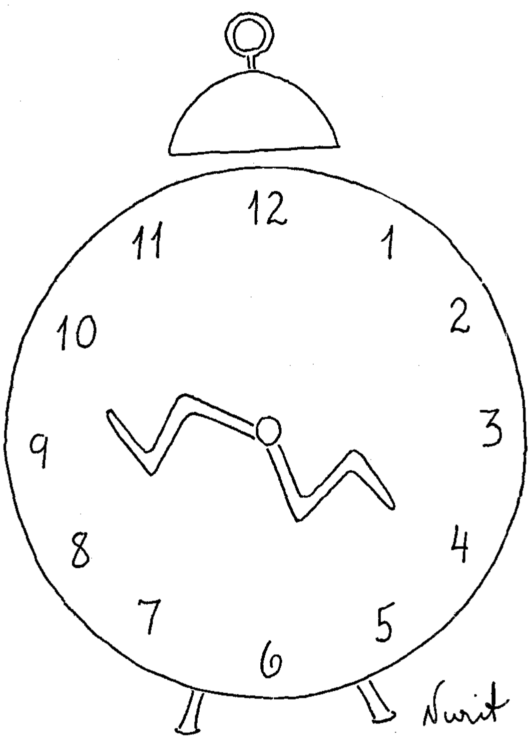
"THE real India" does not exist, as E. M. Forster made us understand in "A Passage to India," and perhaps the same thing is so about "the real America." But there does seem to be a holding truth somewhere: that to be an American necessarily includes the knowledge of what it is to be the man to whom this country, in the early part of the century, gave the name of bindle stiff, which is to say a man with no roots, carrying his housing in a bindle over his shoulder, suffering the pang of exile from an earlier place, yet enjoying fierce pride in having got where he is. Terrence Malick's "Days of Heaven"—written and directed by him—is a most eloquent and important film about being American. The setting is Texas in 1916, before the oil industry took our notice away from the state's arable business. We are with Bill (Richard Gere), his sweetheart, Abby (Brooke Adams), and his sister Linda (Linda Manz), eleven or twelve. They are all bindle stiffs, in flight from the slums of Chicago, the grownups taking farming jobs at random as they join the harvesting in Texas. Malick uses the idea of the bindle stiff as a metaphor and as an icon. There are emphatic fond images of Linda capering about on her own or with a chum, discussing her burdened hopes in voice-over narration as if childhood were a knapsack. In the same way, the grownup figures mentally carry the cognizance of their lives over their shoulders, to be transported anywhere. In Nestor Almendros' photography, isolation is emphasized all the time. There are repeated shots of a mid-Victorian clapboard house surrounded by nothing but wheat fields: no other houses in sight. It belongs to a wealthy young farmer (Sam Shepard), who notices Abby working in the fields. He thinks himself to be afflicted with a fatal disease, and he has no heirs. Bill, a vagrant and a hothead, sees little reason not to cast Abby to the winds of fortune. Who knows what will happen anyway when the harvest has moved to its last point north, and who knows which of this surrogate family of three will escape the dead-end future of going back to the slums of Chicago, with Bill stoking a furnace in a mill, as we see him doing at the opening of the film?



The black-and-white photographs behind the credits have shown us President Wilson's sharp profile; there is no word yet of a new deal. One merely sees the need of it: hears the underdog speak of having an unhappy life, of having to do something about it, and of not expecting anyone else to do anything for him. It is the voice of American individualism at its bravest, truest, and most solitudinous. Rightly, Malick gives us no indication that the world is in the middle of a war. The war has not reached these people. They dwell in an apolitical climate: a climate that is mostly weather, which determines the time of the harvest that they follow. A bindle stiff could climb onto the roof of a train to ride free, because he mattered no more than freight, and because any worker—a locomotive engineer, say—on this disordered and removed continent would recognize another who was carrying his life on his back. Not until the thirties and Roosevelt did anyone in power see the predicament of the passionate would-be American who found himself in a very strange land after all his efforts to get here and to be a citizen.

So. The war elsewhere in the world could as well not be happening, in the eye view recorded in this picture. The struggle told of in the film is personal and here. Bill is poor at expressing his thoughts to Abby, and he is opportunistic. If the farmer fancies her, he thinks, why shouldn't she accept his fancy? The endowed man with no heirs is seen as a man whose riches are held in trust for readier, more courageous, and more poverty-stricken fellow-citizens. As this unwritten deed of legacy progresses, the imaginary intimacies are formed. An older man, the rich farmer's foreman (Robert Wilke), becomes a point of view: he opposes Bill and Abby as being "con artists," and is deeply affectionate toward the farmer, just as some father would be.

And so. Abby stays with the farmer, and marries him in an open-air wedding, full of shots of weather-beaten faces; Bill is there, thinking idly that everything will be the same. Not at all. The crucial thing is that Abby's feelings change and she comes to be truly in love with the farmer.

This is a film that tells us, with a narrative restraint and a noble absence of open emotion, about the strength of Americanness. These people are living on dregs, yet they have stamina; the light on the wheat fields is brighter than their lives, yet they have stamina. The image of the rich man with no heirs tells us a lot about America. His inheritors turn out to be the poor and the errant, people perpetually on the run, not because they have committed any criminal offense but because they wish to live out their lives. In a hunting scene, Bill does think of killing his rival, the rich farmer, but he doesn't do it. Any melodrama in the film is random in an extremely American way: there is the arrival in the midst of the wheat harvest of two planeloads of barnstormers, for instance, which leads to stray scenes of wrestlers and dwarfs behaving with desperation as out-of-work hams; and, after an attack of locusts, there is a fire scene in the wheat fields in which the farmer loses control of himself and seems to wish that the whole thing should be allowed to burn. Under good music that is a bit too heavy, workers cry out in many languages: in their native tongues, which is to say the tongues of the Tower of Babel, the tongues of America. There is no figure of firm authority here. It is almost as though the rich farmer wanted to burn his riches. And no vocabulary is shared by the vagabond workers who so strongly want to be the undefined thing called American. Something significant is being said here about this nation. The moments of vio-

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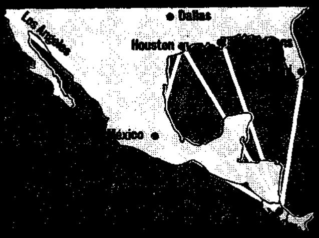

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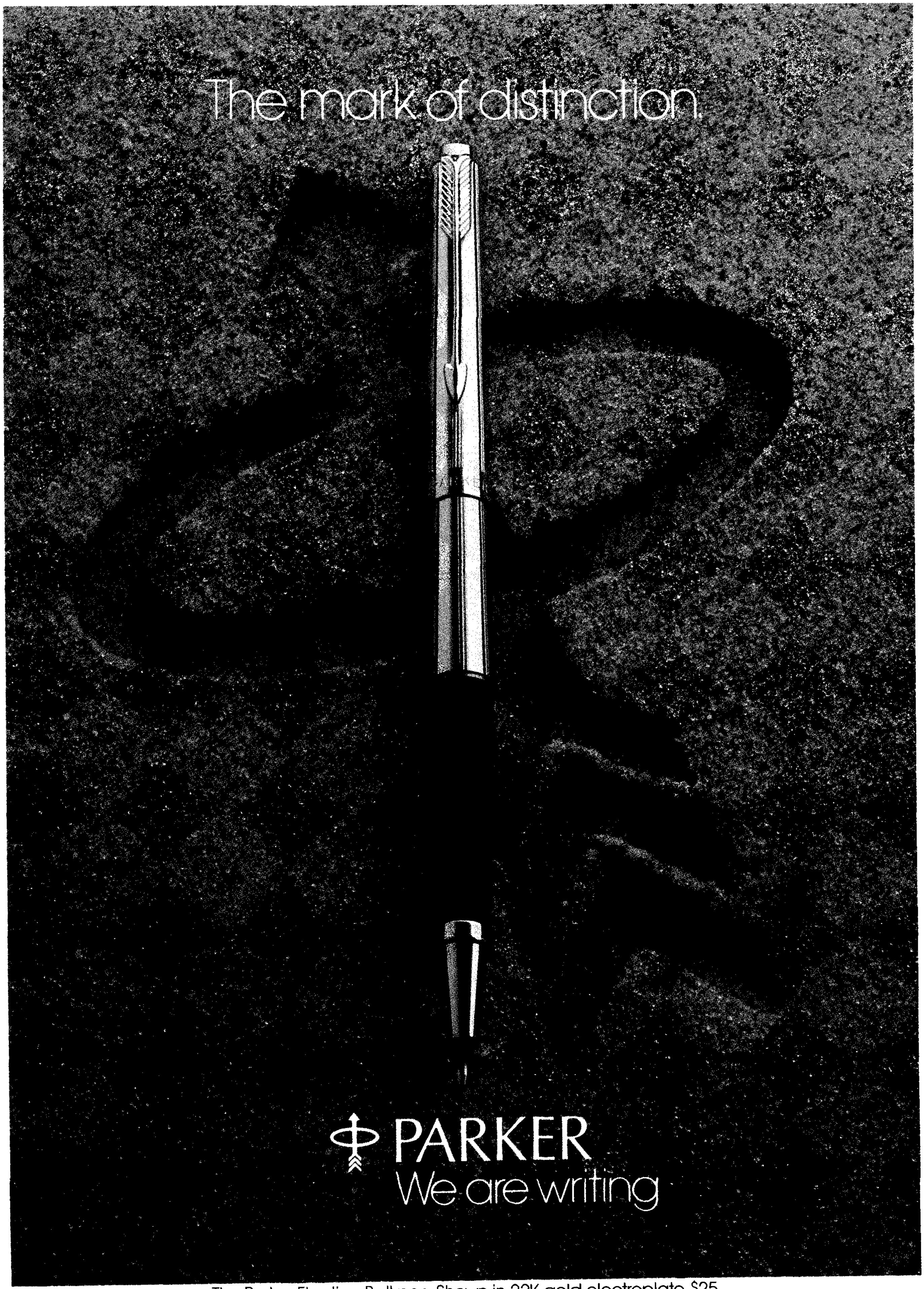
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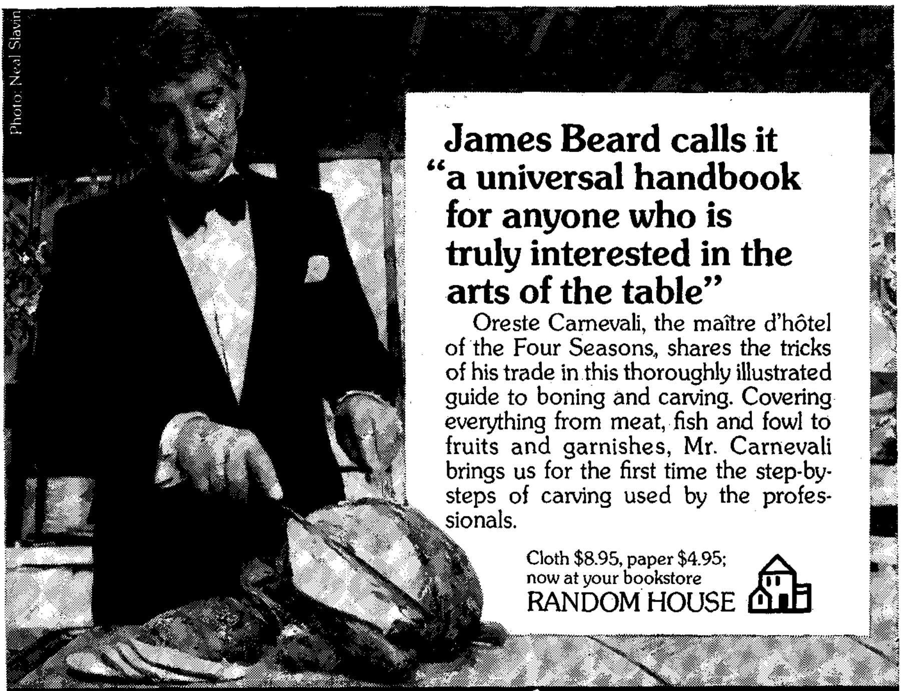
lent wrenching in the film are causes without any effect lucidly understood; love is to be picked up on the highway, and no job lasts longer than the harvest that travels northward.

In this, one of the best films about America in a long time, Malick has given us a most intelligent piece addressed to the topic of aimlessness. Technically, he has done it with the help of a lot of stationary shots that illustrate what it is to be lonely on a big continent; with a lot of silences between snatches of music; with a lot of pauses between the uses of voice-over narration by the girl-child Linda, who is last seen from the back on a railroad track after escaping from a boarding school. The halted photography, the waits between the use of music and the use of voice-over narration come to us as if they were signals of a past mislaid. Any foreigner in America will recognize this aesthetic hint as telling a truth about the condition of Americanism. All the way through, the devices of the film seem to be meant to transmit loneliness and recovery. We are in the presence of a civilization that is being made in front of our eyes and is fevered with memories of oceans crossed.

Five years ago, we saw Malick's "Badlands," which struck some people as chilly. The picture seemed to me most perceptive about this country, and so does this new one. "Days of Heaven" reports accurately—with all the inherited European skills at its command—on elements of a new society trying to cohere yet seeking to dissent. It is never pressed home that we are in Texas in 1916; we might be anywhere in the United States, in any year. In what the film leaves unsaid, it is voluble.

WE have had a prosperous time in films recently, for all the difficulties caused exhibitors and distributors and the public by the New York newspaper strike. We have had "A Slave of Love" and "Lin Tse-hsu" ("The Opium War") and "Who'll Stop the Rain," and now "Days of Heaven." And the lines are growing longer and longer around Woody Allen's fine "Interiors." But it should be recorded that we have also had some fair old bungles. We have been given, for instance—and by New Yorker Films, whose taste is about the most thoughtful and lively in the business—a Hungarian film of nearly hilarious glumness. It is called "Women"—preserve us—and it is made by Márta Mészáros. The story is about a friendship between two women in a small Hungarian town:



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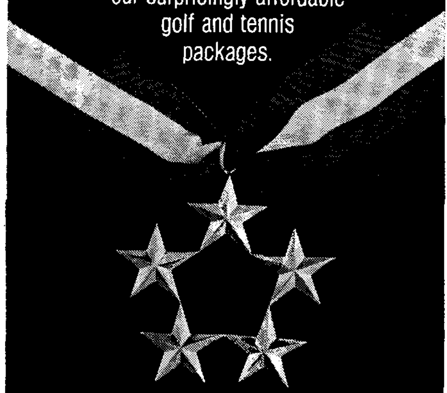

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Mari, played by Marina Vlady, and Juli, played with great gloom by Lili Monori. Mari has been married for twenty years. Her husband, an engineer, is about to go to Mongolia. She works as the director of a hostel for women workers. Juli is a young factory worker married to an alcoholic of more gaiety than either of the women. His name is János, and he is played by Jan Nowicki. Juli and János have a daughter called Zsuzsi (Zsuzsa Czinkóczy), and she, at seven, seems almost as fed up as Mari and Juli. Mari and Juli become conjoined in crossness. Their presiding angle when they are talking together is about ninety degrees away from one another: a highbrow-looking and very melancholy movie way of communicating. Or, rather, non-communicating. One has the suspicion that the well-trodden ground of non-communication is what this film hopes to cover. It is like a very numbed early Antonioni picture, except that it has a strong touch of Soviet propaganda art: woman as tractor. Or perhaps we are expected to conclude from the movie something about being a woman. This condition, as it is presented to us, is dour and dim. The film's total effect is unenlivened by love, or spontaneity of circumstance. Psychologically, it tells us nothing detailed or observant. In its method, it tells us a load about the sort of filmmaking that is admired by film schools. A rule born of the worst of art films seems to be that movies toying with shots of looking glasses are actually saying nothing, even though they say it with the appearance of portent. There is a shot in this film of Marina Vlady in back view and reflected in a looking glass in front view, appearing depressed enough to scare the wits out of herself. Are we being told something about ambiguity? No, merely something about the fragile mannerisms of art-house films making aesthetic propositions that pretend to philosophy without a thought in their head.

ANOTHER bungle, from this country and called "Deal," was directed by John Schott and E. J. Vaughn. It is about the phenomenally long-running TV game show "Let's Make a Deal," and it comes to us as a part of Joseph Papp's otherwise admirable series called Film at the Public. In the vein of *cinéma vérité*, it shows us the goings on during a single program of "Let's Make a Deal." We see writers being foolish at a writers' conference—foolish because they are being asked to trade in folly—

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and women consumers lining up in absurd costumes: honest people made ridiculous by being bemused into wearing clowns' noses and milkmaids' costumes and every other sort of Halloween getup in order to be picked as chance-takers on a program on which their appetites are speciously satisfied by their choosing, to squeals from the audience, some refrigerator that a woman announcer with heavily sprayed hair has stroked as though it were a cat. The film makes a genuine attempt to show us this program in plain face, but it is telling us something banal—that a capitalist and consumer society is amoral and mindless—and so merely reinforces what critics have been saying about "Let's Make a Deal" for ages. "Deal" falls into the uninformative business of showing us people—writers, the m.c., the producer, the costumed women on the program—in roles that have been awarded them by a stupid task rather than by a choice made out of temperament. "Deal" also falls into the direct-cinema trap of showing us a truth that has been fictionalized by the unacknowledged presence of the camera and the filmmakers. And the truth it is supposedly showing us is trite anyway, and ungenerous to character as well. This picture purports to be factual, but there is a great deal more regenerative honesty in the imagined story of "Days of Heaven." Terrence Malick's film seeks out the roots of things as only fiction can.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

EDITORS' NOTE: Penelope Gilliatt and Pauline Kael alternate as *The New Yorker's* film critic, in periods of six months each. With this column, Miss Gilliatt concludes her current six-month period. Miss Kael will appear next week.

•

Steve Ontiveros, third baseman of the Chicago Cubs, underwent knee surgery Tuesday to repair a partial dislocation in his left shoulder. Dr. Jacob Suker said the operation was successful but that Ontiveros is expected to be out for the remainder of the season.—*Eugene (Ore.) Register-Guard.*

With a very sore left shoulder, eh, Doctor?

•

An impossible economic mission of Belgian officials headed by HRH Prince Albert of Belgium will arrive in Greece on October 2 and will stay for seven days for talks with Greek officials.—*Athens News.*

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—JOHN LEONARD, *New York Times*

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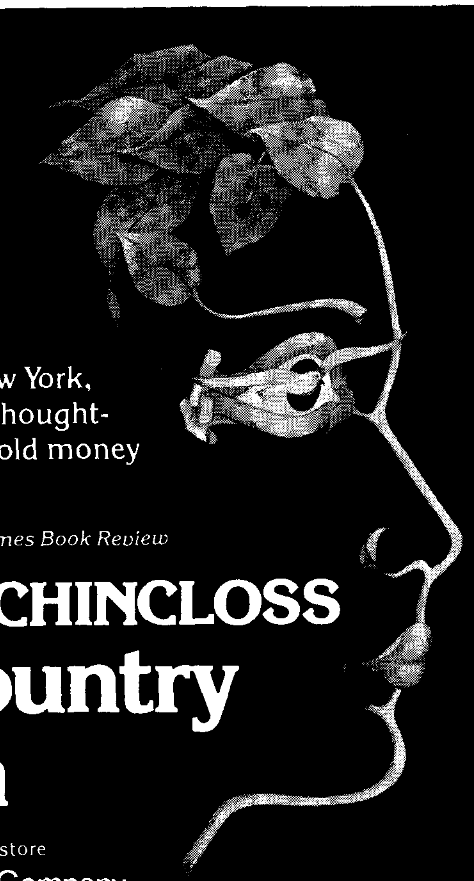

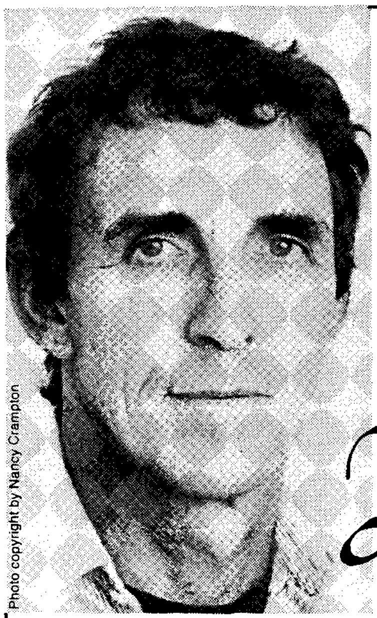

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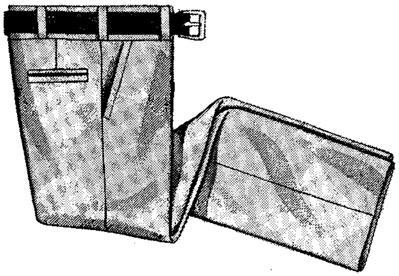

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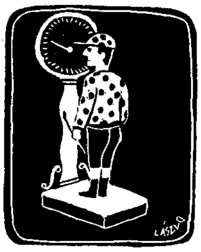
THE RACE TRACK

Goodbye to 'Gansett



NARRAGANSETT PARK, which has been one of the major racecourses on the Eastern seaboard for nearly half a century, closed its gates on Labor Day and passed into that limbo where discontinued parks go before they become supermarkets or parking lots. The next day, Judge J. Alden Dooley, its president and managing director, announced that his board had decided unanimously on the closing, and that the remainder of the meeting—it was scheduled to continue until October 14th—would be cancelled. The track—on the edge of Pawtucket, Rhode Island, six miles from Providence—was a one-mile oval with a first-rate grandstand that could seat ten thousand. It opened in the summer of 1934, with an attractive clubhouse built by Walter O'Hara, a freewheeling horseplayer who delighted to give parties for the working press. Your correspondent was one of a group that O'Hara flew from Saratoga to Providence and back in a Ford Tri-Motor for a look at the place in August, 1934. Narragansett was a success from the start. All the big stables raced there at one time or another. The first track handicapper and racing secretary was the famous Jack Campbell, who put on the Narragansett Special, a race that became one of the notable events of the season. The 1942 winner was Whirlaway, whose match race the same year with Alsab is still talked about. The closing was announced just after a holiday that for many years has been one of racing's biggest afternoons. This year, attendance on Labor Day at thirty-eight tracks around the country totalled 976,166, and the customers wagered $96,257,223. Belmont Park headed the list, with a gate of 113,680, and a handle of $12,182,177. A California track, as you might expect, was second. It was Del Mar, "where the surf meets the turf," as they used to say. Narragansett, alas, was far down the list. When Judge Dooley announced the closing, he said that the day before there had been only 2,882 in the stand and that they hadn't bet anything like a million—a far cry from what they used to bet in the old days. What will become of Narragansett

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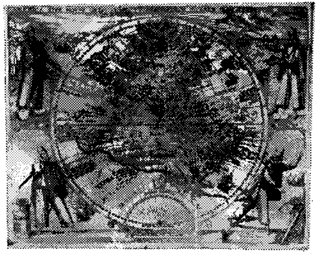

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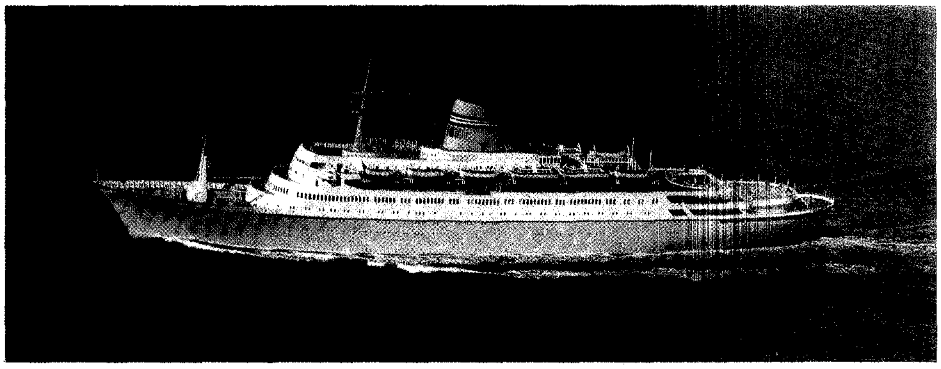

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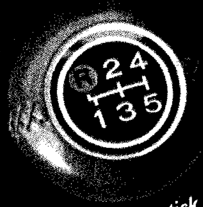

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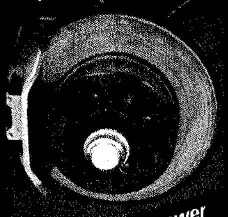

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Park? It is said that the City of Pawtucket might buy the place for six million, but that's only a rumor.

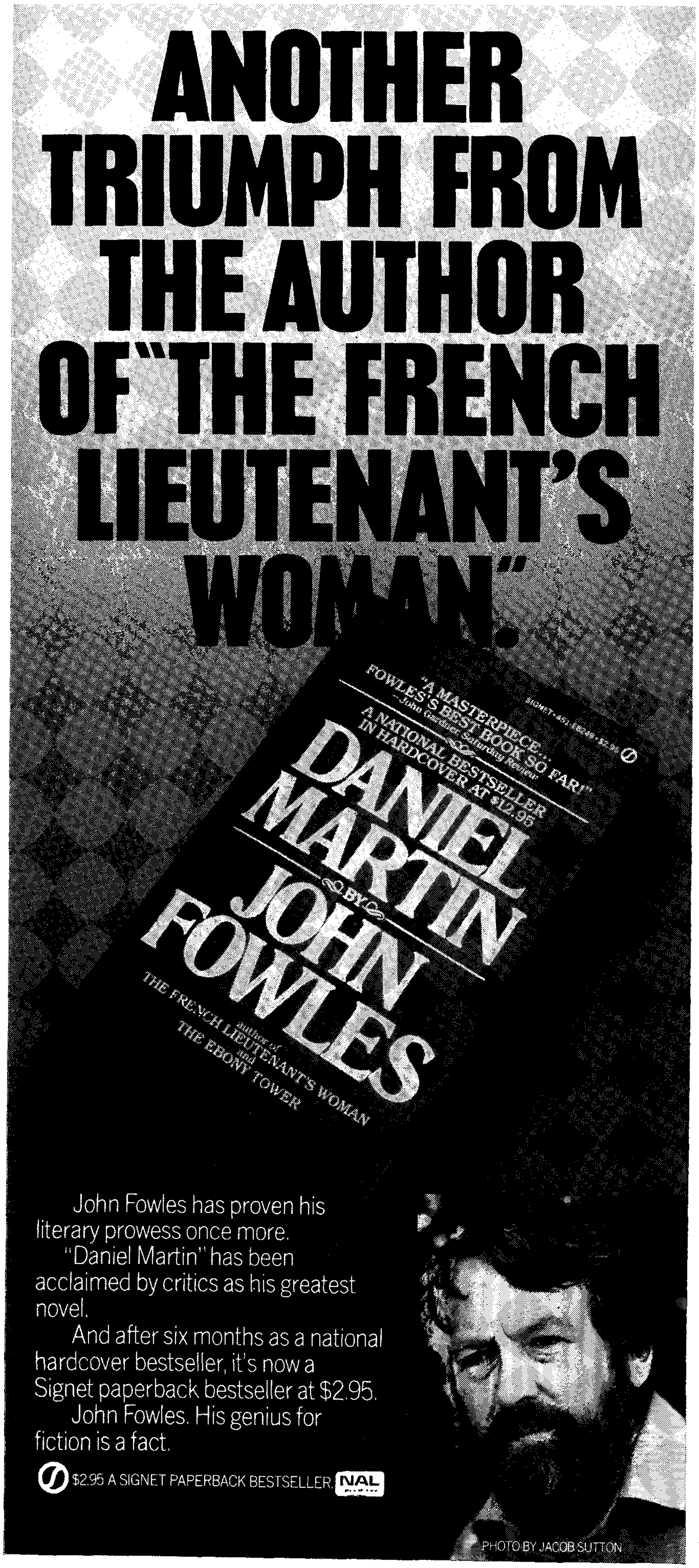
APART from the bad news about Narragansett, I'd say that on this year's holiday thoroughbred racing on the Eastern seaboard touched the tops in a twelvemonth. The cavalcade of important stakes races started on Saturday, with Tempest Queen's easy victory in the mile-and-a-furlong Gazelle Handicap at Belmont. Leading all the way, she beat Lulubo by five-and-a-half lengths, with Terpsichorist third, another five lengths down the track.

On Sunday of the holiday weekend, the distaff runners had another outing in the $173,750 Delaware Handicap, at a mile and a quarter. Incidentally, this was the first event for the sex with a purse in six figures. Begun in 1937, and run as the New Castle Handicap prior to 1955, its purse was raised from $60,000 to $100,000 in 1953. This year's race was won by the Greentree Stables' Late Bloomer, on a streak of four straight, from Dottie's Doll, with Cum Laude Laurie third. The time was 2:02⅕.

On Labor Day, Atlantic City offered the twenty-sixth running of the United Nations Handicap, at a mile and three-sixteenths. Five ran, including some of the leading grass horses in this country. It was won by Noble Dancer II—a six-year-old by Prince de Galles out of Helen Traubel by Sing Sing—who at three was a top horse in Norway. He has run in stakes on the Continent, and finished fourth in the Arc de Triomphe in Paris. He had not run since last May in California, but horsemen thought he was the one to beat, carrying 127 pounds and giving weight to his opposition. Cauthen handled him beautifully, to win by six lengths from Upper Nile, with Dan Horn third.

Surprisingly, a crowd of 50,061 came out for the hundred-and-ninth running of the Jerome Handicap at Belmont on Labor Day. Top of the Marc Stable's Sensitive Prince edged out Darby Creek Road, who was carrying an extra four pounds, by a neck. Sorry Lookin was a neck farther back for the show.

A CROWD of 25,878 at Belmont Park last Saturday saw a disqualification in the Futurity Stakes, the blue ribbon for two-year-olds, which goes back to the days of Sheepshead Bay. Greentree Stable's Fuzzbuster, ridden by Velasquez, and the eight-to-five favorite, raced the seven furlongs in 1:24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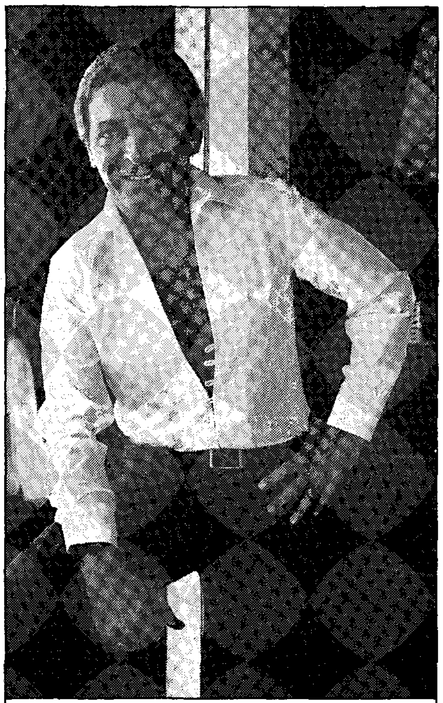

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but had interfered with Strike Your Colors at the start. Unfortunately for Fuzzbuster and his backers, although he passed the post three-quarters of a length ahead of Crest of the Wave, the stewards placed him fourth, behind Crest of the Wave and the dead-heat second of Strike Your Colors and Picturesque. First money was $75,600.

WELL, the $300,000 Marlboro Cup Handicap comes off on Saturday, and Seattle Slew will probably be the favorite, although the lineup is an impressive one. Weights have been announced, and Slew is tops at 128 pounds, Cox's Ridge will carry 126, Affirmed 124, Text 118, Upper Nile 117, Blue Baron 114, Darby Creek Road 113, Sensitive Prince 113, and Dave's Friend 110. Dr. Patches, who beat Slew at Meadowlands, will not run.

Alydar, who's had a rough time lately, will not run either. He fractured a bone in his left front foot during his last workout before the Marlboro, and will be sidelined for about three months. Luckily, the bone didn't separate—it was a hairline fracture and the doctors expect him to heal well. Good luck to him.

J.O. Tobin, who had been expected to race, has been retired to stud. He had run down badly at the heels in several races during the last year, and did so again in a turf race at Belmont last Friday. Laz Barrera, his trainer, announced Tobin's retirement soon afterward. The four-year-old speedster—a big star in California—who handed Slew his first defeat ever, after Slew took last year's Triple Crown, will stand at Spendthrift Farm. Tobin won a total of $659,555, and will be syndicated for $7,200,000—thirty-six shares at $200,000 apiece.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

DEPT. OF UTTER CONFUSION

[*From the News*]

Gov. Carey got a reelection endorsement from Sen. Daniel P. Moynihan (D-N.Y.) yesterday—but stopped short of giving one of his own to President Carter.

"The President is not a candidate," the governor said blandly, as tourists caught by the two between cloudbursts in Rockefeller Center repeatedly greeted Moynihan as "our next President." New York's junior senator denies he is interested in the job.

"Its too early" to pass judgment on Carter as a President, Carter said, adding: "My inclination would be to support the incumbent. President." Carter is supporting him, he noted.

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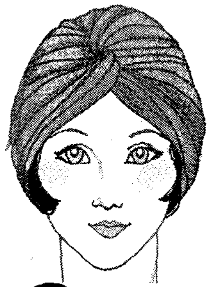

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BOOKS

Poets

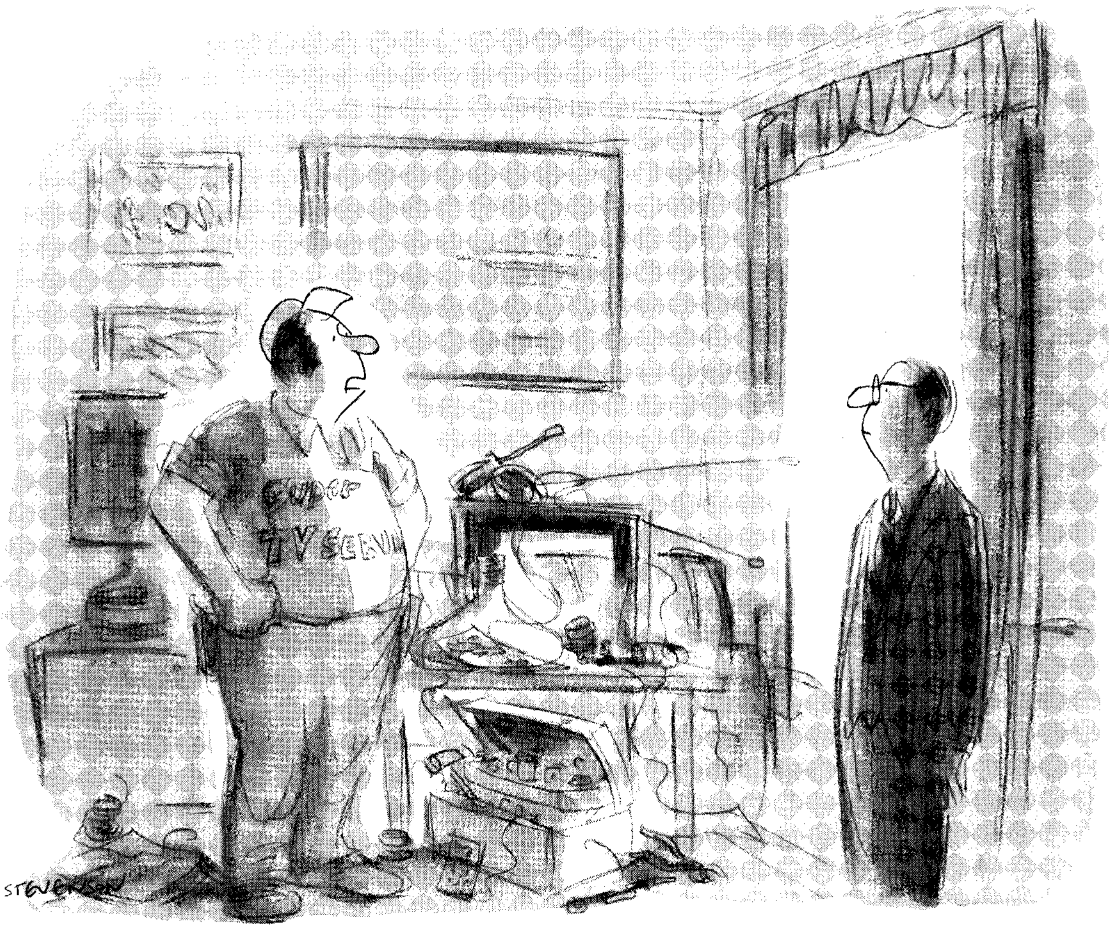
THE first, incomplete edition of Hart Crane's letters, edited by Brom Weber, has been supplemented by the publication of family letters, of Crane's letters to Slater Brown and his wife, and now, unexpectedly, of letters to Yvor Winters—"Hart Crane & Yvor Winters: Their Literary Correspondence" (University of California Press; $11.95). Weber printed only one letter to Winters. Winters "put off Weber's inquiries and implied that he had burned the letters," says Professor Thomas Parkinson, of Berkeley, who has edited, with a sympathetic and informative commentary, these letters—more than forty, written between 1926 and 1930, and found by Winters' wife in 1973, five years after his death. Many of them repeat reactions and opinions of Crane's that have been published in other correspondence, and no single one is as interesting as the brave self-justifying manifesto, printed by Weber, that Crane wrote in answer to Winters' stringent moral criticisms (deducible only from Crane's reply): "One doesn't have to turn to homosexuals to find instances of missing sensibilities. . . . Not one of [Hardy's] characters is for one moment allowed to express a single joyous passion." At the time of the correspondence, Winters was teaching French and Spanish at the University of Idaho, and was starved for intellectual exchange; Crane, when he first wrote Winters, was living away from literary companionship, on the Isle of Pines, and welcomed Winters' extravagant praise.

Crane's letters were generous and courteous. So were the meetings—four in one week, in 1927—between Crane and Winters. Winters read Crane some Hopkins and some French poetry. Crane borrowed Winters' Hopkins and found unexpected confirmation of his own ecstatic language: "It is a revelation to me—of unrealized possibilities. I did not know that words could come so near a transfiguration into pure musical notation—at the same [time] retaining every minute literal signification!" But the friendship deteriorated, with Winters reproaching Crane for his "illusions," and Crane refusing Winters' stoicism: "I mean, stoicism isn't my goal. . . . There's something entirely too passive about stopping there . . . and counting out . . . the 'preconceived' details of disappointment." It was inevitable that Winters should, in 1930, judge "The Bridge" harshly, but his review in *Poetry* shook Crane badly, and in a letter (lost or destroyed) Crane taxed him with "wilful distortions of meaning, misappropriations of opinion, pedantry and pretentious classification," as Crane later summarized it. Though Parkinson makes the best possible case for Winters, arguing that his intense moral polemics are evidence of his regard for poetry as "a matter of life and death," there remains a real question about the degree of blind or neurotic willfulness in Winters' various hostilities. Parkinson reports the eerie fact that Winters' mother "correctly predicted the death of some twenty people, and when he was very young dragged him off to séances;" he concludes that Winters' "reaction drove him to his youthful interest in the sciences"—and presumably, we may add, to his instant dismissal of all "enthusiasm" in the religious sense. Crane's most attractive qualities—his original intelligence, his warmth of personal interest, and his quick humor—glow in these letters in uninhibited freedom of phrase. Professor Parkinson's commentary includes a brief, interesting account of Winters' academic career.

JOHN PECK, who won this year's Prix de Rome, has a new book—"The Broken Blockhouse Wall"—in the Godine Poetry Chapbook Series ($5). Peck's beautiful surfaces are their own reward:

> Churning to rise,
> The channel scrawls its white
> Flawed cursives.

This language, though perfectly contemporary, is not colloquial. Peck's writing is everywhere written; it is not speech transcribed. The abandon and happiness that William Carlos Williams conferred on American verse by permitting it the appearance of con-



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versation were an indispensable release, but amateurs who have taken Williams' permission all too literally fill reviews with verse resembling unedited tapes. Peck is acutely alive to the precision of the written; at the same time, he is rarely conclusive, tending rather to the mood of "the half-formed . . . the ravelling/ lifeline of [a] sentence." Like Tocqueville (who appears in one poem), he pursues an inquiry that is patient, intelligent, and curious; his questions, never harassing or abrupt, penetrate with gentle search. The title of the volume is drawn from the poem called "Fog Burning Off at Cape May," and stands for the sights visible when insight gradually dispels obscurity and unhappiness.

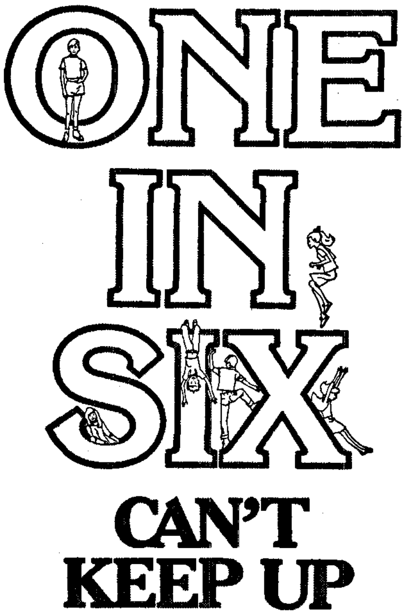
Peck's slow, experimental, but not circuitous approaches respect the unwillingness of experience to yield up anything intelligible. The poems are therefore difficult—full of the elusiveness of significance and accomplishment, aware of mistake and self-delusion as well as of a malice in the world. Like a cross-country runner, a man speeds down opening avenues, only to discover that the vistas have all been arranged "to draw rioters down those same routes" until they converge

In on the aim of massed regiments
That have been waiting
    at parade rest,
And behind them the attentive
  cannons
Eager to speak first.

This quotation comes from Peck's fifteen-page sequence "March Elegies," nine poems full of mysterious fables of death and art as Peck looks for a confirmatory rightness of both life and writing—something to give "scale, focus, the obscure sign." The fine uncertainty of his own beliefs—what he calls "the ungated and retarded ponderings/ Of my own nature in its fallowness"—lends him his undulating rhythms while allowing him nevertheless to admire what he calls, in his spectacular poem "To the Allegheny," the allure of the straightaway. Peck's mind is vividly historical as well as autobiographical: he sees the explorer of the Allegheny

. . . sweeping from the bend outward
Paddles glinting, to plant
Lead plates at creekmouths for
  Louis Quinze,
A white volley through stillness, the
  zouave
Smoke of the possessor.

With his unfailing dialectic, Peck asks, as soon as he raises the question of exploring, resuming, and continuing, whether sallying "into the grainy, dispersed hectic of betterment" makes



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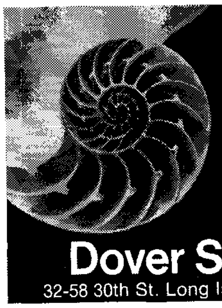

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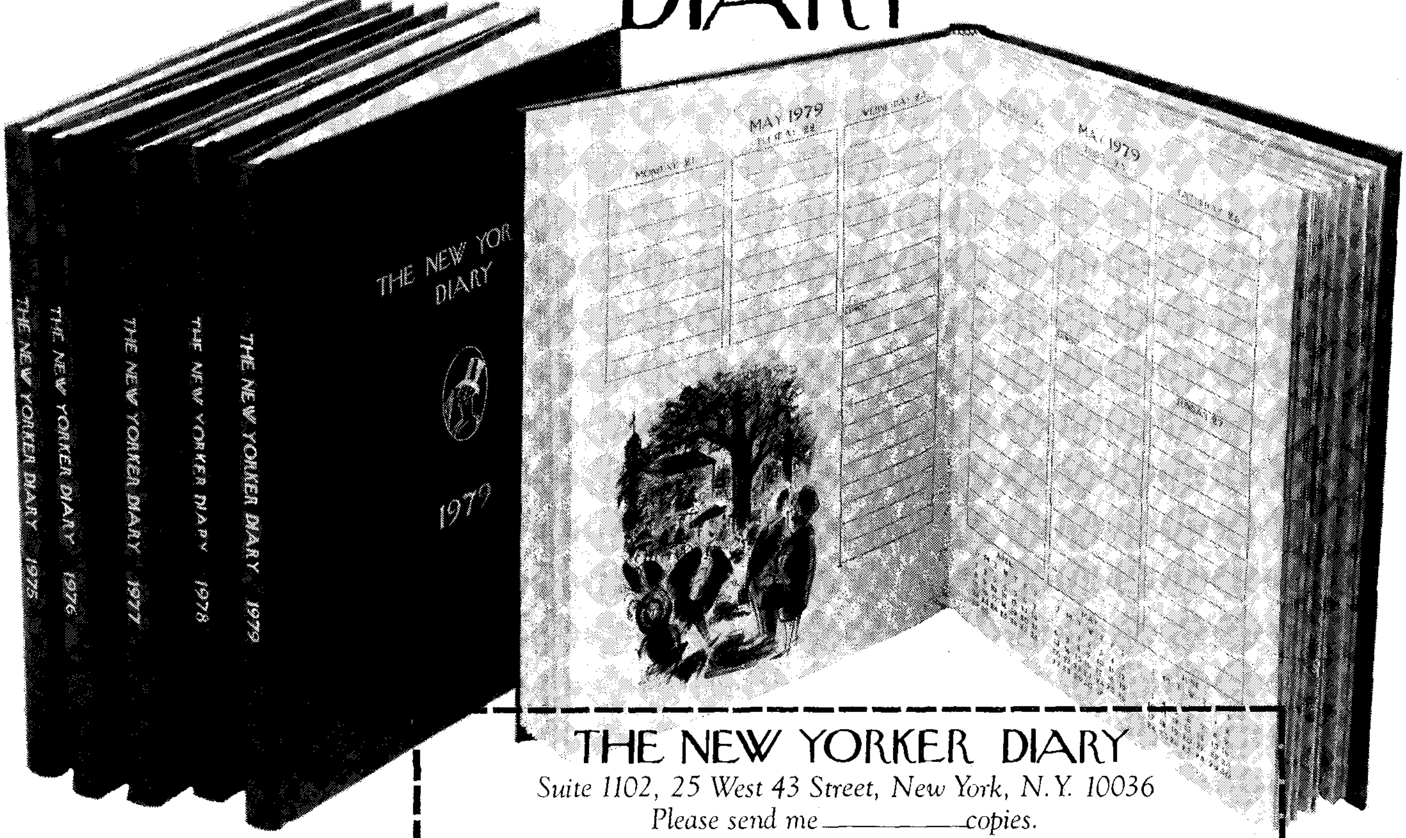
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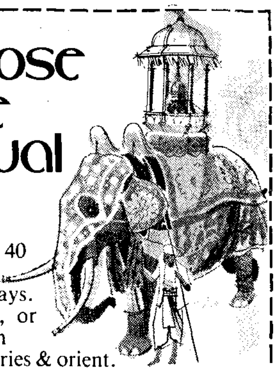

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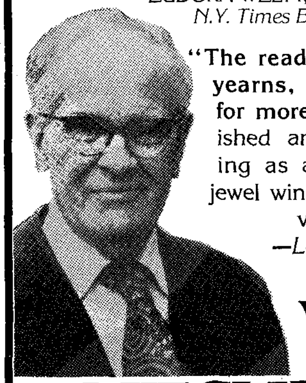

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any sense at all, and sees us caught in sally and return:

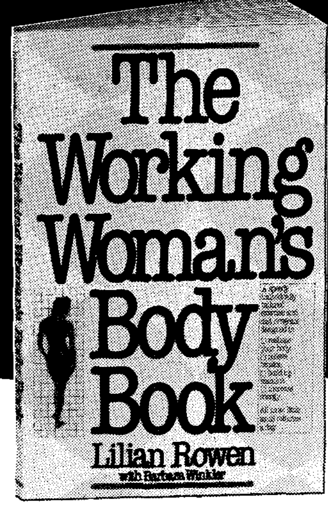
> Terrible because equal,
> The lunge into those rounds
> And the momentum for return
> Filched from the treadmill.

This moral bitterness coexists in Peck with a pure thirst for the exquisite:

> Air is clear pollen, and the bee's
>   wing
> A forest of small hooks and spurs.

If there are echoes of Stevens, Rilke, and Moore, they are not disablingly frequent; Peck has made a distinct advance from his first book, "Shagbark."

THE oblique revelations of sadness, obstinacy, humor, and bewilderment to be found in Edward Lear's nonsense verses, limericks, and cartoons are very well described in Thomas Byrom's "Nonsense and Wonder" (Dutton; $12.95). Byrom has a plain and unforced style; even those who are not particularly fond of Lear will find the book an imaginative voyage into a strange Victorian sensibility. A brief sketch of Lear's life, drawn largely from Vivien Noakes' biography, prefaces Byrom's entertaining and moving study. Lear was "the twentieth of twenty-one children" (fourteen survived), and he suffered from epilepsy and manic-depressive illness; he was homosexual. For the seventy-five years of his life, he seems to have been chiefly miserable, though he was remembered for his gaiety in company ("a court jester," says Byrom) and his charm with children. He never succeeded as a painter in the grand style; his truest self-expression emerged in his light verse and comic illustrations. They show a keen literary ear and an eye for the tragic and the absurd. Taken singly, the limericks, especially, can seem unexciting and strained; put together by Byrom, they form suites, embodying a cryptic set of attitudes toward self and society. Byrom's most original passages comment on the discrepancies between the cartoons (very Thurber-like, as he points out) and the limericks they purport to illustrate; he reveals a great deal of Lear's own ambivalence toward the more lurid tales (the old woman who slays a crowd with kicks, the husband who divides his jugular artery) and toward the society that, as in some Punch-and-Judy show, punches his characters black and blue. As Byrom remarks, They—the oppressors—are never killed; but a great deal of defiance against Them is successful. Though Byrom's interpretations are



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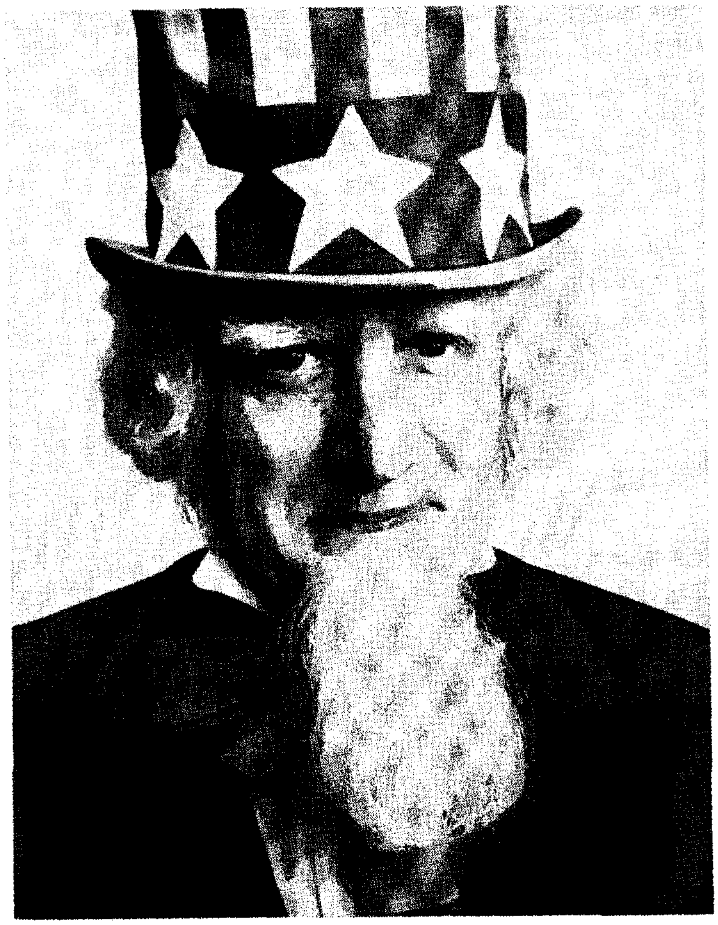

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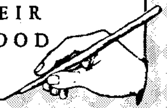

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phrased tentatively, most readers will find them persuasive.

AT the same time that City Lights issued Allen Ginsberg's "Mind Breaths: Poems 1972-1977" ($3), the Grove Press brought out his "Journals: Early Fifties Early Sixties," edited by Gordon Ball ($10). The poems chronicle "mid-Seventies' half decade inward & outward Mindfulness in many Poetries: Aboriginal rhetoric, mouth-page free verse-forms, Whitmanic-miltonic periods, Chinese-american imagery, scholarly politics apostrophe, dirty blues & racy ballads rocknroll . . . objective tombstones, & in narrative high style Oratory a Blakean Punk Epic." People pleased by this list may not be entirely pleased by the poems. Some of them sound better sung than read flat on the page; others have been better done by Blake; still others fantasize in the baldest and most unmeditated terms. Ginsberg's religious base becomes ever more evident; the forms of religion interest him more as his family and lovers disappear in deaths and absences. The best poem is called "Mugging" and contains, in Ginsberg's most characteristic and circumstantial vein of local color, a comic and humiliating sequence in which Ginsberg is dragged into an abandoned store on East Tenth Street and robbed while he attempts to maintain a peaceful stance, meditating and chanting "Om Ah Hūm" as the young thugs say "Shut up or we'll murder you." They leave, he gets up and sees his neighborhood:

> Whole street a bombed-out face,
> building rows' eyes & teeth
> missing
> burned apartments half the long
> block, gutted cellars, hallways'
> charred beams
> hanging over trash plaster
> mounded entrances, couches &
> bedsprings rusty after sunset
> Nobody home, but scattered
> stoopfuls of scared kids frozen
> in black hair.

When Ginsberg deserts his social reportage and his sense of humor for prophecy, polemic, and a maudlin sexual language, the poems instantly lose verve and interest.

The journals (1952-62) represent Ginsberg from twenty-five to thirty-five, and contain, in his usual rapid notation, chronicles and dreams, from which in some instances poems were drawn. On the whole, Ginsberg's prose accounts of dreams, daydreams, visions, drug highs, and various parties are no more interesting than anyone else's. Ginsberg's truthtelling narrative of his

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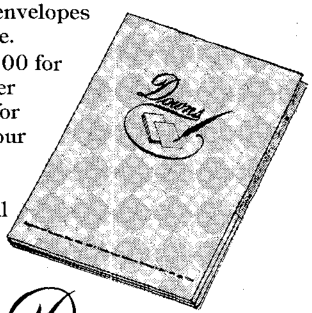

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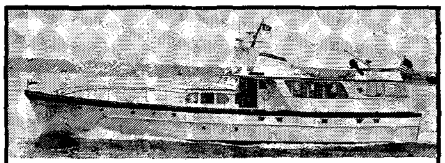

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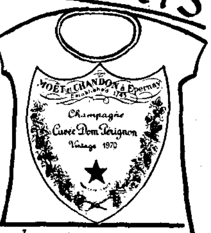

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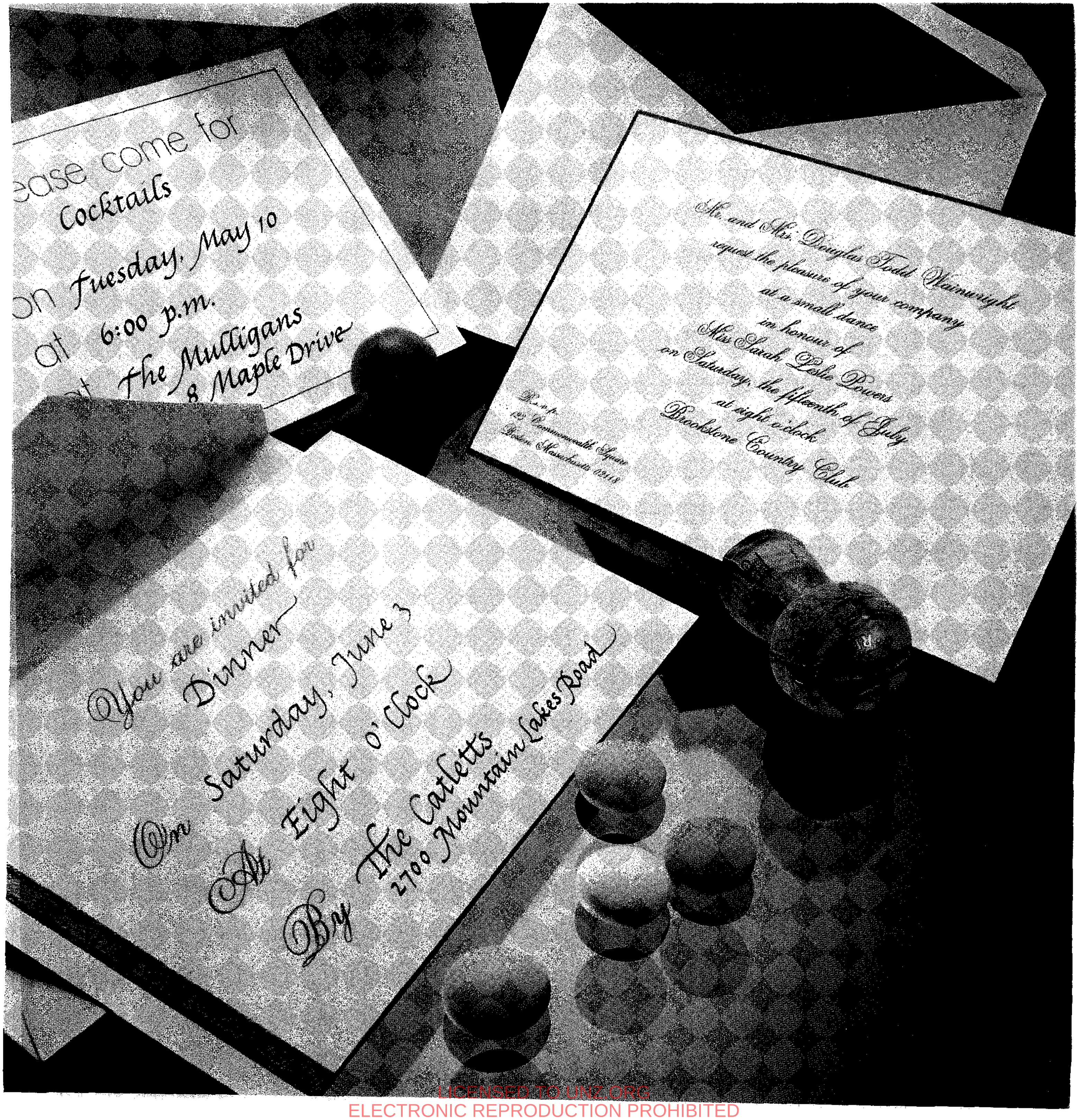
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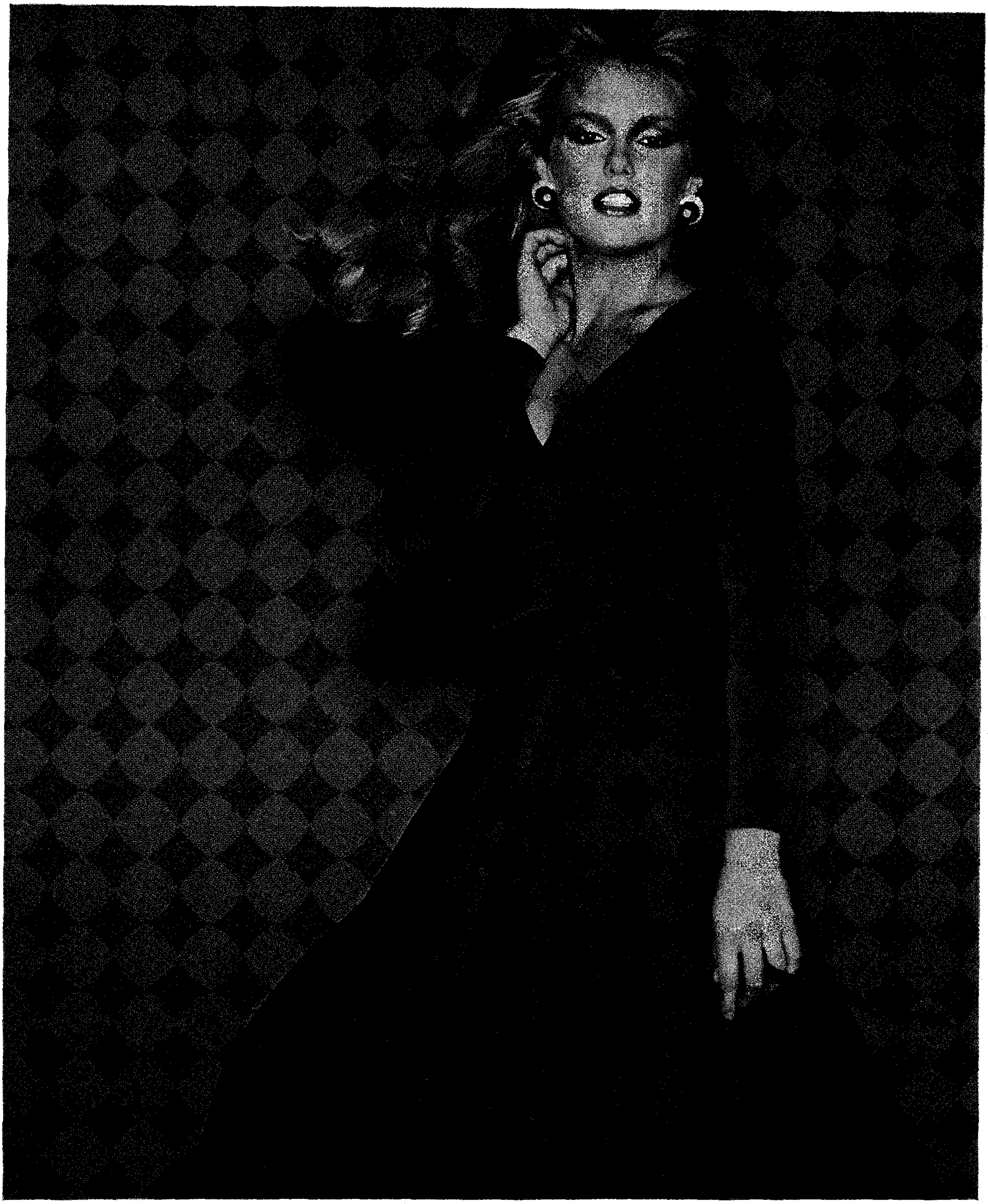

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despairs and his travels holds up better. From time to time, it seems the sketch of a *Bildungsroman* about a touchingly earnest, slightly spacy boy:

> Jack's isolation like mine is sad & frightful mainly the blind alleys of money and love but life is not over, and much to be written and much to be respected in all of us not just for being humanity but for having tried and actually achieved a thing namely literature and also possibly a certain spiritual eye at this point.

The editor adds a footnote: "At this time A. G. had not yet published any volume of poetry."

—HELEN VENDLER

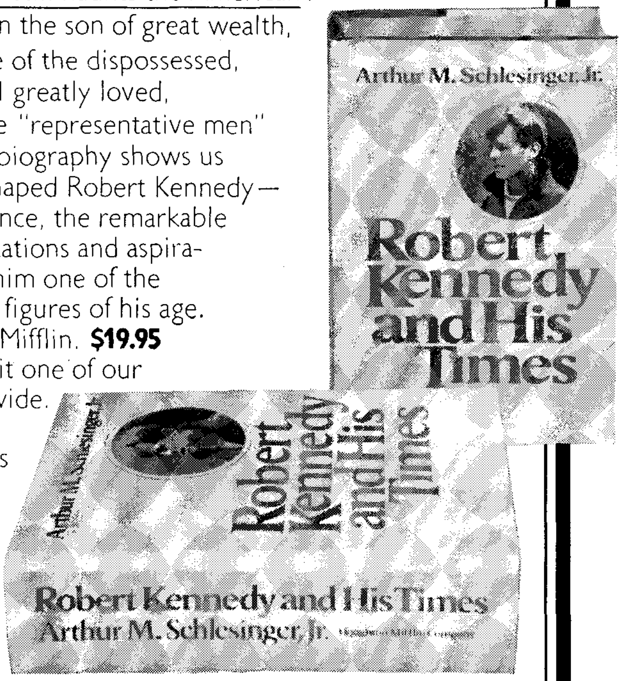
BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

RUNNING DOG, by Don DeLillo (Knopf; $8.95). *Running Dog* is a magazine—a relic of the rock and riot days of the sixties. That much is clear. And there is one Moll Robbins, a staff writer based in New York, who is interested in the activities (particularly the erotic art collection) of an influential senator, and whose investigations bring her in contact with a dealer in erotica, with a kind of secret double agent on the senator's staff, and with, as one of this rather squalidly sinister circle notes, "various sets of people . . . maneuvering for position." The maneuvering, for the most part, leads only to bloodshed. This is a romantic novel in the gritty, precisionist, enigmatic modern mode ("All conspiracies begin with individual self-repression"). Mr. DeLillo is in full command of that limited form, and his book, though obscure as to purpose, is a full pleasure to read.

GENERAL

FROM THE HIGH PLAINS, by John Fischer (Harper & Row; $10). The High Plains is an immensity of semi-arid grassland that roughly embraces the Panhandles of Texas and Oklahoma, and Mr. Fischer (who died a few weeks ago, at the age of sixty-eight) was born and raised there. In this first-rate book—part history, part memoir, part elegy—he shows us the look of the land during the unchanging centuries before the white man arrived (shortly after the Civil War), during the great decades of the baronial cattle ranches, during the years leading to the Dust Bowl era, when the grass was plowed up to make way for wheat, and during the oil-boom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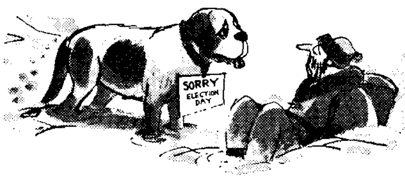

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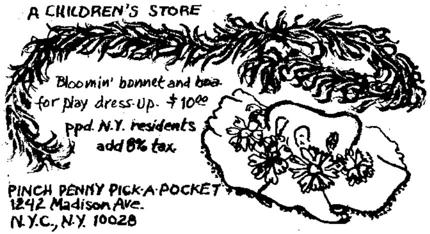

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years between the two World Wars, and he brings it all vividly alive through family portraits and old-timers' anecdotes. This is, on the whole, a sorrowful story, a recital of greed and waste: overgrazing, depleted oil wells, drought-ruined land, and the now looming spectre of the exhaustion of the Ogallala Aquifer, an underground reservoir once thought infinite. But it is, for all that, a land for which he holds a deep affection; he believes, as did his Uncle Bob Baxter, that one should "never ask a man where he comes from. If he's from Texas, he will let you know. If not, don't embarrass him." Line drawings, by Paul Laune, and a map.

MARC CHAGALL, by Sidney Alexander (Putnam; $14.95). A biography of the celebrated pixie of the École de Paris. Chagall's long life (he is ninety-one) has been extraordinarily rich: a shtetl childhood in the Russian Pale and student days in czarist St. Petersburg; Montmartre at the time of the birth of modern art and Russia during the Revolution (where he was briefly a commissar of art); post-First World War Berlin and Paris again (where he established his name as a painter sui generis); then exile in America (where he lost his wife, Bella, the star of the floating drama of his painted world) and, finally, the coming of old age and world fame and high prices, if not universal acclaim. The book includes a staggering roster of people who have crossed Chagall's path, from Apollinaire, in the "A"s, to Zadkine, Zborovsky, and Eugène Zak, in the "Z"s. Chagall himself seems as volatile and logic-defying as one of the figures who hover on the ceilings of his painted rooms, and as down-to-earth, cunning, and hardy as the grandfather who hauled herrings for a living in long-ago Vitebsk. If the author, an art historian and critic, now and then grows lyrical, and writes as if he were drifting in and out of the window, he can be forgiven, considering the company he's been keeping. Family photographs, but not much in the way of paintings.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

LUCKY DEVIL, by Arthur Maling (Harper & Row; $8.95). Another of Mr. Maling's inventive business thrillers. Lucky Devil is a conspicuously worthless Utah mining stock, but when the owner of fifty thousand shares of it gets pushed in front

"Knickmeyer writes the way mysteries ought to be written."
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(about the author's last novel, *Straight*)

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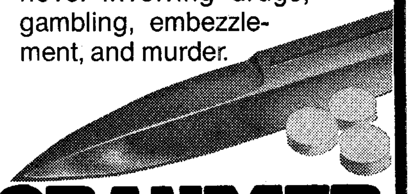

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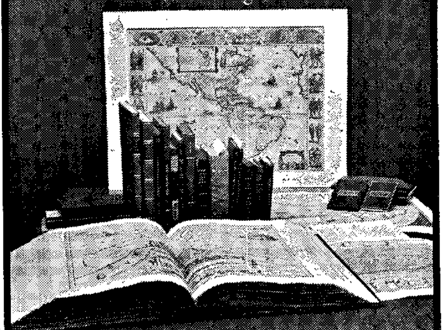

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of a New York City subway train Mr. Maling's bulldog Brock Potter (of the brokerage firm of Price, Potter & Petacque) raises an interested eyebrow. Then Potter's right-hand man is critically injured by a hit-and-run car. Then Potter himself is in jeopardy. "Life isn't a morality play," he tells a colleague as the climax looms. "The bad guys don't always lose, and the good guys don't always win." And that's the way it most satisfactorily goes for all concerned.

MURDER GAMES, by Lionel Davidson (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan; $8.95). A series of murders erupts in the Chelsea section of London, in a neighborhood where such literary luminaries as Leigh Hunt, Oscar Wilde, W. S. Gilbert, and Hilaire Belloc once lived, and each of these murders is signalled to the police by an elegantly inscribed and closely appropriate quotation from the poetical works of one of the luminaries. A detective chief superintendent, a brightly literary detective constable, a rich young Arab, a female stringer for the London *Globe*, and three young weirdo filmmakers are principally involved. This is one of the most ingenious of Mr. Davidson's always ingenious thrillers, but it is also—and uncharacteristically—satisfying only up to a point: the point at which so many novels of this sort falter, the point at which the mystery is explained. The explanation here takes a full, plodding chapter, and then turns out to be a cheat.

•

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

[*From the London Times*]

Sir, I agree with Mrs Gladys Browne (Letters, November 9) that a lorgnette does look better with a tiara and usually wear one with the other myself, but when, like her Majesty, I have to make a speech when in evening dress, I have to resort to spectacles, as I fail to see how one can turn over notes *and* use a lorgnette at the same time without growing a third hand for that specific pupose.

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John Veitch did not recoil. He has the open-air sun tan, the breeziness of an outdoorsman. If eyes may be described as "candid," his are. They are dark and set between a nose that suggests a slight ridge.—*Barney Nagler in the Daily Racing Form.*

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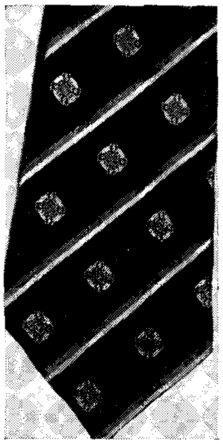

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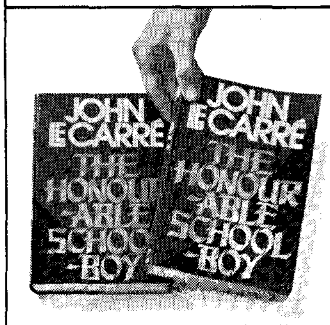
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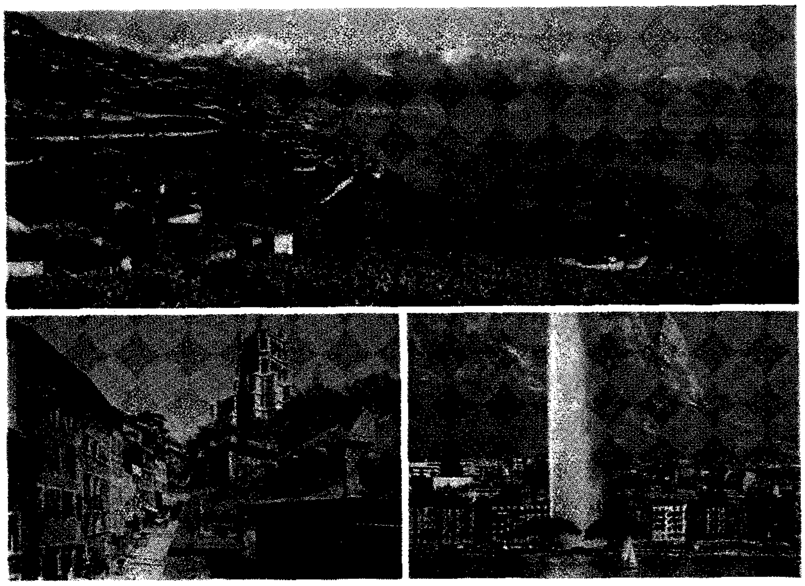

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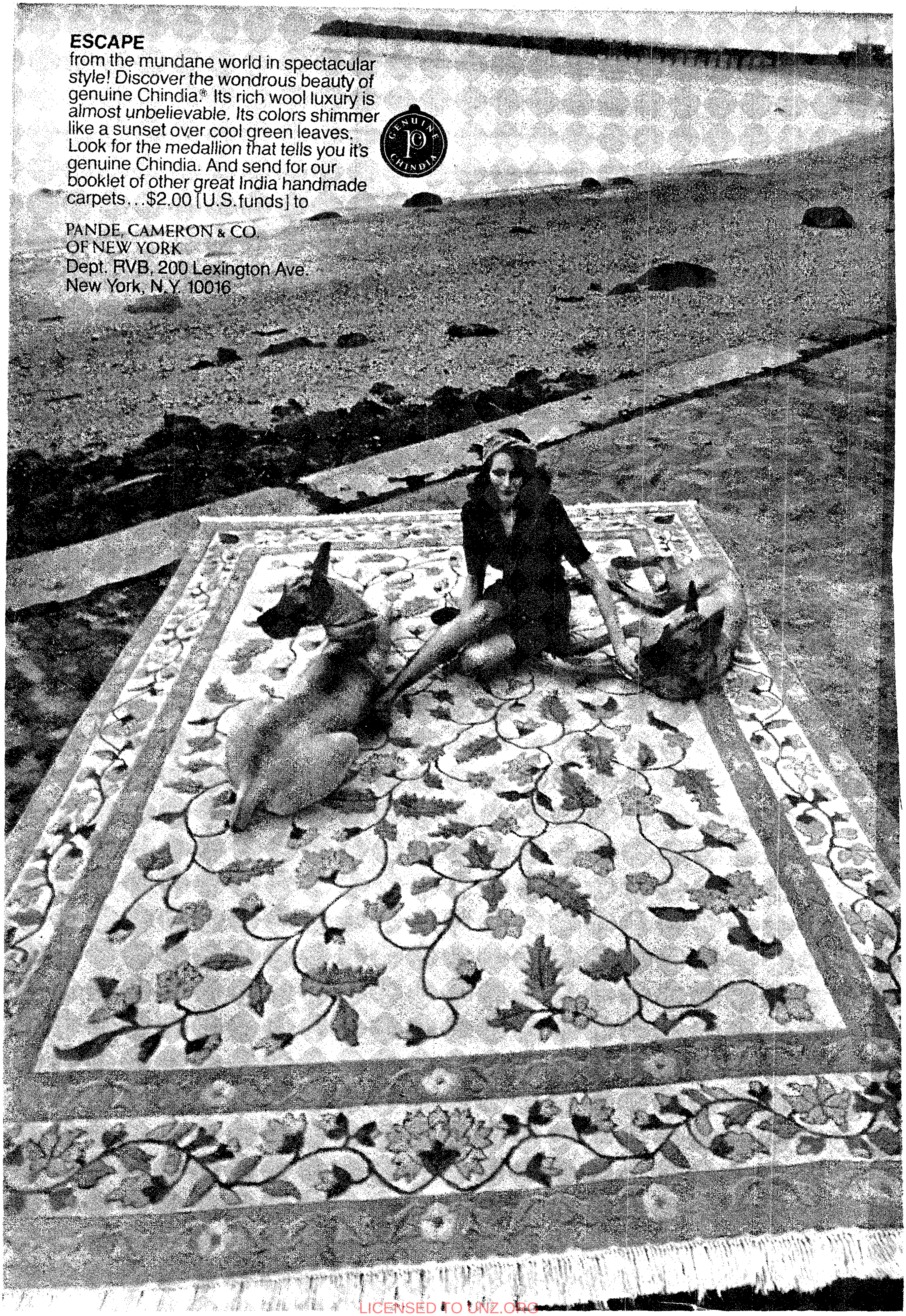

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